

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area

No. 1

## YES, WE ARE A RIP-OFF!

Those of you in Manhattan who have just picked this up are no doubt screaming, "Gore Gazette? What a rip-off! Looks like the Sullivans are copping Bill Landis' Sleazoid Express verbatim!" Well, we are and rightly so... Earlier this year, when the ol' S.E. first cropped up around Lower Manhattan, we felt it was the best thing that happened for horror films in the area since WOR started re-playing The Creeping Terror. It was just what the trash connoisseur ordered--reviews of the new horror/sleaze flicks around town and warnings about bombs to avoid. But very slowly, the S.E. began to change--Landis may have begun hanging around with Andrew Saris, Jonas Mekas or others from that dreaded circle of "lobster" critics--we noticed that his reviews were becoming increasingly critical and unfairly analytical of a genre of films that just don't hold up to that style of criticism and were never made to. Last month when Landis trashed Mothers Day (probably the best gore flick and comedy of 1980) we knew it was all over... How long would it be before the title of this great little rag would change from The Sleazoid Express to The Effite Snob Express?

Determined not to let this happen, we hereby give birth to The Gore Gazette. Dedicated to Bill Landis and the S.E. that once was, we hope to continue the tradition of reporting on the new shock/schlock crop in the area; praising the deliciously disgusting but warning against the many dubbed duds and abysmal abominations that abound to fleece many a horror film fan of his hard-earned \$3.50. But above all--we promise never to take ourselves too seriously and begin to Landisize our scandal sheet.

## EATERS SHINES; DEMON Z-Z-Z-Z

We were somewhat wary of going in to see the double-bill Blood Eaters and Night of the Demon which opened to a scant few area theaters last week. Both the newspaper ads and posters outside the theater suggested that they might be two of those Italian import stinkers (cheap poster art; no cast or credits listed, etc.) Surprisingly, Blood Eaters turned out to be a very GORY, coherently made American quickie. It concerns a gang of outlaw marijuana farmers who get their crop dusted by a top secret, experimental FBI herbicide. This weed killer turns the farmers into zombie-like, blood-starved ghouls who roam the countryside with axes, machetes, knives, and torches butchering and devouring any campers or townsfolk they happen to meet up with. Graphic carve-up scenes and oh-so-awful acting make Blood Eaters one of those rare gems straight out of the I Drink Your Blood mold of a decade ago. Neat surprise: look closely during the film for John Amplas (Martin) who has a small supporting role as a youthful FBI agent. In short, Blood Eaters is great stuff! Not so for its co-feature... Night of the Demon is a re-titled old 1971 film which I do not readily recognize concerning puppy love between a teenage witch and a playboy drifter (played by the oldest-looking adolescent since John Ashley) with strange goings on at her family farm. It got so boring that we left after an hour, but at the very least it seemed to be a technically OK American-made film. If anyone out there can provide me with the original 1971 title of this flick I will send them a great old horror film still for their trouble. Again, try to catch Blood Eaters while you still can. It was released by an obscure releasing company, so it may not surface again in the area for a long time.

Well, it looks like too much editorializing ate up all the review room this month... We'll be back on Nov. 15 with an all review issue featuring Fade To Black, Schizoid, Motel Hell, and Joe Dante's The Howling. In the interim, direct all fan mail, correspondence, hate letters, etc. to Gore Gazette c/o Sullivan 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. All criticism welcome. If you want G.G. mailed to your house, enclose \$5 for postage to cover 1 year.

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## MOTEL HELL: CALHOUN NO LEATHERFACE

It is very difficult for us to condemn Motel Hell for its many shortcomings when it stands as a landmark film venture. M.H. marks the very first time a major production/releasing company (UA) has seen fit to lay out a large amount of money (\$3 million) for a movie whose plot, characterizations, and setting are straight out of a poverty-row grindhouse epic. We've all seen films of this ilk before--Country farmer Vincent Smith and his sister Ida make their living selling smoked meats; monopolizing the area market because of their special "secret" ingredient. Anyone with even half a sense for the twisted could guess that this secret ingredient is none other than good old human flesh. During the past decade, there have been far better cannibal flicks released (Texas Chainsaw, Folks At Red Wolf Inn, Undertaker and his Pals, the uncut Tender Flesh, etc.), all of them greatly more graphic in their depiction of butchering than M.H. and each made for about one sixth the cost. Rory Calhoun tries hard at achieving a successful balance between Norman Bates and Leatherface, but he unfortunately falls short of either. Nina Axlerod as Smith's nubile love interest is just plain corny. But M.H. has some redeeming virtues--since it is the first "big-budget" gore flick, it naturally has excellent photography, taut editing, and great special effects (check out those oozing scars on potential sausages after Vincent slits their vocal cords.) But more importantly, M.H. resurrects the classic style of late-50's AIP humor that is so dumb it becomes funny. Dick Miller and Johnathan Haze-type characters abound throughout the flick, carrying it through its many dull spots. We're told that after UA execs screen-

ed M.H. they were so apalled and confused by it they insisted it be marketed as a comedy (hence the "you just might die laughing" campaign.) Well, it ain't that funny---but a sincere congratulations to UA for finally discovering the old "tits and blood" secret for making a fast buck and an entertaining, but shaky gore flick.

## HORROR ESPANOL

Fans who are really hard up for some cheap sleaze might try checking out the Cine Theater on 7th Ave. and 48th St. This is a clean, quiet theater which shows only Spanish films, with no English subtitles. They do, however, get quite a few horror flicks which either never show up in regular venues or emerge on Channel 9 in a dubbed, heavily edited form. Don't confuse Spanish films with those dreaded Italian imports--most Spanish releases are sadistic little low budget sagas, heavy on torture and explicit violence. This week Cine is showing La Marca Del Hombre Lobo (The Mark of the Wolfman) starring Spain's reigning horror king Paul Naschy. La Marca is a neat little tale made in 1968 concerning Naschy inheriting the werewolf curse, ripping up local villagers and unknowingly going to a vampire doctor to be cured of his affliction. Highlight: Naschy attacks a young peasant girl, ripping off the side of her face with his teeth and then drooling saliva, blood and flesh in full view of the camera. Great Stuff!! This film was issued in a heavily edited, horribly jumbled, hideously dubbed English version (sans gore) in 1972 under the title Frankenstein's Bloody Terror. Apt title considering no mention of Frankenstein is made throughout the entire film... La Marca is coherent, fairly well-directed and all the blood and guts are intact. In fact, this original Spanish version makes more sense than the 1972 version in which English is spoken!

## LEWIS FESTIVAL AT MONSTER MOVIE CLUB

All students of blood, gore, and violence should be in attendance at the Monster Movie Club, 57 St. Mark's Place, on November 25 at 9:00 PM when two of those ever-elusive Herschell Gordon Lewis films will be shown. 2000 Maniacs begins at 9:00 and Color Me Blood Red will be shown at 11:00. For the uninformed, Lewis is the man who pioneered the use of explicit violence and severe maiming during the mid-sixties in a series of low-budget psycho epics which were initially banned in many states. In an early-70's inter-

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CAVEAT EMPTOR DEPT.

During the past two weeks, poverty-row theaters in the N.Y./N.J. area have been inundated with a mass of mildly entertaining, mediocre, and sub-par genre flicks ranging from import rip-offs to hard core pornography. None could be entirely recommended, but a few may be of interest to die-hard sleeze connoisseurs. Below are brief descriptions of the 5 releases, but as this article's title warns, let the "viewer" beware!

The Co-ed Murders- Another from the seemingly unending string of abominable Italian-made psycho murder mysteries, horribly dubbed into English. Made in 1974, this mess concerns a series of murders that take place in a girl's school in Rome and is short on gore and long on talky exposition and macho Italian detectives. We were able to last about 55 minutes.

Invasion of the Blood Farmers- Sharing the same bill with Co-ed at most theaters, Blood Farmers has remained one of our favorite films since its initial release back in 1972. Ed Adlum (Shriek of the Mutilated) directed this gem about the evil Sangroid druid cult on the loose in upstate New York searching for the correct blood type to revive their dead queen. Not being true vampires, these "farthers" are forced to hook kidnapped victims up to air compressors to extract their blood which is needed for sustenance. Hilariously, this blood extraction process sounds exactly like a kid who is sucking the bottom of his empty soda glass with a straw. Add to this: enjoyably wretched acting, overdone makeup, quarts of the phoniest blood you've ever seen, and an effeminate head villian who makes Truman Capote look like Clint Eastwood. In short, Blood Farmers is 76 minutes of grade Z, fast-moving, entertaining trash; a sort of horror genre Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls.

Dracula Exotica- For those who like hard-core porn mixed with their gore, Dracula Exotica is a well-made, beautifully photographed epic which contains far more skin than blood. Director Allan Schwartz takes sizable liberties with the Stoker legend (this Dracula doesn't always suck the neck, etc.) and the film tends to become monotonous with its many overlong graphic sex interludes, but it does have enough effective violence (bloody floggings, stabbings, bitings, etc.) to sustain interest for its entire 90 minute running time.

The Slasher (Is The Sex Maniac)- Italian stinker #2! The notorious William Mishkin bought the rights to yet another psycho murder dud, dubbed in the English and (now get this) "Americanized" all the actors names on the posters and credits so that innocent suckers like us will throw down our \$3.50 and realize we've been duped only after we get inside the theater. Token American Farley Granger stars with a bunch of unknown Guidos in a story about a masked assailant who stalks and slices up adulterous women in yet another contrived whodunit. Some cute throat and breast carve-up scenes make The Slasher slightly better than Co-ed Murders, but they are few and far between and hardly make up for its plodding pace.

Nazi Love Camp 27- A sleazy exploitationer chock full of torture, humiliation, violence, sex, and decadence set inside a concentration brothel during WWII. A bit lacking on graphic gore and the subject matter may offend some- but we found the film mildly entertaining and good for a few laughs.

Thanks to everyone who has written kind letters of encouragement on our first 3 issues--more of this and we're sure to be around a long time. Question: Has anyone out there ever seen an obscure old Tor Johnson flick called The Beast of Yucca Flats? If so, please write and tell me when and where. I'll send you a still for your trouble.

Rick and Rosemary Sullivan's

CRITICISM/CORRESPONDENCE welcome. WRITE GORE GAZETTE, c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton A.  
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No. 5

HAVE A HOLIDAY FEAST ON US.....



NOTHING IN THE  
ANNALS OF HORROR  
QUITE LIKE IT!

Screenplay by  
A. Louise Downe

Box Office Spectaculars, Inc.  
presents

## "The BLOOD FEAST"

MORE GRISLY THAN EVER IN BLOOD COLOR!

Introducing  
PLAYMATE  
Connie Mason  
A Friedman-Lewis  
Production

We'd like to wish all our readers a happy holiday season with a juicy shot from the grand-daddy of all gore flicks, Blood Feast (1963). Response to our news-letter has been enthusiastic, so we'll be back the first week of '81 with more news/reviews on area horror activity. During the coming new year, you can pick up your free copy of The Gore Gazette at any of the following locations:

Yesterday's Books & Records, 545 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N.J.

Cinemabilia, 10 W. 13th St., New York, N.Y.

Club 57, 57 St. Mark's Pl., New York, N.Y.

Flashback Records, 32 St. Mark's Pl., New York, N.Y.

East Side Book Store, 34 St. Mark's Pl., New York, N.Y.

Village Comic Art Shop, 319 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y.



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## ALTERED STATES: RETURN OF MONSTER ON CAMPUS?

Since its initial premiere in the New York area on Christmas week, Altered States has become a major source of controversy within critic's circles. On one side is the camp who feel that the film is "a stunningly visual, deeply personal thriller of the highest calibre", and go on to praise the fluid direction of Ken Russell and the uniquely original Paddy Chayefsky (Sidney Aaron) screenplay." The other faction has called Altered States "heavy-handed, prosaic and inane; directed by Russell in his usual frantic style; a total waste of time and money"...

Well, we don't totally agree with either side---after all the pro/con bantering, it seems that most of our prestigious film critics have ignored the obvious: Altered States is merely a mega-bucks hybrid of 1957's Monster On Campus, Roger Corman's 1967 The Trip, and the mid-60's TV series The Outer Limits. The plot? Eccentric Harvard college professor/research scientist William Hurt (easily the 80's answer to John Agar with his laughable wooden acting) feels that he can unlock the secrets of man's primordial instincts through a concoction of psychedelic Mexican mushrooms and sensory deprivation. He gets more than he bargains for when the mushrooms turn him into a Neanderthal ape man who roams the city streets terrorizing citizens and devouring animals at the city zoo. Of course, Hurt's colleagues and wife are worried about these drastic experiments and their eventual effect on his well-being, but their concerns fall on deaf ears as the ol' prof becomes more and more obsessed with tripping off into monkeyland. See what we mean? This plot is not unlike the aforementioned MOC where professor Arthur Frantz smokes the blood of a prehistoric fish and also turns into a caveman-killer-on-the-loose. Of course with the multi-million dollar budget Russell had to work with, Altered States' Neanderthal is far more realistic-looking than Frantz's rubber monkey mask. (thanks to first-rate make-up by veteran Dick Smith), and the hallucinatory sequences make Corman's The Trip look like amateur night at the head shop. But however glossy Altered looks with its 70mm scope and ear-splitting Dolby sound, it still feels and looks like a quicky "B" film from the halycon days of the 50's & 60's. Which is fine by us, we thoroughly enjoyed the film with that assumption in mind. There are enough segments of blood and guts to keep us gore fans satisfied, much nudity to liven things up, and the dumbest dialog heard in a major-budget film in over a year to keep us well-entertained through the film's occasional slow spots.

As an added bonus, Russell adds a fifteen minute ending to his film which is straight out of any Outer Limits episode of the 60's. Not wanting to ruin this late development for any potential viewers, just keep in mind the "love and understanding conquers all" moral motif which permeated most of the episodes of that TV series; also think of the "monster from the television screen" that appeared in the very first episode back in 1963. Keeping this in mind, you should feel a strong sense of deja vu during this final segment of the flick.

In short, we highly recommend Altered States as a good, monster-on-the-loose thriller and not much more. We urge anyone planning on seeing it to keep this in thought and not take the film too seriously---you should get quite a kick out of it. Just imagine you're watching some low budget quickie called, say, Return of the Monster on Campus and instead of being at the sterile, snobbish Loew's Astor, you're nestled into a stiff, greasy, slimy seat at the Lyric on 42nd St. If you can imagine such, you'll not consider your \$5.00 admission price wasted.

Quick bits: Joe Dante's long-awaited The Howling will be long-awaited a little while longer; post-production problems on some animation sequences have postponed its release date until mid-March. The film was originally intended for Halloween release... Avoid current exploitationer The Slavers at all costs. Word of mouth had it to be a grim, brutal torture epic but its just a confused, boring account of slave trading in 1860's Africa. Highlights: A few heads are blown apart by Ray Milland as an Arab (?) slave trapper and Cameron Mitchell as a Portuguese slaver who brags to Ron Ely about how he forces black slave girls into having sex with his horse. Flick is a haven for over a half dozen down and out actors. Yechhh... Still no word from anyone out there who has seen The Beast Of Yucca Flats (1961). Free still is still offered to anyone who can tell me more about it aside from an oblique reference in an old Famous Monsters...

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## DYING FROM THIRST

About 15 minutes into Thirst the film seems to really have alot going for it. It looks glossy and technically well-made, the acting is pretty good, and the plot shows much promise in presenting a refreshing variation on the well worn vampire/blood drinker formula of a hundred other films. But shortly after this initial build-up, Thirst shifts into low gear where it remains for the balance of the flick; becoming just another artistic in the long list of endlessly talky, nothingly boring British horror thrillers. On David Hemmings maintains interest throughout his role as the head scientist of a vampire farm nestled deep in the English countryside. Together with about a dozen others, Hemmings & Co. kidnap youthful specimens and daily "process" their blood (in a manner similarly seen in the great Invasion of the Blood Farmers) for distribution throughout the world to around 200 "chosen ones" (modern-day vampires who realize that human blood is the key to immortality.) A sub-plot develops when one of Hemmings' legues discovers that a young British woman unknowingly a great-granddaughter of the notorious Countess Batori (the real-life "Countessacula" who drank and bathed in the blood of virgins to preserve her youth). Since this girl possesses "the purest blood-line of all the chosen ones", the directors of the farm abduct her and try to awaken the true vampire heritage buried within her. Of course, this is against the girl's wishes and throughout the movie she tries to escape the farm---until slowly (through torture and brainwashing) the spirit of her ancestors takes over and she finds herself thirsting for blood as well. Sounds like a pretty good, original plot, doesn't it? So did we, but as the flick progresses it gets increasingly boring and slower by the minute. Some examples of the latter include: the blood which is shipped out of the farm is neatly packaged in one-quart containers labeled "Milk"; after being "processed" the farm prisoners walk around zombie-like in hospital pajamas---with large hickeys on their necks; and finally, occasionally one of the resident vampires gets the urge to obtain human blood straight from the source (Dracula-style), but to do this they must first put on bridgework over their real teeth!! See what we mean.. The gore is very realistic in the film and there are some highly effective scenes (including a blood-spraying shower, etc.), but between rambling exposition, endless dream sequences, and a

convoluted story-line Thirst seems like it is about 3 hours long despite its brief 86 minute running time. As such, we can't recommend it for either its scant segments of violence or its entertaining dumbness.

## SCANNERS: A SUCCESS

Despite the fact that Scanners borrows heavily from Brian De Palma's The Fury (almost plagiarously so), David Cronenberg's newest epic is a resounding success which should finally place him in the "boy wonder" league of directors along with Carpenter, Landis, and the aforementioned De Palma. More of an espionage/sci-fi adventure than an outright horror flick, Scanners concerns a strain of 237 individuals who possess super telekinetic powers enabling them to inflict severe pain and mind control on us normal homo sapiens. Depending on the scanner's mood, this pain can be as mild as a simple nose-bleed or so intense that a person's brain can explode clean out of his head. Of course, some scanners are good and others are bad. The bad ones want to control the world. With this simple premise, Cronenberg takes us on a whirlwind jaunt for the next 100 odd minutes as "good" scanners (controlled by a mysterious corporation) clash with the crazed rebel scanners. Scanners unfolds fast and furious and is the closest thing I've seen yet to watching a comic book on screen. The plot develops and thickens so quickly that a few minor story-line inconsistencies are soon forgotten in an attempt to keep up with the breakneck speed of the film. Patrick Mc Goohan is great as the emotionless corporate director of the scanner program, but the real praise has to be heaped on Micheal Ironside who plays Daryl Revok, the leader of the "bad" scanners band, in a character so maniacal he looks and sounds as if he stepped out of an E.C. comic book from the 50's. Fans of blood and guts might be slightly disappointed in Scanners as compared to Cronenberg's other classics (Rabid, The Brood, They Came...), the gore volume is way down. However, a great scene early in the film and one of the goriest, grossest endings we've seen in a long time should more than make up for the expected steady flow of blood-letting we've come to expect from ol' Dave. Remember, quality is not always quantity. See Scanners now!!

Note: Maniac, which promises to be one of the sickest and depraved films to be released this year opens to area theaters on Jan. 30.

# FORE GAZETTE

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## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JERRY GROSS?

It's hard to believe that a man who just a short decade ago helped pioneer the use of explicit gore and sadism in film has now reduced himself to becoming one of the worst of the hack producers currently operating in the horror genre. Who are we referring to? None other than Mr. Jerry Gross. Back in the early 1970's, Gross headed up Cinematation, a fledgling film production/leasing company based in New York. During its short life span, it churned out a good number of bloody, violent classics such as I Drink Your Blood, From Ear To Ear, etc., all of which displayed wild, depraved plots and large amounts of blood and guts. Critical and public response was almost always negative to Gross---he was constantly reviled for his disgusting movies and relentless ad campaigns. Gross never gave an inch, however, and ignored all the criticism and actually fought censorship of many of his films at both state and federal levels. (I Drink Your Blood was the first film ever nanded an X rating by the MPAA for violence content alone; Gross eventually appealed this rating and got it changed to an R without making any cuts.) But soon Cinematation found itself out of business and all gore purists lamented the loss of Jerry Gross throughout the balance of the '70's. For about seven years, the film world heard nothing from him until early in this decade a new company called the Jerry Gross Organization announced some forthcoming titles to be released in late '80/early '81. Overflowing with excitement, we wondered what sick items Gross could have cooked up during his seven-year hiatus. When Zombie (the first JGO release) opened to summer theaters with a resounding thud, we decided to give Jerry another chance. After all, it was one of those awful Italian imports and everybody knows what stinkers they are. Everybody's entitled to at least one mistake, right? We waited until the fall, when Gross released The Boogey Man. Strike 2. (See G.G. #3 for full details.) Well, now it looks like Jerry has struck out... With the release of Blood Beach, Gross has outdone himself: this sick is worse than both Zombie and The Boogey Man combined. Blood Beach revives a horror film style that was greatly put to rest in the 50's with flicks like The Monster From The Ocean Floor and others of that ilk. This style is called the "let's not show the monster until the very end of the film and then give it under one minute screen time" style. That about sums up the entire story of this noxiously dull, wretchedly-produced loser. Residents of a California coastal community are being killed by something in the sand that gorelessly sucks them under the beach. Later find out that this something is a kind of giant fan worm which nungers for human blood. Until this "mystery" is revealed to us in the final reel, we have to sit through 80-odd minutes of John Saxon playing a hard-nosed detective bullying his crew, Burt Young (remember when he was the critic's favorite in Rocky? What happened, Burt?) as his neo-mongoloid assistant and Marla Hill as a horny divorcee who tries to rekindle an old flame with the local coast guard. Yeesh, Saxon seems to be the current contender for this year's "Cameron Mitchell Award" in that he has d-panned his way through more abysmal productions this past year than any other has-been actor. To illustrate just how badly made Blood Beach is, a friend of ours who viewed the film at a theater with a large, full-sized screen observed that the boom mike dropped into the film frame so frequently it had the audience cheering every time it appeared. "In fact," he told us, "the boom mike has about triple the screen time that the monster has!" So that's the story, Jerry... Blood Beach is boring, inept and nearly bloodless. In fact, if the few scant scenes of bodiletting were excised, Blood Beach would look exactly like one of the made-for-TV abominations recently glutting the airwaves. It's sad to think that Gross, who as a producer was one time in league with George Romero and H.G. Lewis is now joining the ranks of horror rip-off kings like William Mishkin and Joeseeph Brenner. Such a shame...

## IN PRAISE OF MANIAC!

Long-awaited Maniac! has proved to be every bit as good as pre-release blurbs promised it would. Featuring excellent gore visual effects by Tom Savini (Dawn Of The Dead) and luridly sick acting by Joe Spinell in the title role, Maniac! concerns itself with a mother-possessed psycho who gets his kicks out of brutally murdering both men and women. As an added highlight, most of the women murdered are subsequently stripped and scalped by the crazed Frank Zito (Spinell) who then brings both clothes and hair home where they are applied to department store mannequins which clutter his filthy apartment. Nothing is left to the imagination in this first-rate production. The audience gets to see nearly every scalping, strangling, throat-slashing, stabbing and shooting, all of which gush with realistic torrents of blood. The flick even maintains a delicate balance of humor as Zito temporarily sheds his psycho personality to become a bumbling "echo man" who has romantic designs on ex-Hammer cutie Caroline Munro. Although fairly similar to a 1974 film called Deranged, Maniac! transcends its predecessor by not becoming bogged down in a "police man-hunt" sub-plot which was common to that film and all others of this type. We're interested in the critic's response to this film since it has very haunting, brooding camera work and typifies nearly every element of film "noir" continually praised by the dreaded circle of "lobster" reviewers. Our guess is that they'll hate it. But don't be put off by any bad reviews: Maniac is superb; the ultimate gorefest. And Joe Spinell can quote us on that...

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## FEAR THIS MOVIE

For about a year and a half now, horror film magazines have been dutifully reporting on the progress of (then) 23 year old Frank La Loggia in his attempt to write, finance, produce and direct a movie project in his home town of Rochester, N.Y. Early last year, Avco Embassy Pictures stepped in to give Frank a hand, enabling him to rap up the film late last summer for a budget of around \$800,000. Well, as much as we like to support aspiring "whiz kids" and low budget horror productions, we have to admit that Frank's long-awaited Fear No Evil, which opened to area theaters two weeks ago, is a confusing, boring failure. From the outset of the film it looks exactly like a skid row rip-off of The Omen as it chronicles the story of a young man named Andrew, from birth, is destined to be the anti-christ (yawn) and bring destruction and devastation to all those who cross his path. Of course, Andrew doesn't realize his satanic heritage and spends the balance of the flick looking confused and frightened as his parents are driven insane and his classmates killed because of his evil power. And then suddenly, (for no apparent reason) young Andrew "realizes" who he is. He then dons a phony-looking Dracula cape and sets out destroying the local Passion Play (while in progress) as well as summoning up a legion of fake-looking zombies to trash a party being held by his classmate tormentors. Eventually, an old woman from the same town realizes that she and a local teen girl are really angels from heaven sent to earth to combat the evil Andrew. Well, when the two women pool their powers, corner Andrew at a large oak tree and brandish a huge gold crucifix which bathes the satanic brat in an eerie glow. End of Andrew, and the world is once again saved from evil... What a waste of time and effort! In all fairness to Frank, for a first directoral effort on an extremely low budget, Fear No Evil is fairly well photographed and directed, and the occasional gore effects are entertaining. Where the real weaknesses lie are in the scripting, dialogue, and soundtrack of the film. We've been subjected to so many Con/Exorcist rehashes that to unleash another movie-going public is ludicrous. Fear is so bogged down in long scenes of pretentious religious dialogue and background that it could cause even the staunchest horror film fan to nod out from acute boredom. And as a final blow, La Loggia uses a new wave soundtrack throughout many of the scenes which serves to make the film seem even sillier (i.e., as Andrew hatefully

glares at a student who has been taunting him Frank inserts "Anarchy In The U.K." into the soundtrack and shows a close-up of Andrew's face just as Johnny Rotten sneers his "I am an anti-christ" line.) Since La Loggia does show a certain degree of promise as a director and a flair for convincing special effects, we can only hope that next time around he chooses a much more original plot and lets somebody else write the script.

## A HEART-RENDING FILM

You gotta hand it to Paramount Pictures- they took a real chance releasing a sick, demented flick like My Bloody Valentine to local theaters on the actual week of Valentine's Day. Since this holiday is traditionally a time for sentimentality and romance, one might wonder why a major releasing company would offer for holiday viewing a film about a crazed miner who rips people's hearts out with a pick-axe and then stuffs the bloody organs into valentine candy boxes which are subsequently delivered to various townsfolk, accompanied with twisted greeting cards. Well, we don't know the logic behind their marketing strategy, but we certainly aren't complaining about it. My Bloody Valentine is 90 fast minutes of non-stop, gruesome entertainment featuring the aforementioned "heart deliveries", plus a body stuffed into a hot laundromat dryer, a young teen's head dunked in a pot of scalding water, a girl skewered on a shower pipe and a torn-out heart being boiled in a pot of hot dogs. Great stuff, and all displayed with ample amounts of realistic blood and gore. Nitpickers may disclaim Valentine as being a blatant steal from Halloween, but when a film is this much fun, who cares? Basically the plot is the same: A raving maniac miner who went on a killing spree during a Valentine's Day celebration twenty years ago suddenly reappears in 1981 and begins a new series of "heart rip-outs" two days before the holiday Valentine ball is slated to begin. Next to every butchered cadaver is found a warning to "cancel the dance or the killings will continue. You can take it from there..." Fast-paced direction, fluid photography, taut editing and a twist ending all add to the impact of this excellent Canadian import. Some viewers may find the acting to be quite banal, but My Bloody Valentine carries enough shocks and creates enough tension that it shouldn't bother anyone for long. Highly recommended.



# GORE GAZETTE

FREE | Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area | No.10

## HALLOWEEN HORROR HOAX

though we're only 3 months into 1981, our pick for "Blatant Rip-Off Of The Year Award" will undoubtedly go to The Day After Halloween, an ill-conceived, pretentious mess currently passing itself off as a horror film at area theatres. Made during 1980 in Australia by the same production company that gave us the so-so Thirst (see GG #7), Day After does little more than chronicle the corruption of an innocent young hairdresser as she enters the sleazy world of photographic modeling. Doesn't sound too much like a horror flick, you say? We'll you're right... It isn't. There is no mention of Halloween (the film or the holiday), no butcher knife-wielding psycho (as depicted in the film's misleading ad campaign), most no gore (a slightly bloody mouth & nose), and no suspense or terror whatsoever in this mess. Day After can be best described as a film adaptation of a Jacqueline Susanne-type soap operatic passion novella, replete with jealous boyfriends, alluring lesbians, lecherous old perverts, powerful movie moguls and wide-eyed innocents. Technically, the film is quite good: it has excellent photography, taut editing and credible acting. Chantal Contouri (also from Thirst) is great as a femme fatal who leads the young adolescent headlong into decadence. In fact, Day After might have been an acceptable film if it is promoted truthfully as being one of those sordid grade-Z exploitation trash epics ala The Gypsy, Bloodline, etc. But in purposefully deceiving the movie-going public into believing they are spending their \$4.00 on a blood, guts, gore slash-em-up, The Day After Halloween is a banal film and an outright fraud. There ought to be a law against rip-offs like this!

## THE HOWLING: A NEEDLESS DELAY?

mentioned in earlier issues of the GG, Joe (Iranha) Dante's long-awaited The Howling has been continually postponed from its original Oct. 1980 release date due to post-production problems with some stop-motion animation sequences done by David Allen. Well, these problems were wrapped up by year's end and The Howling was given a "sneak preview" in Las Vegas during January of this year. The result? Avco Embassy was pleased with the positive audience reaction accorded the film, but they suggested that Dante cut all the animated werewolf sequences from the final release print. This comes as slightly disturbing news since the painstaking work on the animation was what was said to have caused the 5 month delay

in the first place. To have it all excised at this time would seem ludicrous. We have been informed, however, that at last month's "sneak preview" in New York, the animated sequences were still intact. The handful of people who attended that screening may be the lucky few who ever get to see Allen's work. Avco Embassy's hired publicity firm is claiming that "no thing was cut", but we have reason to believe that when The Howling finally opens in the area on Friday, March 13, it will be in an animationless version. It still promises to be a great flick, though, in any event...

## A SPACE BOMB

Galaxina, the latest directoral effort from William (Incredible Melting Man) Sachs is quite a frustrating film. For having been made on an extremely low budget, it is technically excellent; yet the most mundane of scripts and some very bad acting reduces it to a hackneyed failure. Basically, Galaxina closely resembles John Carpenter's Dark Star in that it attempts to satirize your average sci-fi space opera by depicting a crew of bumbling astronauts on a 27 year mission. The problems of the film are of bumbling the problems on a 27 year mission. Sa adds a female robot/computer (played by the stunning Dorothy Stratten) for some sex appeal and then attempts to parody current sci-fi hits like Alien, Star Wars and Flash Gordon. It was a good idea, but the comedy in the film never rises above an embarrassingly juvenile level and the presence of the annoying Avery Schreiber as the crew's commander makes the whole film look like an elaborate Doritos commercial. However, the special effects are top-notch in both the outer space battle scenes as well as in some interesting alien make-up designs. With a little more thought given to the humor, this may have emerged as a quite funny, successful film. There are a few highlights in the flick (a fairly graphic cannibal restaurant sequence, Sachs' subtle parody of 1961's Angry Red Planet utilizing an planet where everything is in infra-red, brief clips of First Spaceship On Venus, etc.) and the late Stratten is great to look at throughout the film, but in total Galaxina is an unfunny bore.





# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 11

## SPECIAL ALL-WEREWOLF EDITION!!

### A HOWLING SUCCESS

Joe Dante's long-awaited The Howling tore into area theaters last Friday and brought with it a fresh new approach to the current crop of big-budget horror flicks that have lately become increasingly stagnant and predictable. The story-line is original and simple: a coven of werewolves disguised as a consciousness-raising group in the wilds of northern California tries to assimilate a TV newscaster and her husband into the "family." The couple slowly realizes that all is not right with this group and after the husband is transformed into a flesh-eating wolf, the wife alone must face the pack of werewolves in a spectacular climax. What makes The Howling rise far above other films is that it contains many qualities current horrors lack: the script breaks out of the traditional werewolf formula and all the limitations that go with it (we don't have to wait for a full moon before werewolf transformations occur, there is no boring pentagram mumbo-jumbo, etc.); Dante adds a unique touch of humor to the film that dates back to the old American International horror teenpix of the 50's; and so much effort has been put into the excellent special effects of Rob Bottin that not only do they look gruesomely realistic, they almost steal the thunder of the entire movie! As compared to current films that tend to adhere strictly to a proven formula, are usually dead serious and have mediocre effects, The Howling is by far the best film to emerge out of the past year's horror releases. Dante has a slick directoral style that should make him the horror director for the next few years to come. As an added highlight, Dante has cast many small roles and cameos throughout the film as sort of a knowing acknowledgement to horror film fanatics. If you don't blink, you may be able to spot Dick Miller (cast in the same role of Walter Paisley as in 1959's A Bucket Of Blood), Roger Corman (Dante's old boss), Forrest J. Ackerman (Joe wrote a great article as a kid in Famous Monsters #18, 1962), Kevin Mc Carthy and John Carradine, among others. Just so you don't think we're on Avco Embassy's payroll, there are a few minor complaints with The Howling. It gets off to a bit of a slow start; not until after about 30 minutes do things really start happening. Also, as mentioned before, (see G.G. 10) virtually all of David Allen's stop-motion animation sequences have been cut from the release print. In fact, total on-screen animation time in the entire film is under 15 seconds! But these problems notwithstanding, The Howling is full of enough gore, shocks, tension and laughs that it is highly recommended and should serve as a model for all horror flicks to come.



J. Carradine plays geriatric werewolf



### IL LUPE RIP-OFFO!

Tricked again! The Legend Of The Wolf Woman is yet another one of the countless Italian import rip-offs sprung on an unsuspecting movie-going public via misleading ad campaigns and poster art. In this case, Dimension Pictures (a California-based sleaze distributor who has given us gems like Dr. Black And Mr. Hyde and Invasion Of The Bee Girls) saw fit to buy this 1977 linguine horror yarn, play up the werewolf angle in all advertising, and Americanize all the cast and crew member's names on the posters displayed outside the theaters (ie., star Annik Borrello becomes Anne Borel, director Rino di Silvestro is changed to R.D. Silver, etc.). Unsuspecting gore fans who are hoodwinked by this name switching plunk down their hard-earned cash, enter the theater and within two minutes can easily realize they've been sucked into supporting another Italian stinker. There's really nothing you can do once you get inside---ever try to demand a refund at a 42nd St. theater? Editorializing aside, Wolf Woman has a nice opening sequence: we see a naked, large-breasted woman passionately dancing within a circle of fire. Soon, she begins to jerk spastically, foam spews from her mouth and hair grows all over her body as she is transformed into the title character. She stalks and brutally slays a villager by tearing a bloody mouthful of meat out of his throat and is subsequently trapped and burned at the stake by other villagers. With the end of this sequence, a narrator gravely tells us that "200 years later in Italy, the curse of the wolf-woman manifests itself in the lovely Danilla." This is the only explanation given as the entire werewolf theme is suddenly abandoned and we pick up the story of a modern-day female maniac as she gets about the countryside murdering men and women who try to sexually arouse her. As with other pizza operas, a boring sub-plot ensues as a mustachioed detective tries to hunt down this "possessed murderess". Wolf Woman is not as bad as other imports of recent memory since it does contain numerous effective scenes of violence, brutality and soft-core sex and its scant 71 minute running time doesn't really give it enough time to become unbearably dull. But because of the deceit surrounding its promotion and the fact that a wolf-woman is on-screen for less than five minutes in the entire film, Legend Of The Wolf Woman is nothing more than an inept dirty trick. Dimension, we owe you one....

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 12

## SON OF CAVEAT EMPTOR DEPT.

Because of last issue's special "all werewolf edition", we find ourselves falling a bit behind in keeping current with new film releases. In an attempt to get up to date, this G.G. will present brief capsule reviews of the many horror, gore and related films released during the past three weeks. A warning however: Except for perhaps one of the films listed below, all run the gamut from mediocre at best to downright awful. Gore completists may find a few of interest, but to quote ourselves back in G.G. #4 all should be approached on a "let the buyer beware" basis only...

**Funhouse**- Universal Pictures is hawking this flick as "the horrifying new chiller from the director of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*". It sure doesn't look like a Tobe Hooper film. *Funhouse* is just another one of those "teens trapped and menaced by a psycho" formula epics that lately seem to be released in slightly different variations nearly every couple of weeks. What makes this one slightly better is that the "psycho" in *Funhouse* is actually a mutated freak/monster who rools, snarls and snots disgustingly all through the film thanks to another superb make-up concoction by Rick Baker. But Tobe Hooper's direction is plodding and predictable, his shock timing misplaced, and the gore level is way below what we have come to expect from him. (We only get to see one head being hatcheted and that is hidden by the dark shadows of the funhouse.) Even the 4 adolescents who are menaced are so obnoxious that we found ourselves cheering for the monster everytime he made a successful hit. After viewing *Funhouse*, perhaps critics will look upon Hooper's much-maligned *Eaten Alive* in a new light.

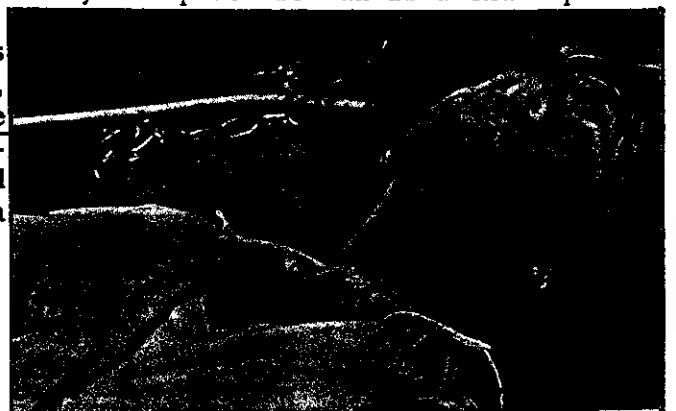
**Eyes Of A Stranger**- Unique characterization and subtle plot variations differentiate this rapist/killer/strangler saga slightly from other similar fodder currently glutting the market. Lauren Tewes of *The Love Boat* is fairly convincing as a TV newswoman who discovers that her neighbor is the aforementioned r/s/s who signals his attacks via obscene phone calls. When no one believes her, she begins insessently phoning the maniac herself; telling him that she knows who he is, what he is doing, and that he should turn himself in (ala Wm. Castle's 1966 gem *I Saw What You Did*). Of course, the predictable showdown ensues with the expected false endings which seem to be a staple of these films today. But what makes *Eyes* interesting is the character of the killer, excellently played by John Di Santo. He is a quiet, neat, almost polite man who looks like a librarian. It just so happens that he likes to rape and murder women in his spare time. The antithesis of a Joe Spinell-type, Di Santo is very frightening as you realize you are surrounded by guys who look and seem to act like him every day. *Eyes* also contains sparse (though excellent) gore effects by Tom Savini (our favorite was a head being chopped off by a huge meat cleaver and then thrown into a fish tank) and a cruelly funny torture scene where the killer sadistically confuses a deaf, dumb and blind girl before he tries to rape her. Marginally recommended.

**Nocturna**- Who the hell is Mai Bonet? That's the question we asked as we left the 42nd St. theatre now showing a Mai Bonet double bill. (*Hoodlums* was the co-feature.) This horrendously unattractive, talentless Hawaian witch plays Dracula's granddaughter who can only suppress her vampiric desires to drink blood when she is disco dancing! Horrid acting, sub-Galaxina level mundane humor, the most embarrassing special effects ever seen in a horror film, nude women who are so repulsive that they look deformed, a bloated Yvonne De Carlo, and a pathetic-looking John Carradine as Dracula (he hasn't looked this bad since *Vampire Hookers*) make this 1978 mess a must to avoid. Strictly for Plan 9 alumni only.

**New Year's Evil**- The psycho killer genre reaches its nadir with this abysmal dud. It features Roz Kelly (aka Pinky Tuscadero on *Happy Days*) as an aging punk-rock queen (?) hosting a New Years Eve punk concert in L.A. whilst a killer snuffs out a victim each hour before midnight and promises to do in poor Pinky herself at the stroke of twelve. The virtual lack of hardly any demented or graphic killings and the over-all slickness of the film make it look almost like a made-for-TVer. *Evil* is boring and predictable to the nth degree. As an added highlight (lowlight?), the L.A. punk rock bands depicted are hilarious- they play heavy metal sludge while wearing 3rd rate Kiss make-up. *Evil* is a total loser- but what else can you expect from an area that spawns bands like Black Flag?

**Where Time Began/Land Of No Return**- They didn't trick us this time! Upon viewing the poster outside the theater, we recognized *Time* as a new title for *Viaje Al Centro De La Tierra*, an old 1977 dubbed bomb from Spain that featured the most ludicrous reptiles since *King Dinosaur* and repellent plot to match. *Land* is also a re-titling of a 1977 film originally called *Challenge To Survive*. It starred William Shatner (at that time at a career low), was rated G, and was a poor attempt to cash in on the success of the then-popular *Wilderness Family* movie. Watch out for these two!

**Blood Orgy Of The Cannibal Ghouls**- Great new flick concerning a group of horror film fanatics who go on a wonky, bloody killing spree. Their target? NYC area film critics whom they feel give unjust and slanted reviews to new horror releases. Highlights include the throat slashing and eye gouging of a female critic of a "hip" east village weekly for giving *Blood Beach* a good review; the carving up and devouring (all shown in full on-screen view) of the bleeding entrails of a male critic for an arty Soho-area newspaper because he consistently applies high-brow standards to low-brow films. Opens to all area theaters April 1.



V.V. Film Critic Gets Hers In  
*Blood Orgy Of The Cannibal Ghouls*

Rick and Rosemary Sullivan's

CRITICISM/CORRESPONDENCE WELCOME. WRITE GORE GAZETTE, 40 SULLIVAN, 73 NORTH  
FULLERTON AVE., MONTCLAIR, N.J. 07042. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$5.00 YR. TO COVER POSTAGE.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 13

## DOUBLE DECEPTION

The current entry in the "let's deceive the movie-goers" sweepstakes comes from Dynamite Entertainment, a California-based sleaze outfit best noted for their never-ending stream of poorly-dubbed, 2nd rate kung-fu imports. What these wizards have done this time is to concoct a double-bill of one five year old flick and another one over eight years old, give each a new title and peddle them as "new" horror thrillers. The first, Holy Terror, is actually a 1976 film on its third time around with a third new title. Originally released under the title of Communion and lensed in Paterson, N.J. by the notorious Alfred Sole, (he touched on necrophilia in 1971's Deep Sleep and promises to bring beastiality to commercial theaters this summer with Tanya's Island featuring a lustful gorilla created by Rob Bottin) the film was re-released in 1978 as Alice Sweet Alice with an ad campaign designed to feature Brooke Shields who at that time had begun to draw critical attention for her performance in Pretty Baby. Dynamite has decided to really beat

a dead horse- since Brooke is now the controversial queen of Calvin Klein jeans, these shysters have re-filmed the flick's opening credits, re-titling it Holy Terror and giving Shields total star billing. They also include an alluring "Blue Lagoon-ish" picture of her on all their posters and advertisements. The real deception lies in the fact that first, Shields was about 10 years old when she made Communion and bears no resemblance whatsoever to the callow nymphet depicted in all Dynamite press. Secondly, she is only seen during the first 9 minutes of the film--if you arrive a bit late you will miss her entirely!! As for the film, it is mediocre at best. Its gore effects, which were considered quite graphic back in '76 seem relatively tame in today's Savini age. Only Sole's taut directing can really be commended- he fills the film with a pervading look of seediness and filth that usually escapes most filmmakers. (Then again, it was filmed on location in Paterson so he had lots of help...) Also, most of the film shocks are very jolting and right on target. What ruins Terror is its amateurish, daytime



BABY BROOKE, "STAR" OF HOLY TERROR GETS SNUFFED OUT-9 MINUTES INTO THE FILM!!!

soap opera-like acting and a tired old plot-line whisked straight out of every Italian import film from The Bird With The Crystal Plummage to Eye-ball. (Choose the killer from a handful of suspects; it turns out to be who you'd least imagined...you know the tune.) Part 2 of this double deception is that Dynamite somehow aquired the rights to the old Amicus film The Vault Of Horror (1973). Again, they alter the opening credits, removing VOH and replacing it with a Tales From The Crypt Pt. II title, pretending it, too, is a "new" release. Most of our readers are familiar with this British film adaptation of the old EC comic book series, so we'll dispense with the critique. Suffice to say that if you ever see a Dynamite film advertised-- hold on to your wallet and examine the film very carefully before surrendering your hard-earned cash--or you may be sorry. Late note: we have received word that Dynamite has also aquired the rights to another Amicus film, 1972's Asylum, and plans are afoot to re-release it here soon under the title of House Of Crazies. Be forewarned about this "new" film.)

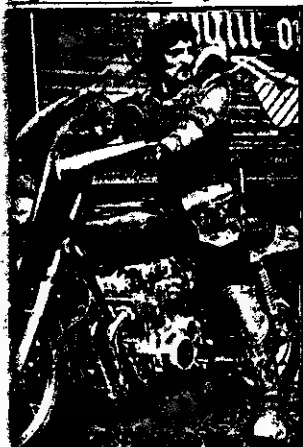
#### AN ANEMIC EPIC

We were away this weekend and missed the sneak previews of George Romero's much-touted Knight-riders. However, local gore fanatic and G.G. correspondent Gary Hertz managed to catch it opening night and kindly agreed to review it for us;

There is a great scene early on in George Romero's Dawn Of The Dead where a woman embraces her husband, not knowing that he is a flesh-eating zombie. With a look of ravenous glee, her husband subsequently takes a deep bite out of shoulder, chomping blood and flesh deliciously. A great scene... Well, the main problem with Romero's new Knightriders is that it chews no such meat.

The gore content is not merely low, it is virtually non-existent. A well-intentioned film,

Knightriders spins the tale of a traveling baroque Renaissance group who flee American commercialism to stage fraternal jousting matches on motorcycles. Led by a "King Arthur" figure (Ed Harris), the "good" knights battle the "black" knights in true Camelot fashion. Soon, dissent arises between King Harris and Morgan, leader of the "black" knights (played by Tom Savini, gore master, who seems to have hung up his scalpel for this flick). Enter one loud-mouthed show-biz agent who lures away Morgan and his knights with the



promise of glamour and mega-bucks. Naturally, this success picture isn't all its cracked up to be and the "black" knights eventually return to their king. (Bet you knew that all along, right?) Knightriders lasts an overlong 2 hour and 20 minutes, slowed by many moralistic tirades from a strangely inconsistent Ed Harris. Other character developments in the film range from mildly interesting to downright trite.

Viewers who want to play "spot-the-Romero-alum" during this epic can catch John Amplas (Martin), Ken Foree (Dawn) and Don Berry (Crazies), among others. Even current Romero collaborator Steven King makes a slightly funny cameo appearance as an obnoxious spectator. But only Tom Savini delivers a truly engaging, realistic performance. Knightriders tries awfully hard to make provocative social statements, but Romero's standard attack on American commercialism has never been so blatant, flat and tiresome. Many of the motorcycle stunts depicted in the film are viciously thrilling, yet the graphic gore and bloodletting that has become a staple of Romero product and always supplied a sense of brutal urgency in past gems (Dawn, Crazies, etc.) is noticeably conspicuous by its absence. The impressive imagery, action and relatively tame theme of Knightriders may attract a mainstream audience and mildly excite devout Romero fans, but will certainly disappoint (and probably bore silly) all gore connoisseurs who have come to expect cinematic "blood-fix" from George.

(Ed. note: it is truly hoped that the recent rash of similarly-titled and themed films like Excalibur, Nighthawks, etc. will not cause Knightriders to become overlooked and/or confused by viewers, sending it into instant limbo ala 1973's sorely neglected Code Name: Trixie/ The Crazies.)

Many thanks to Michael Weldon for his plug in Psychotronic. Those of you unfamiliar with the publication might want to check it out-- its a weekly 10 pager that has been aptly described as "a sick TV Guide" and is chock full of interesting pictures, ad mattes, and information. Write to Michael at 341 E. 9th St., Apt.12, New York, N.Y. 10003 to find out more about it.

#### Coming attractions:

Within the next few weeks, look for the following reviews in upcoming G.G.s:

Friday The 13th Pt. II

Alligator (written by John "Howling" Sayles)

Scared To Death (alien-type gore fest)

The Hand and:

A possible G.G. showing of the elusive Blood Feast!! Watch for more info.

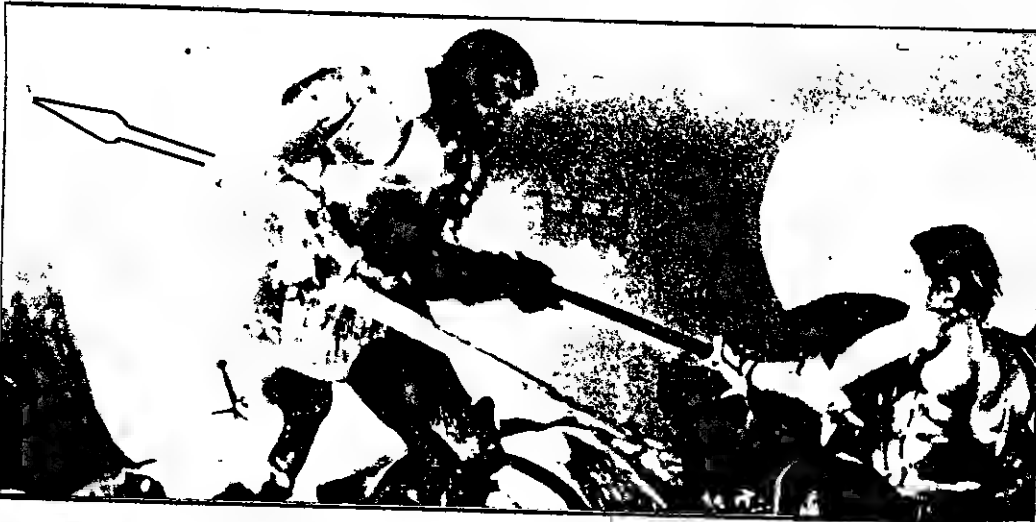
# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 14

## BOORMAN BRAVADO

With the release of Excalibur, director John Boorman has broken a directoral jinx which has plagued him for nearly a decade. Early successes that initially brought him critical acclaim (Having A Wild Weekend with the Dave Clark 5, Point Blank, Deliverance) soon changed to jeers and pans in the 70's as John turned lobster and churned out two insipid, symbolic, heavy-handed duds (Zardoz in 1974 and The Exorcist Pt. II: The Heretic in 1977) that were huge commercial failures. Well, Boorman should be bound for glory again with his latest effort. Excalibur recounts the legend of King Arthur and the Knights Of The Round Table in a speedy, fast-paced manner reminiscent of a sword-and-sorcery comic strip. Abandoning prosaic dialogue and using stark, almost crude sets, Boorman achieves a look and feel for this medieval period that has never been affected by any of the countless cinematic attempts at re-telling the familiar story. You might well ask why the G.G. would concern itself with this flick--since when do we care about style? Simple...the look, characterization and action in this film all result in it becoming a grandiose exploitation epic. It contains all the elements that get 'em howling on 42nd St.: extremely gory

murders; long fist-fight and battle sequences, fairly explicit sex scenes and even two instances of incest. Sleaze purists should not be put off by the advertising for Excalibur--its gore and bloodshed is bountiful and far surpasses the mild effects seen in many of today's horror releases (there is a scene where a raven pecks the bloody eyeball out of a hanged cadaver that is worth the price of admission alone). Boorman's direction is as taut and exciting as it has ever been and his screenplay collaboration with Rospo Pallenberg brilliantly adapts the pretent-



KING ARTHUR GETS SPIKED BY HIS OWN SON/BROTHER, THE EVIL MOR-DREAD, IN THIS SCENE FROM EXCALIBUR.

uous classic Le Morte D'Arthur to include an element of sensationalism and tongue-in-cheek humor that keeps the film interesting and fresh for every minute of its near 2½ hour running time. But perhaps the star of Excalibur and the main source of its originality is Nicol Williamson, whose role as Merlin The Magician really steals the show. Instead of playing a straight mystic, Williamson depicts Merlin as a sly old deception master who would rather fool the populace of Camelot with his trickery and effrontery than to resort to the tiring task of casting spells. He puts just the right amount of humor into the role, yet never reduces the film to becoming overtly silly. In total, Excalibur is a surprising masterpiece; we had written Boorman off as a loser years ago and we respectfully owe him an apology. The upcoming crop of "sword-and-sorcery" epics scheduled for release this year (Conan, Bladerunner, etc.) will surely find Excalibur a tough act to follow.

## A REAL HAND JOB

Remember a lurid little low-budgeter from 1963 called The Crawling Hand? It starred a pre-Virginian Peter Breck as an astronaut who accidentally gets his hand severed upon his re-entry landing to Earth. Of course, "radiation from space" endows the hand with a life of its own. It then spends the remaining 70-odd minutes of the film strangling people until it is finally devoured by a mad dog at a garbage dump in a sick little stomach-turning finale. Needless to say, this film was bad and very boring... But compared with The Hand, which opened to area theaters last



Friday, the aforementioned seems like Citizen Kane. Michael Caine plays comic strip artist Jon Jansdale who loses his drawing hand in an automobile accident. He then subsequently loses his job, wife, daughter, mistress and eventually his mind as he imagines that his lopped-off hand returns to destroy those who have abandoned him. Ho hum... Although framed in a horror context, The Hand is in reality nothing more than a psychological soap opera. Aside from the opening mutilation scene, (which surprisingly is quite graphic and deliciously disgusting) gore and violence is kept to a scant minimum. Instead, the film is constantly bogged by an alcoholic-looking Caine in what is probably the worst performance of his career. Even the much-touted visual effects of Carlo Rambaldi are ineffective and phony-looking. The only real interest the film may generate to anyone is a trivial one: the comic story-boards that Caine is seen drawing early on in the film were in reality done by Barrie Smith, the original artist of the Conan The Barbarian Marvel Comics books in the early 70's. The character depicted on the boards is a very Conan-looking young warrior named Mandro. Die-hard Smith fanatics may want to catch The Hand for the privilege of seeing a few minutes of his great art work, and gore junkies may get off on the brutal amputation sequence, but for the most part The Hand is a dreadful bore. Director Oliver (Midnight Express screenwriter) Stone should know better than to resurrect a film plot in the 80's that looked laughable back in the 60's. As far as we're concerned, The Hand gets the finger...



Special thanks to Mr. B.T. Ray, Verna, and Cora for their long-distance assistance in helping to put this G.G. together out of state.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 15

## SLASHER OR SLASHEE?

Paramount Pictures' sequel to last summer's enormously successful Friday The 13th, imaginatively titled F.T.T. Pt.2, broke all existing box office records by racking up a cool six million dollars in its first weekend of release. We doubt very much that this success will continue, however, when word gets around as to the actual content of the film. The general consensus of most of the viewers leaving the theater was that Pt. 2 was nowhere nearly as exciting and violent as the parent film. These movie-goers were entirely correct, as we later discovered that the Motion Picture Association Of America (MPAA) film rating board had forced 48 seconds of the film to be cut out at the threat of its receiving an X rating on the basis of excessive violence. This might not seem like much screen time, but virtually all of the gore effects created by Carl Fullerton ended up on the cutting room floor. What remains is a pale imitation of Friday The 13th, containing almost the same plot-line, (camp counselors menaced by revenge-bent killer) but substituting the now-pubescent Jason Voorhees as the mad mangler instead of his mother. We are subjected to

endless scenes of exposition leading up to each of the 10 slayings in the film, only to be disappointed by an obtrusive over-exposure everytime young Jason attacks, obscuring our view of all the demented proceedings but keeping the Reagan-appointed censor board content in the knowledge that we are being "protected" from viewing any overtly graphic violence. On the merits of this, Part 2 cannot be given a tot-



MR. J. VOORHEES HOWLS IN RAGE AS HE REALIZES THE REAGAN-APPOINTED MPAA HAS BUTCHERED HIS LATEST FILM.

ally equitable review. A feature pictorial spread in the current issue of Fangoria magazine howed real promise for the flick, however almost one of the scenes depicted in the article never made it to the final release print. What can be said about Part 2 is that although director Steve Miner seems to be able to adeptly handle a film that relies totally on abrupt jolts and surprising shocks, his end result is badly impaired by a cast of awful actors and the most banal horror screenplay written in the past few years. Writer

Ron Kurz should get feminists screaming for his blood with this one—it contains enough sexist dialogue and endless scenes of nubile disrobing for no apparent reason other than to flash some meat for the camera that even an old chauvenist like myself had to cringe. Editor Susan Cunningham (wife of Sean, who directed the first installment of F.T.T.) should be commended for the taut and fast-paced layout of the film which results in being its only real saving grace. But unfortunately, on the basis of its heavy censorship and the above-mentioned flaws, Part 2 cannot be recommended. Word-of-mouth had it that Fullerton's effects were exemplary, but it can't be discerned here. Hopefully, this summer's release of Wolfen will really show us what Carl can do. Poor Paramount has really born the brunt of this new anti-violence trend: first their excellent My Bloody Valentine was forced to submit to some heavy edits on key gore scenes and now Part 2 is virtually castrated by the slashing scissors. It makes one wonder about who is really protecting who from the demented slasher. Perhaps if enough bucks are siphoned away by disgruntled movie-goers, the majors (like Paramount, among others) will follow the course of current independent releasing companies (United Film Dist., Analysis Releasing, etc.) and begin imposing self-restricting warnings on their films and releasing them with no rating, yet fully intact, thus circumventing MPAA mutilation.

## RETURN OF A CLASSIC

The current re-release double-bill of Last House On The Left and House By The Lake might prove to be of interest to younger gore fans who may have missed them first time around. Left in particular is a monumental classic: released nearly a decade ago, it marked the first successful attempt at bringing the then-obscure H.G. Lewis sex/gore/sadomasochism school of filmmaking into the mainstream of contemporary American theaters. Prior to its release, films of this ilk were contained exclusively to skid-row grind houses where they were co-billed with porno flicks. Left is responsible for setting the tone of sickness and depravity that is still being imitated in today's films. Its production team reads like a Who's Who of 1980's gore kings: Left was directed by Wes Craven, (who later wrote and directed the excellent The Hills Have Eyes) produced and written by Sean Cunningham, (director of Friday The 13th) and photographed by Steve Miner (director of the current hit, Friday

le 13th, Pt.2). Surprisingly enough, 10 years later, the film still seems shocking and packs quite a wallop with its pervading sense of filth and sleaziness. Unfortunately, the prints now being shown in area theaters have some of the more gruesome gore scenes missing--the severing of Cyllis Stone's hand and her subsequent graphic disembowelment is nowhere to be seen. Also, Sadie's lesbian attack on the young teen Mari has been excised and is now only hinted at. Apparently, these scenes have been missing for a few years now. Does anyone out there know the story of the men, why, and how behind the censoring of these key scenes? I know they were all intact as late as 1975.... House By The Lake, on the other hand, is a vapid 1977 attempt by AIP to re-use the left formula in a somewhat more sterilized, less-shocking, M.O.R. approach. Starring the obnoxious Linda Vaccarro, the film looks limp and pale in contrast to its billing-mate and can't even be recommended on a historical comparison basis.

#### MONKEY ISLAND

The long-awaited Tanya's Island crept quietly into town last week and left less than a week later, virtually unnoticed. Part of the responsibility for its apathetic reception may be the fault of its New York-based distributor, Fred Baker Films. Ad campaigns for the film made it look like a confusing mix of sex (playing up D.D. Winters' prior role as a supporting cast member of Emmanuelle) and comedy (the ape depicted on the poster art is cross-eyed and has an inane grin plastered on its face). Unfortunately, it is neither. With its blend of rarely-paired genres, Tanya's Island emerges as a unique, original, highly-effective film that should please the exploitation connoisseur as well as the high-brow film arteur. Basically, it spins the tale of a young woman named Tanya who, after being scorned by her unemployed artist lover, enters into a fantasy world where she and said lover are living on a lush, uninhabited tropical island. As in her real life, things begin to go bad with their relationship and Tanya seeks comfort, companionship and eventually torrid romance with Blue, a blonde ape who is the sole other inhabitant of the mystical island. Of course, Tanya's boyfriend doesn't really go for the idea of her romping with a monkey and a vicious love triangle war ensues between man and ape. Tanya's Island is rife with allegory and heavy-handed symbolism, yet director Alfred Sole's (Communion) beautifully liquid direction never allows the film to become devoured by its numerous attempts to become a dreaded "art" movie. Sole's roots are entrenched firmly in the porno, horror, and exploitative fields and his treatment of the sometimes overbearing script written by Canadian producer Pierre Brousseau makes for an effective



"down-to-earth" mixture of subtle imagery and blatant gore. The real interest most G.G. readers will have in the flick, however, is the remarkable ape suit designed and built by Rick Baker and Rob Bottin. Allegedly a low-budget production, Brousseau did not skimp on the \$ for the creation of Blue. The suit and facial prosthetics look so realistic that oftentimes it is hard to believe that you are watching an actor and not a real animal. The infamous bestiality sequences that supposedly kept Tanya's without a distributor for nearly 2 years are understated and relatively low-key. However, this may be the result of imposed cuts

made to receive an R rating. Considering its highly-controversial subject matter and the surprising abundance of total nudity and graphic sex, Tanya's Island seems to walk a tenuous line on the R/X boundary. In total, although not as gory, graphically violent, or depraved as we expected, the film is curiously entertaining and should not be overlooked. Hopefully, another ad campaign can be geared to save it from banishment into the land of obscure film limbo.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area

No. 16

## special femme fatale issue



MELISSA SUE ANDERSON (LEFT) PREPARES TO CARVE UP HER FATHER IN HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME, WHILE EVIL BEAUTY ZOE TAMERLIS (RIGHT) ISN'T SO PICKY: SHE'S OUT TO BLOW A-WAY EVERY MAN IN N.Y.C. IN MS. 45.

### THE LONGEST BIRTHDAY

One of the last of the majors to jump on the current horror film money-making bandwagon is Columbia Pictures, whose first blood foray is Happy Birthday To Me, a Canadian-made thriller which opened to area theaters last week. Directed by J. Lee Thompson (Reincarnation Of Peter Proud), Birthday is slightly uneven, quite overlong, but not totally dissatisfying. Basically, the film follows the familiar "teens terrorized by un-

### MS. 45: A Direct Hit

Abel Ferrara, the wizard responsible for 1979's shaky Driller Killer, has returned after a two year hiatus showing remarkable growth and talent with his newest release, Ms. 45. Essentially a brutal revenge exploitationer, Ms. 45 transcends the predictability of the genre with some excellent acting, a taut screenplay and an overall strikingly beautiful look for what is obviously a low, low budget film. Ferrara seems to know

known psycho" plot formula used in a myriad of the past few year's releases, with one subtle difference: the screenplay by John Saxton is packed with so many unexpected twists and turns and false suspicions that the viewer never really has time to realize what a time-worn story structure he is being sucked into. Melissa Sue Anderson (of Little House On The Prairie infamy) is surprisingly unobnoxious as the confused young ingenue at an exclusive, snobbish prep school whose bourgeois friends are being snuffed out one by one in a variety of depraved ways (ie., a racer is pushed into the spokes of a revved-up motorcycle, a set of barbells is dropped on a young jock's throat and groin, a lamb shishkebob is thrust through the back of an unsuspecting gobbler's throat, etc.). She feels that she herself may be the killer due to some dark secret of her childhood that remains buried in her subconscious as a result of "regenerative" brain surgery performed following a freak car accident. An ancient-looking Glen Ford plays her helpful psychiatrist who tries to unlock this secret in a number of boring, ponderous sequences that serve only to drag the pace of the film considerably. Each of the six killings in Birthday are imaginatively demented, and director Thompson is extremely proficient at maintaining suspense throughout the obligatory "stalking" sequences, but it is my guess that the old MPAA had its scissors out for a good portion of the gore scenes depicted in the flick. During nearly all of the attacks, the film harshly cuts to a new scene (without revealing much blood and gore) in a manner that is highly inconsistent with the editing style of the rest of the film. Columbia's not talking, but the fact that all special effects were handled by the Tom Berman Studio (usually noted for their graphic bloodbaths ala Raid and They Came From Within) would lead me to believe that much of the fruits of their labor never made it to the final release print. What was surprisingly left in the film, however, is one of the sickest, most explicit brain surgery sequences seen on film since Hemisphere's old Brain Of Blood back in 1971. This little gut-wrencher seems deftly out of context with the restrained gore tone of the balance of the flick, but I'm not complaining... In short, Happy Birthday To Me is mildly interesting and might have been a real success if its story-line was less convoluted and its running time was pared down by about 20 minutes (its actual running time now is an oppressive 110 minutes).

G.G. readers who enjoy cheap, sleazy, exploitative rock music might want to come down to the seedy halls of CBGB's on Monday night, June 1 at 10:00 PM to catch the NYC debut of The Leisure Valley Singers, a warped combo who churn out a style of music that is virtually non-descript. Called a hybrid of Iron Butterfly and Ed Wood,

where to put the dollars when they're tight, and his choice of placing a considerable slice of the budget into post production really paid off as the film has all the glossy visuals, calculated editing, and crisp, clean sound of a mega-buck feature. Originally titled Angel Of Vengeance, Ms. 45 spins the sordid tale of a young mute garment district worker who is raped twice and robbed, all during the course of one afternoon. When she successfully foils the attempt of her second attacker by beating his head in with an iron, something inside the young woman's brain snaps and she goes on a one-girl campaign to purge Manhattan of its entire male population. The film is not unlike a female version of Maniac, with newcomer Zoe Tamerlis in the title role being a lot more fun to look at than Joe Spinell. An extremely talented lady, Tamerlis' beauty is almost chameleon-like: by day at her job she resembles an urban Natasha Kinski, yet at night whilst man-killing in garish make-up and black leather she becomes a seductively demented Brooke Shields. Unfortunately not all of Zoe's supporting cast members possess her skill for believable acting, and it is some very bad performances coupled with a decidedly weak finale that mars what could have come close to being a perfect film. Violence relishers should be somewhat satiated by the gore level in the flick. There are a few scenes such as Tamerlis dismembering the second rapist's arm with a carving knife and her blasting away an amorous photographer against a pure white backdrop which quickly becomes heavily blood-splattered that are horrifyingly effective. But, alas, Ms. 45's distributor has informed me that the film contained numerous other gore sequences that had to be cut when the film initially received an X-rating from (you guessed it) the MPAA. The insightful group required four minutes of the film to be removed, the bulk of which were the aforementioned death sequences as well as some graphic details of the first rape. Coupled with the fact that the film was short to begin with, the imposed cuts leave poor Ms. 45 with barely 80 minutes of running time! The film also had problems with its initial ad campaign: first ads depicted a hacked-off, bloody man's arm falling out of a plastic garbage bag in what was probably the best advertising art this year. After newspapers balked at running the "tastless" art, the distributor was forced to go with a campaign which played up the sexual aspects of the film and was greatly less effective. Censorship and other minor problems aside, Ms. 45 is one fireball of an independent movie- it should be devoured by all lovers of good junk movies as well as used as a standard for future low-budget filmmakers.

Late note: It seems as if a Blood Feast showing will be possible for early July. Watch for more details.

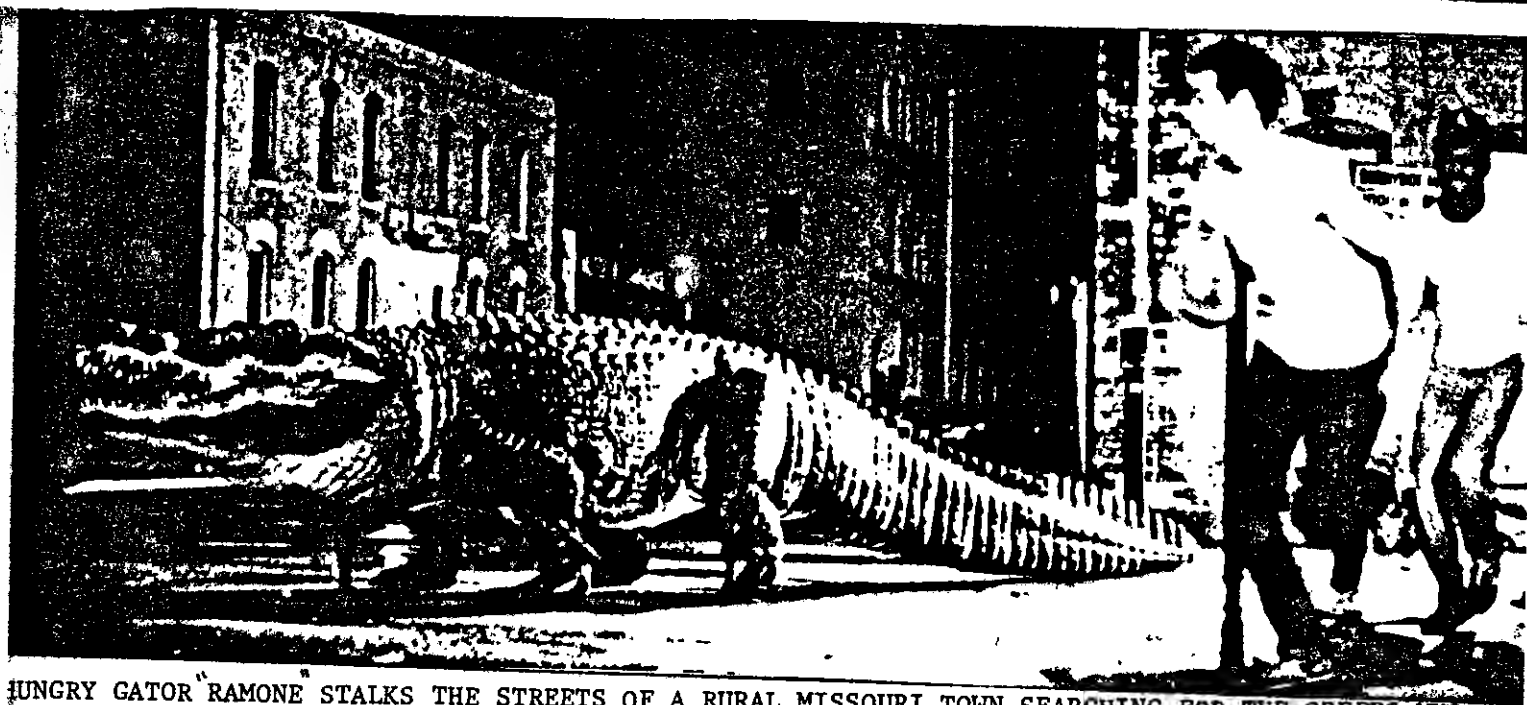


# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

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HUNGRY GATOR "RAMONE" STALKS THE STREETS OF A RURAL MISSOURI TOWN SEARCHING FOR THE CREEPS WHO HAVE BEEN THROWING DEAD DOG CORPSES INTO HIS HOME SEWER CANAL IN ALLIGATOR.

## ALLIGATOR: LIKE A 50's B FROM AIP

After making the rounds in all areas of the country for the better part of a year, the long-awaited Alligator slithered into the N.Y. metropolitan area last weekend, bringing with it a fresh new approach to a story which could easily have been handed trite and banal. Basically a 1980's update of a 50's "radiation-spawned monster on the loose" saga, Alligator concerns itself with a baby pet gator who is flushed down a toilet in the late 60's by an irate parent. It enters the sewage system of a rural Missouri town where it lives quite contentedly until a dozen years later (1980) when a local pharmaceutical research laboratory begins dumping dead dogs into the beast's home canal. Of course, these dogs have been treated with a mysterious "growth" hormone and it isn't long until the gator is discovered to be over 36 feet long, presumably from munching on the contaminated canine cadavers. The balance of the flick involves tough-guy detective Robert Forster waging a one-man war against the rampaging reptile who has chomped up his partner and the apathetic townsfolk who do not believe it exists. Sounds pretty much like a "fill in the blanks" plot framework for Beginning Of The End, The Giant Gila Monster, Deadly Mantis and a plethora of other giant beast epics from the halcyon days of the 50's, doesn't it? Well, on the surface that's just about all that Alligator really... But what redeems the film entirely and al-

lows it to transcend the pervading look of "Grade B-ism" imposed by its low budget is the phenomenally tight screenplay written by John Sayles, current movie industry whiz kid who has also penned the screenplays for The Howling and Piranha as well as writing and directing the critically-acclaimed Return Of The Secaucus 7. Sayles displays the same feel for subtle humor in this film as he did in The Howling: the laughs are strictly AIP circa 1958, yet they never become too plentiful or overtly silly to detract from the mood of the film. He is also a master of dialogue and well-paced exposition the story-line is basically flat and one-dimensional, yet Sayles packs so many interesting little curios and attention-diverters into the screenplay that the film's 90 minute running time seems scarcely over 45 minutes! Like Joe Dante, Sayles must have grown up loving monster flicks as a kid as he constantly throws in knowing acknowledgements to horror films of the past throughout all his writings. In Alligator, aside from using stock footage of the lizards from One Million B.C., Sayles tips his hat to The Thing in that the Robert Forster/Robin Rick relationship which develops is almost identical to the Kenneth Tobey/Margaret Sheridan "smart girl falls in love with macho goon" one which depicted in that 1951 film. Credit must also be handed to director Lewis Teague who was smart enough not to linger too long on any shots of the alligator itself. Due to budget constrain

the film was forced to resort to the old Bert I. Gordon school of horrendous special effects (ie. rear projection of a real-life alligator blown up to look giant, a false stuffed alligator head for close-ups, etc.). However, quick editing and sharp direction on all of the gator attack scenes allay most of the phoniness of the beasts appearance and keep it from falling into the same embarrassing league as Gordon's Food Of The Gods or The Spider. The gore level in Alligator is pretty good- it is chock full of graphic limb dismemberments, bloody animal entrails and enough body chompings to keep all blood ghouls satisfied. In short, Alligator is recommended: it is a fast-paced, exciting monster saga that, while not overtly original, is a refreshing change from all the tedious psycho/slasher epics currently glutting the film market.

### LEATHERFACE REDUX

Due to space constraints in last issue's "femme fatale" edition, there was no room available to congratulate New Line Cinema for their splendid move in acquiring the rights to re-release the awesome Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Made back in 1973 on a shoestring budget by then-fledgling filmmaker Tobe Hooper, Chainsaw set the tone for shock and utter depravity that has been imitated (but never topped) by literally hundreds of horror films released over the past 8 years. Younger gore fans may know of this film only by legend, as a few years after its release, Chainsaw's distributor, Brynston Pictures went bankrupt, resulting in the rights to the film being tangled up in a morass of litigation and red tape and keeping it unseen theatrically for nearly 4½ years. 16mm prints circulated on the college and retrospect circuit, but they were generally in faded and heavily mutilated condition. It seems that New Line has struck new prints from the original negative as the film looks crisp and clean and is every bit as frightening as it was 8 years ago when the twisted story of Leatherface and his demented cannibal family first burst into outraged theaters. Sadly, Hooper has never been able to duplicate the success formula of this masterpiece as all his later efforts (Eaten Alive, Salem's Lot, Funhouse) look pale by comparison. Together with Last House On The Left, (also now in re-release, see G.G. #15) the two are probably the seminal



GUNNAR HANSEN AS LEATHERFACE: 8 YRS. LATER, HE'S STILL KING OF THE PSYCHOS.

films responsible for reviving the current horror/gore cycle that has been so popular during the past few years. If you've never seen Chainsaw, get to it- you're late for an important history lesson. If you have, try to catch it again it still packs quite a wallop.

### A PSYCHOPATHIC MUTANT

Initially given a brief 4 day run back in early January, The Psychopath has returned to the Times Square area where it is now playing at the Selwyn Theater on a co-bill with Alligator. The film will probably be of interest to obscure curio seekers and only the most die hard gore completists. Released back in 1973 and filmed on what looks like a skid row budget, Psychopath spins the lurid tale of a kiddie show host named Mr. Rabbie who is appalled to learn that some of his young fans have been the victims of child abuse at the hands of their sadistic parents. He proceeds to go on an avenging crusade against abusers by attacking and killing them in a variety of ways (a mother's face is beaten in with baseball bat, another has her head run over by lawn mower, etc.). Except for the aforementioned "baseball" sequence (which is quite graphic), the gore seems to have been ineptly trimmed for its PG rating. Grade Z acting and plodding direction further impair the production making it become quite tedious even at its scant 62 minute running time. Yet The Psychopath has one redeeming quality: the title role is played by an actor named Tom Basham who is without a doubt the sickest cookie I have ever seen in a film. Basham looks exactly like Iggy Pop, speaks like a cross between Truman Capote and Dave Weckerman, and acts as if he might be severely retarded in real life. As Mr. Rabbie, he is so weird and quirky that he actually becomes frightening in a realistic way. The Psychopath, although boring and flaw-ridden, is worth braving the sticky floors of the Selwyn to catch for the sole reason of eyeballing this mutant human.

A million apologies to G.G. correspondent Gary Hertz who provided a review of Paramount's newest stalk and slash epic The Fan slated to appear in this issue. Whilst editing his copy at a mid-town copy shop, I accidentally left it behind when I finished my meal. Returning 10 minutes later to retrieve it, I found that it had already been chucked in the garbage, hence no Fan this time around. Sorry...

Late note: I Spit On Your Grave, the scourge of creep Chicago film reviewers Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel has just opened as we are going to press. Look for a review next issue.

# GORE GAZETTE

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ALLURING CAMILLE KEATON RAISES HER TRUSTY HATCHET HIGH AS SHE PREPARES TO CLEAVE THE BACK OF A SWIMMER WHO VIOLATED HER IN I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE.

## I SPIT ON THE CREEP BROTHERS

Opening last weekend to an extremely limited engagement, The Jerry Gross Organization's I Spit On Your Grave easily lived up to its infamous reputation as a debasing, repulsive (yet entertaining) example of cinematic sexploitation. First released early last year to the rural Southern and mid-Western drive-in circuits, Spit garnered a great deal of notoriety when it attracted the attention of Chicago area film reviewers Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert (aka the Creep Brothers). The two were so incensed by the film that they used it as a focal point of their "horrendous treatment of women in today's horror films" segment of Sneak Previews, a PBS weekly comedy series that tries to pass itself off as a serious film review program. Citing Spit as "the absolute worst" with regards to its inhumane and sexist treatment of women, these two weeds urged movie-goers to write irate letters to the distributors of this film and all others of similar ilk.

Hopefully to suppress future depraved productions. Certainly all members of the Moral Majority, most women's groups and a large slice of middle America are no doubt commending the respectable work the Creep Brothers are doing with their stamp out sleaze campaign. However, I wonder if their reception would be as warm if these people knew that Roger Ebert (the more obnoxious of the pair) was the creative genius responsible for writing the screenplay of that 1970 decadence/gore/sex classic Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls, a Russ Meyer film that for the past decade has been regarded as the penultimate in bad taste. Roger's cute screenplay featured assorted female beatings, stompings, assaults, etc., and culminated in a lovely sequence in which a young lady was forced to perform fellatio on a loaded .45 revolver. How come you didn't include that example in your "women abused" spectacular, pal? I hate to use the limited space of the G.G. to editorialize, but it seems unjust that two dorks from Chicago should have such sway as to disclaim a type of film and actively call for its censorship when one of them has made a great deal of money in the past from the very same genre. Spit's severely limited release circuit (1 theater in N.Y., 2 in N.J.) may have been the direct result of this unwarranted badmouthing.

As for the film, I Spit On Your Grave is your standard set 'em up and knock 'em down revenge exploitationer, albeit considerably stronger than most. Essentially a kind of rural version of Ms. 45, Spit concerns a young novelist who rents a summer home in upstate NY to concentrate on her writing. Soon after her arrival she is raped, beaten, and tormented on four separate occasions by four local goons (who seem to have graduated from the 2000 Maniacs school of acting) during the course of one afternoon. She later gets her revenge by stalking them individually and eventually killing each

**THIS WOMAN  
HAS JUST  
CUT, CHOPPED,  
BROKEN,  
and BURNED  
FIVE MEN  
BEYOND  
RECOGNITION...**



**I SPIT  
ON YOUR  
GRAVE**

**...AN ACT OF  
REVENGE** 

TASTEFUL AD ART FROM JERRY GROSS. (Obviously, Mr. G. has trouble counting: this woman only does in 4 men during the film.)

one in a different sordid manner (ie., one is hacked up with a knife and then burned, another has a hatchet flung into his back while swimming, etc.). It all sounds like great fun, but unfortunately Spit has a disturbing quality about it in that it takes itself far too seriously- its violence and sick attitude is no worse than Last House On The Left or Mother's Day, yet it lacks the sense of comic relief and pervading dumbness that made these two films entertaining and enjoyable to watch. After the young woman in Spit is covered with cuts and bruises and is being raped for the third and fourth times, one gets the uncomfortable feeling that maybe writer/director Meir Zarchi has gone a little bit too far and let his film get a touch too ill. The "revenge" half

of the flick is much faster-paced and more interesting, however, featuring sultry Camille Keaton excellently playing the ravaged psychotic siren role as if she really enjoys snuffing out sleaze-ball attackers. Although lacking any real graphic gore, Spit's R rating seems pretty liberal: it contains the most explicit language I've ever heard in a non-porn film and enough frontal nudity that the film seems like a shoe-in candidate for banishment into the realm of X-dom. I Spit On Your Grave might disappoint gore fans as aside from a neat back-cleaving scene, the bloodletting is kept pretty much to a trickle, yet it is a must-see for sex offenders, perverts and hard-core filth/exploitation connoisseurs. I enjoyed it, but I'm not real proud that I did.....

#### FILM FLAM DEPT.

There's not really too much that can be told about an abysmal little dud called The People Who Own The Dark since its advertising, distributor, and storyline are all shrouded in a veil of deception and mystery. The film opened to a scant few metropolitan theaters last Friday with an ad tag line reading, "Sean S. Cunningham, director of Friday The 13th, presents The People Who Own The Dark". Posters outside the theater give Sean credit for producing the film and even the distribution company bears his respected moniker. Well, somebody's a wicked liar 'cause once inside the theater with my \$3.50 admission safely tucked in the box office drawer, I never saw any more mention of Mr. C. After the crudely inserted credits revealed that Sean had nothing to do with the flick, I was shocked to find People to be an ancient, low budget Spanish/Italian import from the late 60's or early 70's starring none other than Paul Naschy, Spain's favorite werewolf (see G.G. #2). How could this be, I thought to myself, since I purposely checked the cast and credits on the film's poster and they all seemed like red-blooded Americans. I ran out and looked at the poster once again only to find that Mr. Naschy's name had been Anglicised to "Paul Mackey" as had all the other credits in the honorable tradition begun by miscellaneous snake oil distributors like Dimension Pictures, William Mishkin, etc. Knowing I'd been had, I tried to go back and watch the film, only to find it to be virtually unintelligible. People attempts to tell the tale of a group of Marquis De Sade worshipers who gather on an island to honor their patron, only to discover that the island has been contaminated by radiation, forcing its inhabitants to become blind and eventually go mad. That's really about all that I can tell you since I could not follow what the hell was going on in this muddled excuse for a movie. As far as I know, it contained no gore, lots of bore, and a little cheap sex thrown in to keep everyone awake. It didn't work on me, however, because I nodded out cold for the last 20 minutes of this loser. Yep, I missed the whole ending, but it really didn't matter because I doubt it would have made one iota of sense to me anyway. Perhaps some astute G.G. scholar out there could shed some light on the People mystery: What was its original title? What shyster is trying to pass it off as a new film? What year was it made?, etc.,etc. (My only guess is that the Sean Cunningham mentioned could be an Americanization of some pitiful pasta mogul who wanted to make some fast bucks with a crud film using a big box office attraction name...) Anyway, avoid this rip-off at all costs!

#### THE FOG ON SNAPE ISLAND

While on the topic of deception and rip-offs, let's not forget to mention Independent International, a tricky little distribution outfit responsible for bringing us past gems like Dracula vs. Frankenstein and The House Of Psychotic Women. Their newest release is Beyond The Fog, a horror thriller designed to capitalize on John Carpenter's hit of last year. What the folks at I.I. have done is to acquire the rights to an old 1972 British horror flick entitled The Horror Of Snape Island, re-title it and pass it off to an unsuspecting public as new product. While not really an awful film, Snape looks terribly dated and has the plodding, slow pace that typifies nearly all British releases. The sparse gore effects are pretty phoney-looking and the choppiness of the flick suggests that it may have had a good portion of them removed for its re-release. Snape is worth catching if only for the fact that when it finally makes it to TV (probably next month), even more editing will have been done on it. Its co-feature in some areas is They're Coming To Get You, a 1975 release which contains some neat female carve-up and animal mutilation scenes, but is basically boring and better left neglected.

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The past two weeks have shown kind of a lull in the poverty row/grindhouse release circuit, so this issue will focus on two of the big budget monster/magic epics now gracing the screens of your favorite suburban theater. Hopefully, next edition of the G.G. will return to the seamy underbelly of contemporary cinematic sleaze.

## CASH FOR THE TITANS

As early as 1977, readers of sci-fi/fantasy film publications have been drooling with anticipation over the release of Clash Of The Titans, the newest Ray Harryhausen Dynarama epic. Originally titled Perseus And The Gorgon's Head, advance publicity had it to be the biggest stop-motion animation extravaganza to date with a whopping budget of 15 million dollars (more than double than that of Sinbad And The Eye Of The Tiger, Ray's last release of 4 years ago). Well, Clash is finally here and if you're wondering where the extra millions went, try checking out the famous actor's pay stubs because as far as special effects go, the film is actually a regression of sorts for Harryhausen. It contains far less animation than either of his two prior Sinbad films and virtually none of the meticulously-crafted battle scenes between monsters that we have come to expect as a staple from all of his product. Clash also seems to be the least conscientious (bordering on abject carelessness) of any of Harryhausen's work of the past two decades: blue matte lines are constantly visible on many of the background paintings and the stop-motion monster models themselves lack the special quality of prior films that made them seem instilled with a sense of real life. For someone who prides himself on being known as Mr. Perfection, a few of the creatures contained in the film look pretty rubbery and phony. Harryhausen also resorts to intercutting live action with animation in several of the more complicated sequences, which is something he has never done before - it was always 99 99/100% animation for Ray in the past and as such, the live action mix on such sequences as Pegasus the winged horse and Calibos, the deformed troll mutant just do not cut it in the credibility department. A further gripe is that Mr. H. seems to have lost his touch in the imagination department as well: all the monsters look as if you have seen them in other Dynamation epics of the past (ie., Calibos is a dead ringer for the horned cyclops of 7th Voyage Of Sinbad (1958), the Kraken monster strongly resembles the Ymir of 20 Million Miles To Earth (1957), etc.). Even the framing device of the plot which utilizes the gods of Olympus controlling mortals via pawn-like statues is a direct steal from Ray's Jason And The Argonauts. Perhaps he feels that



ANGRY OLD DRAGON VERMITHRAX HOWLS WITH RAGE AND SPEWS DEADLY FIRE AS HE COMBS A MEDIEVAL VILLAGE SEARCHING FOR VIRGINS IN DRAGONSLAYER.

## SWORD AND SORCERY, RODAN STYLE

The second entry in the upcoming bumper crop of sword and sorcery epics slated for release in 1981 is Dragonslayer, an unusual co-production effort between Paramount Pictures and Walt Disney Productions. While not nearly as powerful as John Boorman's Excalibur (the first of the "s & s" films), Dragonslayer is nonetheless an entertaining, well-crafted adventure tale of a medieval village that is plagued by an ancient dragon named Vermithrax who demands sacrificial virgin offerings at the advent of every year. A few of the villagers seek the aid of a sorcerer to help combat the reptile, but the aged sage is murdered by ruthless mercenaries before he ever reaches the dragon's lair. With his death, the only hope left for the villagers lies with the magician's young apprentice, Galen, who has not yet fully realized all of his mentor's powers. As expected, the film ends with a climactic bat-



the kids of 15 and 20 years ago have long since stopped going to see animated monster epics and that the same old chestnuts can be polished up for an entire new generation of children. Well, some of us older kids haven't stopped viewing his flicks after all these years, and we deserve some degree of originality. But the worst flaw in the entire film has to be the character of Bubo, an idiotic golden robot owl sent by the gods to help Perseus in his challenge against the Kraken monster from the sea. Bubo is so similar in character to R2D2 of Star Wars that it is downright embarrassing. He moves, jerks and makes noises just like the android, is poorly animated and brings the entire mood of the film down to a kiddie-show level of mentality... Now for a 360° turnaround, however bad the preceeding lambastment makes Clash appear to be, in other respects it is the best-made Harryhausen epic to date. Taut direction by Desmond Davis charge the non-animation segments with an excitement that was almost always lacking in other earlier R.H. films. Clash also marks the first time really excellent acting has ever been displayed in a Dynamation flick. And the biggest surprise of all is that this great acting is not executed by any of the mega-bucks superstars (Lawrence Olivier, Claire Bloom, etc.) who are top-billed in the film's advertising (and probably ate up a great deal of its additional budget money)! It is the two relatively unknowns, Harry Hamlin as Perseus and Judi Bowker as Andromeda, who shine and really bring a unique flair to this flick. Hamlin, in particular, is amazing - he looks and acts exactly like a young, pre-decadence Jim Morrison circa 1966. Cooly pou ting and mugging his way through most of the film's two hours of heavy-handed dialogue with a Morrison-like air, one almost expects Hamlin to spout off with a few stanzas of Celebration Of The Lizard at any moment. Gore fans will be excited to discover that Clash is the bloodiest and most violent Harryhausen flick to date. In the past, Ray's creations rarely (if



AN EARLY INCARNATION OF JIM MORRISON? PERSEUS, ILLICIT MORTAL SON OF ZEUS, HOLDS THE SEVERED HEAD OF MEDUSA THE GORGON IN CLASH OF THE TITANS.

NEXT ISSUE: Ex-Disney child star Kurt Russell becomes contender for Clint Eastwood Of The 80's

ever, died when meeting their demise, yet in Clash the gore runs pretty freely for a PG rated film. Obviously a newcomer to profuse blood-letting, most of Mr. H.'s blood has the look and consistency of shrimp cocktail sauce, but any gore from him is a step in the right direction. Particularly effective is the beheading of Medusa the Gorgon, which had a lot of the kids in the audience where I attended quite disturbed at the display of bloody sinews and muscle tissue hanging from her lopped off head. Clash even displays some tasteful nudity, which all scholars know was heretofore unheard of in any of Harryhausen's other films. In total, while the animation in the film is severely lacking, Clash Of The Titans is quite an interesting, fast-paced adventure epic aimed primarily at an adolescent market, but should mildly entertain anyone. I still think that if Harryhausen went back to his old formula of using total unknowns for actors and had a large part of the \$15 million for use solely on technical effects, the results would be astounding.

#### DRAGONSLAYER (cont.)

tle between sorcery and reptilian fury, with magic of course finally saving the day. Dragon-slayer unfolds in a lighthearted, escapist manner reminiscent of a child's fairy tale, but there is enough subtle humor contained within to keep even adults amused. Sir Ralph Richardson is outstanding as the tricky old wizard Ulrich which he plays in a tongue-in-cheek manner similar to that of Merlin in Excalibur. Unfortunately, the star of the film, Peter MacNichol as Galen, severely flaws the film. His voice, characterization and wide-eyed acting style are straight out of the Walt Disney school of wimp heros. It also takes quite a while for the dragon to be fully revealed to us, (almost 1½ hrs.!) but when he finally is seen, the special effects job done on his creation is superb and well worth the wait. Designed by Tippet and Ralston at the Industrial Light And Magic Studios Of California, the two use a combination of animation, puppetry, and full-size models to create a visually stunnir realistic monster. Unbelievably tight, quick editing also adds to the credibility of the creatur and although at times it resembles a Rodan clone and at others a Reptilicus copy, ILM studios should be commended for a job well done. Slayer does not provide too much gore for the blood-thirsty save for one sequence (and what a great one it is!). Paramount, who seem to be becoming the largest purveyors of gore amongst the majors, must have really ruffled the feathers of the Disney clan with this scene which features dragon babies chewing off the feet of the village princess, all in full view of the camera. In fact, we are even treated to a delightful close-up of a reptile tot who has a mouthfull of bloody meat & muscle tissue dripping from his mouth in what must be the sickest scene yet to walk off with a PG rating. Slayer is worth catching during this

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## THE RISE AND FALL OF KURT EASTWOOD

These past two weeks have been rather hectic ones for me, and since the gore/exploitation draught of last issue seems to have subsided, I did not have enough time to cover every new release of the past two weeks. One I missed was John Carpenter's Escape From New York. Luckily, G.G. fan and humorist Mark Nardone caught it on its first day of release and supplied the following review:

The first half-hour of John Carpenter's latest is very promising. G.G. readers know the Escape From New York storyline by now and its one that exudes endlessly exciting possibilities. Disney-graduate Kurt Russell is a commanding presence as anti-hero Snake Plissken; and seeing him opposite Genesis Lee Van Cleef is hard not to picture him as a rejuvenated Clint Eastwood. But the character of Snake could have been much more than an eyepatch, a breathy voice, and cast-iron personality. Not even the sultry Adrienne Barbeau can arouse an atom of humanity or desire in Plissken. To say, Escape takes a slow but sure nosedive into dumbness. Major plot points, questionable at first, become downright silly after a minute of logical thought. The typical N.Y. cabbie, played here by a sadly befuddled-looking Ernest Borgnine, couldn't make sense in The Flight Zone. His only tie to Escape is that he, like all other people in the film are at best merely dimensional cartoon characters. This being the case, Carpenter tries to fill the gaps with action and violence. But the gore is nothing new and its pretty tame as well: an insert of the President of the U.S.'s severed finger, head whacked from behind by a spiked bat, a pool of blood streaming down Ms. Barbeau's cleavage, a Phantasm-like orb shot into a mercenary's skull and not much more. I left Escape From New York thinking how good a film this could have been. Like Tobe Hooper, John Carpenter is becoming increasingly more disappointing as he gets sucked into the mainstream of big business cinema. The most we can hope for is that they'll do an improved remake in 15 years starring Ricky Schroder as the new "Snake"...

Note: I finally caught up with EFNY just as we are going to press, and I disagree somewhat with Mr. Nardone. EFNY is a thrill-packed exciting action epic that unfolds exactly like a comic book (ala David Cronenberg's Scanners). The plot inconsistencies and shallow characterizations are soon forgotten once the action is in high gear, with Carpenter never handling suspense better. The gore effects, although slim, are very realistic-looking and well worth catching. My main complaints with EFNY were that (as Mark stated) Russell as Snake is so much of an Eastwood clone that it borders on the comical and also that the special effects and miniature work on many scenes are very fake looking and seemed a throwback to the days of Dark Star. In short, EFNY is an excellent escapist film and is definitely an improvement over last year's loser, The Fog. Catch it and decide for yourself...)



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN CLINT EASTWOOD WAS TOUGHER THAN ME?", SCREAMS AN ANGRY KURT RUSSELL AS HE STRANGLES AN AGING LEE VAN CLEEF IN JOHN CARPENTER'S ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK.

## THE WILD KINGDOM ANIMAL MASSACRE

After being teased with trailers for the better part of two months at various Times Square venues the eagerly-awaited Savage Man, Savage Beast finally reared its head last week at the Liberty

theater. Touted as being one of the most violent films ever made, Savage is an odd Mexican documentary concoction that crosses the non-stop shock format of the 1960's Mondo Cane films with the clarity and precision of the Wild Kingdom television show. Basically, the film is a field day for those who get off on animal mutilations, as for over 1½ hours, the viewer is treated to scene after scene of various creatures getting their heads blown/lopped off, speared, carved up, or merely ripping each other's entrails out in any of the flick's numerous graphic fight sequences. And to all this a soundtrack featuring a swarthy Latino narrator rambling endlessly on with a heavy-lidded, meaningless soliloquy about the inherent violent nature common to both man and beast and you can get some idea of just how tedious and boring Savage becomes. At the outset, the film is quite sick, disgustingly gory, and very entertaining- it is almost what Wild Kingdom would look like if they replaced Marlin Perkins with Herschell Gordon Lewis as head bwana. But about 15 minutes later, after the umpteenth kangaroo has gotten its guts sprayed all over the screen by an Australian bushman's flying spear, the film loses its shock appeal and becomes repellent by virtue of its own complacency. Savage occasionally breaks the monotony by showing us something really depraved such as an on-screen graphic castration and a tribe of young cannibals eating their own dead father, but these nifty tidbits come few and far between. Severely flawed by its shaky plotting devices, Savage emerges as being vastly inferior to even The Last Survivor (aka Carnivorous), a comparable flick that had far less gore but a much meatier storyline. Savage Man, Savage can be recommended to animal abusers only.

#### FOR THE DEPRAVED ONLY...

Surprisingly enough, it seems that a large amount of G.G. readers are into twisted exploitation epics judging from the amount of favorable mail received on the notorious I Spit On Your Grave. Well, all the demented masses who enjoyed that sick little production, Barbed Wire Dolls (now on a double bill with Savage Man, Savage Beast at the Liberty) will be right up your alley. Made in 1978, the intrepid Jess Franco, (known to gore fans for sleaze classics like Succubus and Night Of The Blood Monster, among countless others) the film is an Italian production dubbed in English concerning a brutal women's prison where S & M punishment and torture of inmates is commonplace. Although virtually goreless, Dolls contains enough bondage, beatings, humiliation, rape and sexual perversion to make the aforementioned Spit look pale by comparison. Someone should put old Roger Ebert on to this flick - since he so openly poses the degrading treatment of women in today's films, this one would really get him howling! Production value of the film is strictly low: the script is mindless and plodding, the direction of "Zoom Lens" Franco is embarrassing to say the least and the sound booms like it was recorded in a subway lavatory. But if you are a movie viewer who enjoys seeing lesbian assaults on innocent nubile, incestuous rape, force feeding of a dead rodent to a young prisoner, and a myriad of other lurid acts and weird situations, Barbed Wire Dolls is tailor made for your unnatural desires. An interesting note: Dolls was produced by none other than the infamous Harry Alan Towers, who has since been convicted and imprisoned on various counts of fraud and perjury.

#### PARTS: A LOW-BUDGET TRIUMPH

The past fortnight has yielded yet another obscure horror flick: Parts: The Clonus Horror went a week's run at the lovely Lyric Theater on 42nd St. last week. Made in late 1978 on a shoe-

string budget reportedly under \$50,000, Parts spins the tale of a government-sponsored clone farm where duplicates of important politicians and industrial magnets are reared for spare body organs in order to allow the clones to achieve immortality. The clones are purposely bred to be mentally defective so that they can be easily controlled and don't get wise to their ultimate fate. One clone emerges as being not as retarded as he looks and he escapes the farm to try and tell the world about the "clonus horror". I realize the plot sounds rather trite and contrived, but director Robert Fiveson keeps the film roaring along at a breakneck pace, never giving the viewer enough time to ponder the story's shaky credibility. Although the gore effects are very sparse, those that are seen are extremely effective (ie., a frontal lobotomy is given to a female clone with an instrument that looks like a power drill with a buzz saw on the end of it- it slices neatly through her skull, sending bits of bone, meat and blood flying everywhere). But perhaps the most effective scenes in the film are those which take place in the clone storage area. Hundreds of "dead" clone bodies covered in plastic bags hang naked from the ceiling of a large refrigeration area in scenes so hauntingly chilling that you'll be thinking about them for days. Parts: The Clonus Horror is an exciting and chilling little low budgeter that should be of interest to both horror fans and staunch sci-fi enthusiasts.

IF YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN  
FRIGHTENED BY A  
HORROR MOVIE BEFORE...  
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR "CLONUS"



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GROWING**

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ALTERNATE TITLE AD  
ART FOR PARTS: THE  
CLONUS HORROR.

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## MICHAEL WADLEIGH: THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK

After over a decade hiatus from contemporary "big bucks" American cinema, Michael Wadleigh has returned to the major release fold with Wolfen, a pseudo-werewolf horror epic which opened to area theaters last Friday. Old wavers no doubt will only remember Wadleigh's last film of 11 years ago: Woodstock, the three hour documentary extravaganza which chronicled the revered music festival and made millions of dollars for nearly everyone involved. What may have been forgotten, however, was that in bringing the festival to the screen, Wadleigh employed a number of then-unused technical and camera effects (ie., split-screen images, incongruous editing juxtaposition, etc.) that have since become mainstays of modern filmmaking, used extensively even today by directors like De Palma, Coppola, etc. (I always argued that Brian's Sisters was more a Woodstock imitation than a Hitchcock ripoff...) Anyway, after all these years, Michael proves that he is still quite the innovator with Wolfen; developing a new type of infra-red filming technique which blends photographic and electronic images with computerized optical processing to let us see the world from the point of view of the wolfen themselves, similar in execution to Jack Arnold's old 1953 classic, It Came From Outer Space, but light years ahead in its eeriness and overall shock effect. Wolfen is concerned with a series of graphic mutilation murders that take place in the South Bronx and a similar slaughter perpetrated by a gubernatorial candidate and his wife in Battery Park. NY homicide detective Dewey Wilson (played with a faltering city accent by Britisher Albert Finney) draws parallels between the strings of killings and begins to suspect they are the work of a group of disgruntled American Indians, who, still angry over losing Manhattan \$24, practice "shape-shifting" at night, turning into various animals to get revenge on the slob who despoiled their land. Through tracking the Indians, Finney discovers that it is not the redskins but a super-intelligent pack of wolves living within NY city that are preying on derelicts and other ghetto have-nots because they realize no one will miss them. He also finds that the attack on the candidate was a warning from the pack, as the politico was in favor of some urban renewal legislation that would have disturbed the wolfen lair. Of course, Finney has had a past track record of alcohol and mental problems, so he is extremely unsure of how to approach his superiors with his unique discovery. He isn't kept wondering about his approach



PAULINE VANDERVEER LIES DEAD IN BATTERY PARK, HER THROAT RIPPED OUT AND CHEST SHREDDED BY AN IRATE MICHAEL WADLEIGH AFTER SHE CONFESSED THAT SHE ENJOYED THE HOWLING MORE THAN WOLFEN.

for too long, however, as the pack decides to confront him and a handful of NY's finest for a showdown in the flick's finale.... Wolfen is a finely crafted, fairly suspenseful film that makes excellent use of the aforementioned photographic effects gimmicks and has enough gore sequences to satiate the appetites of the meat-hungry masses. Expertly handled by Carl Fullerton (whose gore effects on Friday The 13th, Part 2, reportedly magnificent, were all left on the cutting room floor due to MPAA dictates) we are treated to a good number of ripped off hands, slashed throats, a severed head, and a disturbingly sick autopsy scene in a NY morgue, all displayed in a forthright, graphic manner that leads me to believe that Tom Savini might soon have some strong competition. The Wolfen screenplay is tautly written by Wadleigh himself and contains large dashes of graveyard humor hilariously provided by Gregory Hines as a smart-asse medical examiner to lighten what could easily have become a heavy-handed, ponderously dull storyline. My only real complaint with the film is that with a running time of nearly two hours I became a bit impatient to learn the secret of the origin of the wolfen. When I finally got to see them (with only 20 minutes left until the ending) and discovered them to be only normal-looking wolves, I felt slighted. Perhaps I was spoiled by the excellent creatures created for The Howling, but a bunch of overgrown, big-fang dogs really didn't cut it for me. But maybe comparisons of Wolfen to The Howling and other

licks of the werewolf genre is inequitable- the lack itself are not werewolves and the film itself bears a closer kinship with The Manitou and the Prophecy than any releases of lycanthrope k... Wolfen is worth catching for both the great gore of Fullerton and the astounding pyrotechnics of Wadleigh. Hopefully, he won't take another 10 years to make his next groundbreaking film.

#### OBITUARY - RIP PSYCHOTRONIC

Addicts/movie fans in the NY metropolitan area will be dismayed to hear that Psychotronic, the far-old weekly guide to horror, classics, exploitation and weirdness on local television has ceased publication as of mid-July. Editor/publisher Michael Weldon, to whom Psychotronic was weekly labor of love, cited "a general lack of enough money" as the major factor behind the publication's demise. To the uninitiated, Psychotronic was a nine-page listing of selected films/shows shown on NY VHF television stations, complete with capsule reviews of all horror/gore and genre-related films and was profusely illustrated with rare stills and old movie ad mattes. It was described as "a kind of sick TV Guide", the publication had recently made the jump from its initial Xerox-stapled format to a slicker, tabloid style and seemed finally on the verge of receiving the wider audience it so richly deserved when the cash stopped flowing... Don't expect Weldon to become a forgotten cult hero, however- he already has plans afoot for a book to be published which he informs us will be a guide to low-budget films on TV, as well as long range plans for a possible Psychotronic resurrection in the not-too-distant future if the proper financing could be arranged. The G.G. wishes Michael the best of luck in all future endeavors and offers sincere condolences on the death of his boy- it was the twisted spirit of publications like his and the Sleazoid Express that sowed the seeds of ideas that eventually mutated into what you are now holding in your hands. If you loved Psychotronic as much as I did, drop Michael at home (341 E. 9th St., Apt.12, New York, N.Y., 10003). Sometimes a small bit of thoughtful encouragement can be worth more than a dozen subscription checks...

#### BACK ISSUES

Throughout the past few weeks, the G.G. has been inundated with mail requests for back issues. As much as I'd like to be able to accommodate every request, G.G.s are published at an extremely limited run, with the originals being taken apart after every printing. Because of this fact, all back issue supplies are very low, with a couple

of the earlier editions rapidly approaching "out of print" status. I am thus forced to charge 50¢ for all back issues from now on (including postage). Make checks payable to Rick Sullivan 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Beat the cost of back issues- get every new issue of the G.G. for free as it is published. You can write for a listing of distribution spots in the NY/NJ metropolitan area.

#### A BLOW OUT, INDEED!

Brian DePalma's latest thriller, Blow Out continues to trace the director's downward spiral in both the originality and interest areas of his filmmaking. Often cited for blatantly stealing from Alfred Hitchcock, De Palma has now turned his plagiaristic paws on both Michaelangelo Antonioni and Francis Ford Coppola, resulting in a film that emerges as an unrealistic, convoluted cross between Blow Up (1967) and The Conversation (1974). John Travolta is a sound effects technician for low-budget horror films who accidentally records a political assassination late one night whilst taping howling wind and hooting owls for his latest production. He spends the balance of the flick trying to con-



JOHN TRAVOLTA DECORATES THE DASHBOARD OF HIS CAR IN THE ONLY REAL GORE SCENE IN BLOW OUT.

vince the public of the killing (all press has made it out to be an accidental death) via the aid of the abominable Nancy Allen, who in her zillionth recurring role as call girl/hooker, is in the company of the candidate when his car tires were shot out. Blow Out should be of virtually no interest to G.G. readers, since aside from a demented psycho gorelessly garroting a few whores, the film has no real link with the horror/exploitation genre. Even taken as an adventure/suspense epic, Blow Out is still a flat tire, with gaping holes in story credibility and characterizations. Interesting note: Perhaps DePalma is trying to be subtly symbolic- this, the second Travolta/Allen team-up is called Blow Out, and the first time the pair acted together (in Brian's Carrie), it was over a blow job. Makes you wonder...

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No. 22

## SPECIAL SELF-INDULGENT VACATION ISSUE!

### SCANDALS FROM ED; ROKY'S TOP 5

For most of the two weeks following the last edition of the G.G., I have been on vacation and away from the NYC area. My travels took me down to Austin, Texas where I had the opportunity to meet with a few G.G. subscribers and fans and swap anecdotes about our favorite gore films. The town itself is chock full of horror/exploitation enthusiasts of one bent or another, and although pretty low on venues for seeing these types of films, the town is rich in local color, with some interesting characters residing therein. One such person is Ed Neal, whom true gore trivia experts will recall portrayed the infamous cannibal hitchhiker in The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Ed now works as a film archivist at the University Of Texas, and he had some interesting facts to reveal surrounding Tobe Hooper and the film's production back in 1974, none of which can be exposed here for fear of severe legal reprisal. Anyway, after spending some time with Neal, later in the week we accidentally ran across one of the most interesting people I've ever met: Mr. Roky Erickson. Most readers probably don't know who he is, and even those who do are probably wondering what the hell he's doing in the pages of the G.G.... Briefly, Roky was the lead singer, guitarist and co-founder of The 13th Floor Elevators, a superb psychedelic band from Austin that was together from 1966 until the early months of 1970. A perennial critic's favorite, the band never achieved public acclaim until years after its demise when rock historians lamented "the halcyon days of the Elevators", and the masses finally picked up on them. After their split, Roky fell on hard times during the early and mid-70's until, with strong support from Doug Sahm and others, he attempted a solo comeback in late '76. And what a comeback it was! Roky emerged after over half a decade with an assortment of the strangest songs imaginable which I have labeled (don't blame him) gore rock. Why? Check out the titles of some of his songs: Bloody Hammer, Creature With The Atom Brain, I Walked With A Zombie, Stand For The Fire Demon, etc. Erickson screams out the most demonic lyrics imaginable in a style that is totally non-descript: he just has to be seen live to be believed. Backed by an Austin-based new wave band called The Explosives, Roky & Co. were one of the most impressive, entertaining acts I've seen in a long time. The Cramps, current self-proclaimed heirs to the horror/psycho rock crown, pale in comparison to Roky. Music aside, Roky is also a die-hard horror and gore film addict, explaining that he was glad to see a publication that catered strictly to his straight blood and horror tastes. Roky agreed to sup-

### THE 3 FACES OF THE FIRE DEMON



YOUNG ROKY DURING ELEVATORS  
YEARS - 1968.



ROKY 11 YEARS LATER -  
JUNE, 1979



ROKY TODAY - SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, JULY



ply the G.G. with a listing of his 5 all-time favorite horror films, with appropriate comments. Being a bit otherworldly himself, not all these titles will be familiar to our readers (or myself for that matter), but I truly believe that Roky has seen them in some shape or form. In any event, in no particular order of preference, here are the Roky Top 5:

- 1) The Hearse (1980) - no comment from Roky.
- 2) Curse Of The Demon (1958) - "a great film that really tells you where Lucifer's at."
- 3) Creature With The Atom Brain (1955) - "people talk alot about the creature in that movie, but I saw the film itself as one big creature."
- 4) The Little Girl Who Tread On A Loaf - "this one is more of a poem than a movie...its about Little Orphan Annie and goblins."
- 5) It Happened At Lakewood Manor - no comment from Roky.

Roky also wanted to inform G.G. readers that his favorite monster is the Creature From The Black Lagoon. We thank him for his kind words about the G.G. and urge interested readers to check out his album Roky Erickson and The Aliens, which was released last summer as a CBS import. It might be your only chance to catch "gore rock" in its formative months...

#### REVENGE-BENT CHICANOS, DUBBED DETECTIVES AND CARNIVOROUS GRANDPARENTS

It seems that the 42nd St. Selwyn Theater agreed with last issue's review of Brian De Palma's deadly Blow Out. That flat tire was yanked from the marquee in mid-week and replaced with a triple bill of low budget obscuros ranging from awful to very good. The first, Hot Spur, should be familiar to all who frequent NY's sleaze strip. It is a Grade Z skin and blood exploiter made over a dozen years ago by the notorious duo of Bob Cresse and Lee Frost that seems to surface at various 42nd St. venues two or three times a year. The film is concerned with a Chicano stable boy who watches as his older sister is brutally gang raped by a rich cattle baron and his cowhands. Years later, as an adult, he abducts the baron's wife, subjects her to the same humiliating treatment meted out to his sister and eventually murders all the men responsible for the attack. Hot Spur is fairly violent considering the period in which it was made and it probably served as a precursor to the wave of revenge/sexploitation epics that began in the early '70's and continues to be marginally popular amongst selected dementos in the '80s. (Ms. 45, I Spit On Your Grave, Ilsa, She-Wolf Of The SS, etc. are all examples of this subversive yet enjoyable genre.) With a running time barely over 60 minutes, Hot Spur's plodding direction, cardboard acting and cheezy gore effects don't have enough time to get overtly tedious, and as such it becomes an interesting trivia novelty well worth catching. The second film, The Contract, is a confusing, shoddy, dubbed French import gangster epic that is straight out of the dreaded Italian import stinker mold. Its plot is virtually unintelligible and should be avoided at all costs. The real gem of these three, however, is a neat little forgotten classic called Terror House. Originally given a limited release back in 1972 under the title The Folks At Red Wolf Inn, the film is an entertaining tale

of a cannibal clan comprised of two charming geriatrics and their psychotic grandson who lure young nubile to their "inn" with offers of a free vacation. When the young ladies arrive, they are fattened up for a week, then slaughtered and stored in a large refrigerator where the grandmother and grandfather prepare a variety of exotic cannibal dishes (human rib roast, real lady fingers, foot soup, etc.) out of their cleaved up bodies. Viewing Terror, one begins to realize that last year's Motel Hell tread a fine line between coincidence and downright plagiarism when compared to its predecessor. However, Terror beats Motel at nearly every turn in comparison: its acting is far superior (it never lowers itself to a level of embarrassing slapstick as did Motel), its direction is flawless (no mean feat for a low budgeter these days) and it achieves a sense of quirky sickness through a screenplay chock full of depraved situations and dialogue. Gore fans may be disappointed by the lack of graphic blood-spurting in the film, but considering that it is nearly a decade old and only rated PG, it contains a modest amount of severed heads and appendages, raw meat carve-up scenes and some pretty disturbing "dinner" sequences so that no horror fan will feel totally dissatisfied. Terror House is a very well-made, entertaining little epic that does not deserve the "in limbo" status that has plagued it for so many years. Try to see it now, I'm sure it won't be around long.



Oops! Ran out of room this issue for a review of Wes Craven's newest, Deadly Blessing. A detailed review will be in the next G.G., but a word of warning: the film is terrible and a far cry from the talent displayed in Wes' Hills Have Eyes and Last House.

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AN ANGRY YOUNG WEREWOLF DEMONSTRATES HIS AL  
CAPONE IMITATION IN AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN  
LONDON, THE LONG-AWAITED EFFORT FROM JOHN  
LANDIS.

## AMERICAN WEREWOLF: LAUGHS FROM BLOODSPURTING

1981 will definitely be known as the "Year Of The Werewolf" among followers of horror films. Back in March, Joe Dante's The Howling kicked off the cycle, setting extremely high standards for all excessive lycanthrope sagas by virtue of its overall slickness and technical expertise. Michael Wadleigh's Wolfen came next, and although technically up to snuff, it suffered from being tacked into the werewolf film category when it really didn't belong there. (See G.G. #21 for the complete story.) Although not yet in release in this area, Larry Cohen's (It's Alive, God Told To) Full Moon High has been playing in the west and deep south since early July to generally unfavorable reviews, as it attempts to blend horror with humor, two elements which have always maintained a tenuous alliance at best. The latest entry in the fur and fang sweepstakes comes from John Landis, whose An American Werewolf In London provides a well-crafted mix of laughs and shocks and is probably the first entirely successful gore comedy film ever released. Landis had the idea for Werewolf since way back in 1969, but he couldn't secure any backers interested in financing a film that elicited laughs

from throat slashings and decapitations. Instead, he worked his way up in the directorial world slowly, starting with the little-seen horror film Schlock back in 1971, through Kentucky Fried Movie in 1976, until he finally struck pay dirt in 1978 with the tremendously successful Animal House, gaining him immediate entrance into the highly elite "whiz kid" circle of youthful directors (ala Carpenter, De Palma, Dante, etc.) and enabling him to write his own ticket for whatever kind of film he wanted to do in the future. Of course, this whirlwind success went to Landis' head at first, and he pumped \$33 million dollars into The Blues Brothers, an over-rated, over-budgeted travesty that shows exactly what can happen when you let a young brat go carte blanche with a film budget. However, with Werewolf John gets back into the realistic budget realm (\$10 million) and comes up with a very simple, yet highly entertaining film. The plot is straightforward: young David Kessler (played by David Naughton, instantly recognizable as the actor in current Dr. Pepper commercials) and his friend are backpacking through England when they are attacked on a desolate moor by a werewolf. His friend is mangled to death, but David sustains only a few lacerations—enough, however, to transform him into a werewolf at the advent of the next full moon. A pretty young nurse falls in love with him and tries to suppress his guilt feelings about the unbelievable transformations, until eventually he is cornered in Piccadilly Circus by police and gunned down in full fur. I realize this doesn't sound terribly original, but Landis packs enough sick humor and realistic gore into the film (courtesy of the fantastic make-up effects of Rick Baker) that the trite limitations of the storyline are easily overlooked. Baker's masterful effects cannot be overemphasized—his werewolf transformation sequences are revolutionary. Unfortunately, a large part of the effects used in these scenes are similar in execution to those seen in The Howling and as such they probably do not pack quite the wallop they would have if Werewolf were to have been the first film released. (Incidentally, Rob Bottin, master of the pyrotechnics seen in The Howling was Rick Baker's protégé for several years, so both were probably integral in the development of the transformation tricks seen in each film. Hopefully, this will stop the controversy over who stole from whom once and for all!) Aside from the wolf effects, Baker provides enough graphic stabbings, slashings, mutilations and devouring (see WOLF over)

## THE REVENGE OF CHESTER WISKOWSKI

G.G. subscriber Chester Wiskowski of Maspeth, NY is rapidly becoming the ardent archivist for the publication. Since subscribing several months ago, he has kept in close touch, providing encouraging correspondence, corrective criticism, and interesting addendums to material published in the G.G. Gore completists may find much of his information to be of interest, so the following are a few examples of discoveries and errors unearthed by Chester: Savage Man, Savage East (surprisingly still in release at the Liberty Theater, playing daily to packed houses of rooling animal mutilation enthusiasts) was not Mexican documentary as inaccurately reported in G.G. #20, but an Italian effort (it figures). Also, the print being shown now in NYC is the one which was initially threatened with an X rating by the MPAA, necessitating several gore cuts on prints in release in other parts of the country to secure a more desirable R rating... The Psychopath, that lurid little curio reviewed back in G.G. #17, was first released by a fledgling west coast distributor called Brentwood Films under the title An Eye For An Eye (not to be confused with the current Chuck Norris dud) with a running time of 86 minutes. With its present length at barely over an hour, the film world is obviously being cheated of about 25 minutes of inspired acting by our favorite mutant, Mr. Tom Basham, the sickest of all cookies who just has to be seen to be believed... Another title change is that of I Spit On Your Grave, reviewed in G.G. #18 and, judging from the voluminous amount of "fan" mail received, the current contender for G.G. readers "Film Of The Year" award. It seems that old Jerry Gross (Blood Beach, I Drink Your Blood) initially released Spit early in 1980 to the rural drive-in circuit under the title Day of The Woman. When it illicit only a tepid response from sadomasochists everywhere, Gross yanked it from release, concocted a new, more exploitative title (which he stole, incidentally, from an old 1964 French import film of the same name) and sleazeball ad campaign to match. The film's success story and accompanying notoriety is history... Finally, Chester and I disagree on an item - he felt that Jess Franco's Barbed Wire Dolls (reviewed in G.G. #20) was a German production, not an Italian one as reported by me. I researched his claim and still maintain that Dolls was Italian, and although it may have been an Italian/German co-production, linguistic merchants definitely had a hand in this skid-row favorite. Does anyone out there know (or care) about Dolls so that this raging controversy can be settled?... I'd appreciate reader feedback from columns like this (is it a waste of space, too trivial, tells you more than you want to know, etc.). Personally, I enjoy learning of the behind-the-scenes deeds of the low-budget film moguls, but I'd never want the G.G. being

tagged as the Cinefantastique of rag sheets, so please let me know how you feel about granting future space for back issue tintypes in upcoming G.G.s.

## WOLF (continued)

that gore fans will find ample product to keep them fully repulsed throughout much of the film. Some may deem the humor a bit repellent (ie., David's dead friend continually appears to him in varying stages of decomposition and expounds at length about how much he misses having sex; murders that take place in a porn theater go unnoticed by the audience who mistake the slayings for erotic groans, etc.), but all should find An American Werewolf In London to be an original, off-the-wall flick that will keep many wondering whether they should laugh or puke for the 90 minute running time of the film.

## CRUD FROM CRAVEN

As briefly mentioned last issue, Wes Craven's Deadly Blessing is a resounding failure. The director of such classics as The Hills Have Eyes and the awe-inspiring Last House On The Left has seemingly contracted a case of Tobe Hooperitis, letting a bigger budget and major company support cause him to abandon his exploitation/sleaze roots, resulting in the dulllest, most cliché-ridden and predictable film I've seen in a long time. Blessing is nearly goreless and virtually without any redeeming quality whatsoever. The acting is terrible (Ernest Borgnine may soon give Cameron Mitchell a run for his money), the plot tired, and the pacing excremental. (The twist "surprise" ending is about as subtle as a flying mallet.) I've caught flack from the parents of younger G.G. readers for using unwarranted expletives but there's no way around this one: Deadly Blessing just plain sucks.



WES CAJOLES YOUNG REVIEWER INTO GIVING HIS  
FILM A RAVE REVIEW.....

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 24

## HELL NIGHT: THE BEGINNING OF THE END?

It would seem as if the popularity of the current horror film cycle has begun to wane judging from the minor and indistinguishable efforts being unleashed over the past weeks of which the most recent, a flat, uninspired little opus called Hell Night is a prime example. While the film may have been considered a hot item if released about 20 years ago, Hell Night now is nothing more than an umpteenth rehash of the tired old "psycho" or "the loose/stalk and slash" plot formula that has been seen in countless other films since back in 1978 when John Carpenter discovered that otherworldly killers draw big box office dollars. This stale plot incarnation concerns a college fraternity/sorority initiation night (cleverly dubbed "hell night") where four new pledges are forced to spend a night in the sinister Garth mansion, the proverbial Hollywood haunted house, which fourteen years ago housed the scene of a mass murder/suicide on the Garth family, committed

by its twisted patriarch Virgil Garth. Seems that Virgil's wife had four children, all of whom were born deformed and/or severely retarded. When he went on the wanton killing spree, he rubbed out all the kids, his wife, and finally himself. However, when the police arrived on the scene, all bodies were found dead and horribly mutilated except for that of the youngest son, Andrew, who completely disappeared. Legend has it that he still stalks Garth Mansion, but no one has ever actually seen him -- until, of course, the new pledges arrive for a night of terror... That's about all there is to Hell Night, and you've seen it all before in a zillion other body count epics like Friday the 13th, Prom Night, etc. From the moment we are introduced to obese (but pure) Linda Blair, we know that she's the only one who is going to survive the evening's ordeal and that another couple who enjoy sneaking off to a private corner of the mansion for some drug-taking and sexual promiscuity will be among the first to get offed...



BEEFY LINDA BLAIR KILLS PETER BARTON AFTER HE INCESSANTLY TEASED HER ABOUT HER DOUBLE CHIN AND WEIGHT PROBLEM IN THIS SCENE FROM HELL NIGHT.

all Night's gore is very subtle and certainly not up to 1981's arterial flow expectations (i.e., an impalement on a fence, a lot of bloody mouths, etc.). Director Tom Di Simone provides us with the long exercise in tedium as the flick contains too many "red-herring" build-up scenes that when some action finally comes along, you just don't care anymore. But the film has one redeeming virtue - the screenplay, written by some truly gifted auteur named Randolph Feldman contains much banal dialogue, ludicrous situations, and gaping plot holes that the film becomes hilariously entertaining in a Plan 9 From Outer Space vein. The sexual innuendos, serious sequences, and general exposition should put even the most serious horror film fan on the floor with groaning laughter. (A scene where Linda Blair tries to climb a 15 foot fence and can't make it up is worth the price of admission alone!) I can't believe that Feldman thinks humans really speak that way... This "so bad it's good" theory works for over an hour, but since the film has an extremely overlong length of 107 minutes, even the numbness wears thin and turns to boredom. Director Di Simone would do well to remember that Robot Monster ran only 63 minutes if he ever decides to team up with Feldman again...

#### SCREAMERS SCAM

Let G.G. readers be forewarned: sometime between now and the Christmas holidays, New World Pictures will be releasing a film entitled Screamers in the NYC area. The ad campaign for the movie shows a mutilated man writhing in agony with a scintillating blurb that reads, "Warning: In this film you will actually see a man turned inside out!" Well, be advised that Screamers contains no such man, no inversion metamorphosis and the only thing potential viewers should be warned about is the true story behind this rip-off. Screamers is actually a 1979 Italian release called Isle Of The Fishmen. It was originally intended as a children's fantasy film and starred Barbara Bach. However, when the shysters at Roger Corman's New World acquired the rights to Isle, they decided to beef it up by adding additional African-filmed footage starring Mel Ferrer and Cameron Mitchell (who else?) and some special effects gore footage featuring work by Chris Walas (Raiders Of The Lost Ark) to push it into the more exploitatively-desirable R-rated realm. When this slapdash concoction was test-marketed earlier this year under the title Something Waits In The Dark, it received mostly negative reviews and did miniscule business. Enter Corman's marketing department who devised the aforementioned malicious ad campaign and tried to jump on the bandwagon of David Cronenberg's Scanners. Screamers opened in the Ft. Pierce, Florida area late last May and word-of-mouth has it to be an embarrassing, directionless melange of disjointed

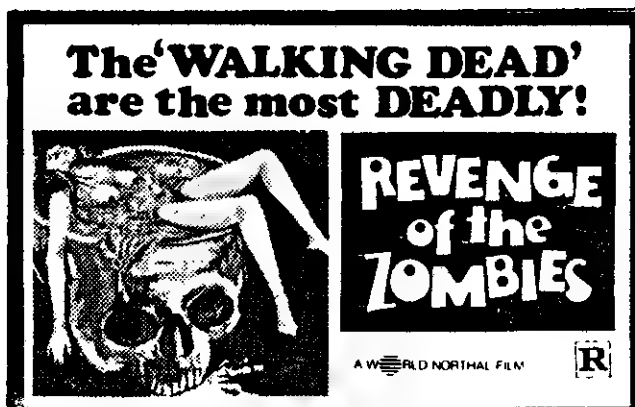
footage about flesh-eating gill-men...Let's not let New World bilk us for 4 bucks- don't get screwed by Screamers!

#### A CHINESE/MALAYSIAN MASTERPIECE

While it still may be a bit premature to be certain, my pick for gore film of the year will no doubt be Revenge Of The Zombies, a lurid low-budgeter now sandwiched in between two kung-fu operas at the 42nd St. Cine Theater. An unusual Chinese/Malaysian co-production, Revenge is helmed by the infamous producer Sir Run Run Shaw and concerns the practice of black magic in modern-day Southeast Asia by a 125 year old sorcerer who subsists on human milk. Although similar to other oriental imports in overall sub-par production quality (horrendous dubbing, garish music and crude direction ala Jess "zoom lens" Franco), the film more than compensates for the shortfalls by becoming a veritable showcase for the best gore, sickness and rampant depravity seen in recent memory. Revenge contains something for everyone: wrist slashing, tongue cutting, burnings, eyeball eating, blood drinking, and spitting, 12" spikes driven through people's heads and subsequently extracted painfully with large forceps, flesh chomping, pustular sores and boils, animal mutilations, alligator attacks, the drinking of human breast milk, limb dismemberments, deformed births, parasitic worms, maggots, body atrophy and an assortment of sexual aberrations never even thought of in the minds of Western filmmakers, all tied together in a terse 93 minute package of solid skid-row exploitation. The gore effects may pale in comparison to the current state of American slick pyrotechnics, but the perversion surrounding their execution makes them often seem stronger than Savini's best. A friend who accompanied me to the film summed it up best by saying that Revenge Of The Zombies was "the ultimate exploitation film." I couldn't agree more... Catch it now, it surely won't be around long and may never be seen again- one can never be sure with obscure Eastern imports.

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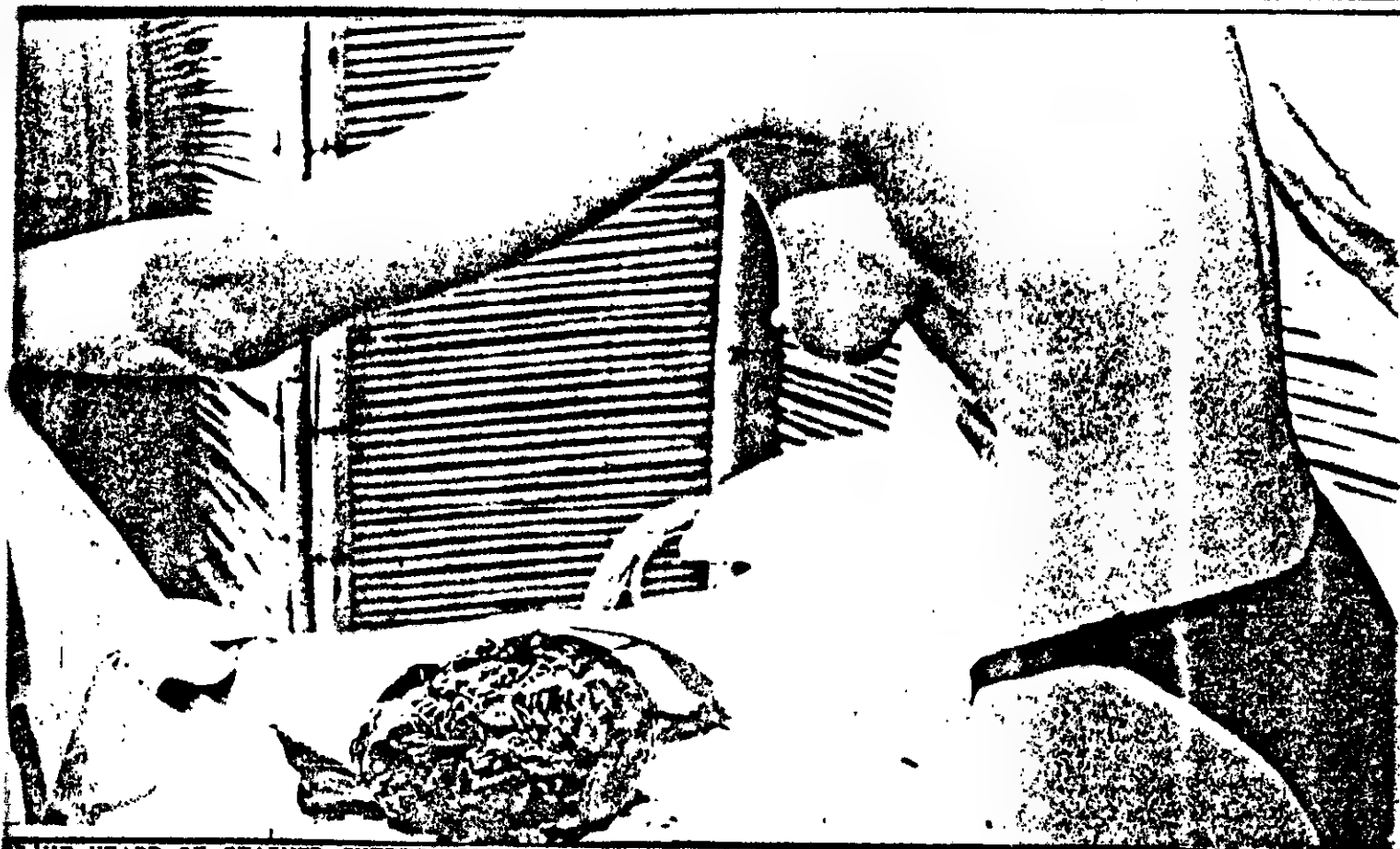
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# GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area No. 25



"I'VE HEARD OF STAINED SHEETS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!", CRIES THE BUXOM HEROINE AS SHE CHECKS INTO THE GUEST ROOM OWNED BY THE SINISTER DOCTOR BUTCHER, M.D. (MEDICAL DEVIATE).

## A SUCCESSFUL BUTCHER JOB

is less than two weeks since I spouted off my personal pick for "gore film of the year" (World Thal's amazing Revenge Of The Zombies, see G.G.#24), and already a strong contender has emerged to sway my vote. While traveling South last weekend, I had the occasion to catch the newest horror release from NY-based Aquarius Releasing entitled Doctor Butcher, M.D. (Medical Deviate). The film should have already hit 42nd St. by the time you read this, and all true gorehounds should make every attempt to catch it. Butcher concerns a series of corpse mutilations occurring at a Manhattan hospital. When an Asian orderly is discovered devouring the heart he has just extracted from a cadaver in an autopsy room, he reveals himself to be a member of a strange flesh-eating religious sect located on an Indonesian island called Quito. For no apparent reason, the police commission a medical examiner and anthropologist to head an exploratory junket to the island to discern the facts behind the group's flesh-snacking activity. Once the group reaches the island, they discover a bizzare American doctor who performs strange surgical experiments on the natives which turns them into cannibals and/or flesh-starved, killing zombies... Don't try to follow Butcher's story line, count the gaping plot holes or scoff at the film's shoddy production value- just relax and enjoy the 80-odd minutes of graphic gore, depravity and excessive violence that is hurled your way at an unrelenting pace. Limbs are hacked, eyes gouged, entrails deered, throats slashed, skulls sawed and bodies mauled in a variety of sordid manners, all executed with top-notch special effects by some unsung make-up genius not even mentioned in the film's production notes! As a special bonus, explicit nudity is also thrown in for those who enjoy some gore mixed with their blood orgies. Butcher's critics (and I'm sure there'll be many) may argue the film to be a confusing pastiche of unrelated footage linked by a tenuous plot-line, but the actual gore is both riveting and revolting enough that the film succeeds on a basic "gross out" level that



ears: its opening 5 minute prologue (which has no bearing on the rest of the film and was probably included solely for footage time padding) is a straight imitation of the Plan 9 From Outer Space graveyard sequences, the hospital "organ eater" mystery is about 20 minutes of pure Blood Feast, the voyage to Quito and subsequent living dead discovery mimicks the much-maligned Zombie and the film's finale in a jungle laboratory is reminiscent of 1958's She Demons (sans the shes) as such, Doctor Butcher, M.D. should not be picked on for its monumental shortfalls but commend for the new highs it achieves in sickness and visceral bloodletting. (Its hard to believe this one escaped with an R rating from the MPAA- Terry Levine at Aquarius certainly must have friends in high places...)

#### THE LAST HEMISPHERE PICTURE SHOW

lthough nearly a decade old and shown often on network TV, NY-based 21st Century Film Distribution has seen fit to re-release The Twilight People as the co-feature with its newest kung-fu potboiler, Iron Dragon Strikes Back in most area theaters. Twilight resembles a Grade Z Island of The Lost Souls, stars John (The Perpetual Teenager) Ashley and has an interesting story surrounding its release: During the late 60's, Ashley and his partner Eddie Romero founded a company in NY called Hemisphere Pictures which specialized in both the importation and production of the lowest levels of lurid skid-row gore and exploitation flicks which usually played only the rural drive-in and inner-city grind house circuits. Most of the films the pair made themselves are shot on location in the Philippines where John and Eddie could easily cash in on the lush locations, non-union native film crews and local actors who were usually willing to work for free. Out of this period (1968-1970) came such monumental classics as The Beast Of The Dead, and the entire Blood Island trilogy, all starring Ashley (who resembles a bloated Wally Cleaver) and directed by Romero, each featuring an abundance of cheap gore and an all-Filipino cast who usually turned in abominable performances. Around late 1971, Hemisphere experienced some financial trouble and went bankrupt, leaving its last Filipino production, The Twilight People, on the "unreleased" shelf. According to Romero, Twilight had not been released because it was "not up to the standards of earlier Hemisphere pictures and needed some work done to "tighten it up". (Judging from the overall quality of Hemisphere product, its hard to believe they had standards at all!) When the Hemisphere assets were being liquidated, the notorious California-based distributor Dimension Pictures (see G.G.#11 for the full lowdown on these celluloid hustlers) arrived on the scene and quickly scarfed up Twilight for immediate release under their banner. As such it was released in 1972, died a mercifully short death, and was recently acquired by 21st Century who are seeking to revive it... Twilight, as aptly described by its director, is a pointless, ponderous effort about a crazed scientist who experiments on both animals and humans, hoping to create a master race of super beast-men. When Ashley is kidnapped as the doc's next guinea pig, he fowls up the experiments by winning the heart of the doctor's daughter who helps him and the "manimals" escape through the jungle. The make-up effects on the beast-men are embarrassing, resembling the Horror Pictures school of "paper mache facial appliances" popular almost 25 years ago. The flick's only redeeming values are a superb performance by Jan Savage as a tough, milk-drinking, Nazi-gesst lieutenant who is dying to spray Ashley's guts all over the jungle, a very young, pre-blaxploitation Pam Grier who plays a flesh-eating panther woman and some pretty effective gore scenes (even by today's standards) featuring throat slashings, stabbings and flesh chompings that tend to belie its PG rating. But in total Twilight People is a flat, stale travesty that can be recommended for Hemisphere completists only. Why 21st Century would pick to release this even as a feature is totally beyond me...

#### DEAD PEOPLE: A THREE-TIME CONFUSER

Dead People is the current release from NY's Bedford Entertainment, the fledgling distributor who brought us the immensely enjoyable Alligator back in June. An unusual 1974 production written, produced and directed by the team of Gloria Katz and Williard Huyck (the successful screenwriters who penned American Graffiti), Dead People first received limited distribution in 1975 under its original title Messiah Of Evil, only to surface again two years later re-tagged The Return Of The Living Dead. Now on its third revival in less than six years, People is a confusing, yet well-attended combination of zombie horror and at-

tempted surrealism that never really gets off the ground due to the horrible cardboard acting of its stars Marianna Hill and Michael Greer and some abominable editing that will keep you wondering for days just what the hell the film was supposed to have been about. A young woman (Hill) visits a strange California coastal town in search of her father, a reclusive surrealist painter who disappeared from the area a few months earlier. What she soon discovers is that the town's populace has fallen under the spell of the "red moon", a natural phenomenon that occurs every 100 years in the area, turning all residents into flesh-eating zombies with bleeding eyes soon after nightfall. Apparently,

this was the result of a curse placed upon the village hundreds of years ago by a dark stranger who had passed through the area when it was a colonial settlement. (The reasons behind this curse are most vague as the "sinister stranger" sequence has been heavily edited in People's current form). Hill teams up with an obnoxious playboy (Greer) to combat the flesh-eaters in a weak finale that reveals a "twist" ending that had telegraphed itself from the outset of the film. Dead People could have been a brooding, ethereal film similar to Carnival Of Souls if placed in the hands of a capable director and cinematographer who could have milked the many surrealistic sets constructed as the artist's studio for some real terror. But the Katz/Huyck team comes through only on their writing, providing a fairly literate screenplay, but showing complete ineptitude in directoral skills and making People look like a third-rate imitation of Night Of The Living Dead. Gore fans will be disappointed in People as although blood runs freely throughout the film, it looks mostly like bright red paint and as such seems pretty ridiculous. Aside from the aforementioned interesting surreal sets, the only other attributes contained within Dead People are a disturbing little 5 minute cameo monologue by a disparate Elisha Cook, Jr. and an interesting sequence in which a zombie albino black man (Royal Dano) offers Hill a field rat to eat, after which he bites the head off the rodent and allows rat blood to dribble down his chin while he cackles maniacally. (I wished he had forced Hill to eat the rat as punishment for her lousy acting!) Forget about paying to see Dead People, it has the look of "Channel 9ism" stamped all over it and you should be able to catch it there for free in the imminent future.

Thanks to Chester Wiskowski for some info on D.P.

#### ALL IN THE FAMILY

Vague, unimpressive ad art gives the impression that World Northal's The Unseen is some sort of wretched Italian import. You can't always judge a film by its poster as The Unseen is a surprisingly fine, wonderfully depraved and wholly satisfying film. Three TV newswomen led by Barbara Bach (who serves little more than to act as an attractive victim) are unable to find accommodations while covering an ethnic folk fair. They are offered lodging by a lecherous museum curator (Sidney Lassick) in the spacious mansion he shares with his neurotic sister. Hidden away in the mansion's basement is a fat, filthy retarded man/child (Steven Furst whom you may remember as the fat "Flounder" of Animal House fame), a product of the couple's incestuous relationship. In an interesting and successful variation, director Peter Foleg depicts the "monster" as a creature to be pitied, not feared. Naturally, this crazed "unseen" kills off the two minor actresses, to



HANDSOME RAT-EATER GRINS IN DEAD PEOPLE.

Don't get excited- the G.G. hasn't expanded to 3 pages! The past 2 weeks have been pretty good for low-budget shockers, so rather than edit reviews to fit our regular 2 page format, I figured I'd jump to 3 pages to thoroughly cover the gore news of the fortnight- for this time only! (It's not easy collating and stapling a zillion G.G.'s, so please enjoy this one-shot edition.)

leave only Bach for the predictable climactic stalk. The Unseen really shines by virtue of the incredibly sicko acting of Lassick, veteran character actor who steals the entire show here as the depraved brother/father. He is best known for his roles as Charlie Cheswick in One Flew Over The Cuckoos' Nest, and was more recently seen as the cruel pet shop owner in Alligator. Lassick is the sickest father figure ever depicted in a horror flick, rivalling even the Texas Chainsaw clan for evil and perversion. (Seeing him drive a spiked board through his son's head is one of Sidney's high points.) Although the exposition scenes are sometimes slow and the plot is highly reminiscent of the 1970 release The Beast In The Cellar, once Lassick kicks into high gear, The Unseen becomes an entertaining sleaze treasure. Violence addicts may be somewhat disappointed because The Unseen is not overtly grisly, but in total it has enough moments of inspired terror that it should be considered as one of 1981's best horror releases.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 27

## "SORRY FOR THE DELAY" EDITION



BAIRD STAFFORD'S STEP FATHER DISCOVERS THE LITERAL MEANING OF THE OLD ADAGE "BURYING THE HATCHET" COURTESY OF HIS PSYCHOTIC SIBLING IN THIS SKULL-SPLITTING SCENE FROM NIGHTMARE.

In response to all those who have written expressing concern as to why no new G.G. has been published for nearly a month, no excuse can be given except for severe time constraints. Coordinating the 1st anniversary party, handling a multitude of personal matters and catching a glut of horror/exploitation features so large that there were hardly enough days in the week to take them

all in have kept us from compiling a new issue for quite a while. However, we still are alive and well with a cuderflatch of current items to cover (as evidenced by the size of this edition) so let's not delay and plunge straightaway into the many sleaze delicacies offered over the past few weeks.

### NIGHTMARE: 1ST CLASS GORE; TOO MUCH BORE

Try to envision a psycho/slasher epic containing superb gore effects beyond your wildest expectations that is unfortunately saddled into one of the most boring, predictable, mundane plots ever and you'll get a fairly good picture of the film Nightmare, the newest release from 21st Century Distribution, the NY-based outfit, best known for its unending barrage of third-rate kung-fu imports. Screenwriter/director Romano Scavolini bats .500 with this, his first non-porn directoral effort. He displays a remarkable flair for adept lighting, camerawork and suspense-buliding, but also a blatant deficiency in pacing, characterization and originality as he attempts to weave the tale of a psychotic man who is plagued by recurring nightmares of a double murder he committed on his parents during his youth. The man, institutionalized since then, undergoes a revolutionary "nerve rehabilitation process" that supposedly cures him and he is released from the asylum from which he has resided. It doesn't take long for the said rehab to wear off and he begins a string of violent stabbings, garrotings and slashings along the east coast from New York to Florida. A sub-plot ensues with a young Floridian brat who constantly horrifies his family by concocting fake gore effects and recounting bogus stories of mad killers who have attacked him. From the outset, one realizes that the flick will culminate in a showdown between the true madman and the boy who "cried wolf". But the tedium in between these events is almost unbearable, causing chronic lethargy to nearly eclipse the excellent make-up effects. True gorehounds will no doubt overlook the story banality and revel in the numerous decapitations, head cleavings and graphic stabbings that explode across the screen in extremely realistic torrents of gushing crimson. Also, the top-notch acting of Baird Stafford (who eerily resembles the late Jim Hutton) as the crazed foam-spewing psycho

partially redeems Nightmare for its glaring flaws but ultimately the flick is somewhat of a disappointment as with a little more creativity in the plot department, it could have been a bloodbath masterpiece. (Interesting note: Nightmare's original ad campaign credited Tom Savini as being "Consultant Of Special Effects" in large block letters on all mattes and posters. Shortly after these ads broke, Savini threatened a law suit if his name were not removed from all publicity, claiming that he had nothing to do with the production whatsoever. 21st Century was subsequently forced to put black tape over the Savini credits all around town on what seemed to me to be a zillion Nightmare one-sheets. Does anyone out there know the true story behind this unsavory error (read deception)?)

#### DIMENSION'S JUNGLE JUMBLE

Currently sharing the bill on 42nd St. with Nightmare is a film called Night Creature. Any similarity between the two ends with the first word of the respective titles. Night Creature is a wretched 1979 release from the perennial deception masters in L.A. known as Dimension Pictures who in the past have been responsible for conning unwary patrons with assorted duds like Legend Of The Wolf Woman, The Watts Monster, etc. (see G.G. #11 for the full sordid details). Originally released as Devil Cat, Creature spins the inane yarn of a demonic black panther who roams the bamboo sets of assorted Thailand villages, occasionally stopping to snack on local inhabitants. Donald Pleasance obviously took a large part of the film's low budget home in his paycheck as he is sorely mis-cast as the great white hunter who stalks the bad cat. Add three or four of the most obnoxious Americans ever seen in an import stinker (also cast as master bwanas) and you can get some idea of the predictability of the plot. Top this all off with long passages of voiceover narration (ala The Creeping Terror), countless slow-motion replays of the leaping panther, endlessly prosaic exposition and Night Creature begins to resemble a bloodless, low grade man vs. animal epic from the Stygian depths of Sunn Classics. Dimension has got to be kidding with trying to hawk this one as a horror film. Flicks this bad haven't been seen since the old Monogram jungle beast extravaganzas of the 1940's!

#### ROYAL WRONGED!

Thanks to Gary Levinson, Mark Nardone and Steve Schindler of Bedford Entertainment for pointing out the glaring error in G.G. #25. In the review of Dead People, I credit a gentleman named Royal Dano as portraying a mutant black albino zombie rat-eater. The aforementioned trio subsequently informed me that Dano: 1) is not black, 2) was cast as Marianna Hill's missing father in Dead

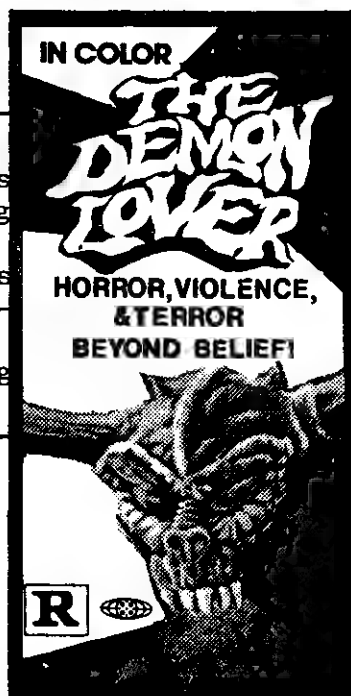
and 3) doesn't eat a rat throughout the entire course of the film. My apologies to Dano for the foul-up, apparently he is a well-respected character actor whose career has spanned nearly three decades. On the other hand, the G.G. has not yet received an apology from anyone concerned with releasing this three-time-retitled loser for the \$4.00 we blew going to see it...

#### CLASSIFIED

Serious fanatics wanted: Actors/actresses; make-up persons; various technicians and anyone else interested in fantastic filmmaking in the NY metropolitan area. Write Eidolon Productions, c/o Mr. Rege Barbieri, 85 3rd. Ave., Paterson, N.J. 07514.

#### BEWARE THE BOGUS LOVER

Throughout the past month, a co-feature at many of the area theater's sleazier bills has been advertised as The Demon Lover. That film, an entertaining little Grade Z er made circa 1976 in Chicago by a small conclave of earnest horror devotees is not really always being shown. In its place, a scurrilous distributor has taken an old 1969 abomination called The Body Beneath directed by the king of hack directors Andy (Hand Held) Milligan, lopped off the title credits (replacing them with nothing) and is attempting to pass it off as Lover in at least three different theaters in Queens, Manhattan and New Jersey. Needless to say, Beneath is one of those Milligan "filmed in Staten Island with fake British accents" period piece disasters concerning a group of 19th century vampires who are running low on victims in Victorian England and squabble amongst themselves as to whether or not they should relocate to the U.S., hoping to find there a source of unlimited blood for their increasing brood. The shoddiest direction, inaudible sound and elementary school level make-up effects put Beneath at the same dispicable level as other Milligan atrocities like Bloodthirsty Butchers, The Rats Are Coming, The Werewolves Are Here, etc. Milligan losers are always to be avoided, but the fact that this one is being deceitfully passed off as another film has to be the lowest trick ever pulled by a scumbucket shyster. If you attend a theater showing this bogus Lover, demand your money back immediately. (I already



Ad art for a film you're not likely to see should it be advertised at your local theater.

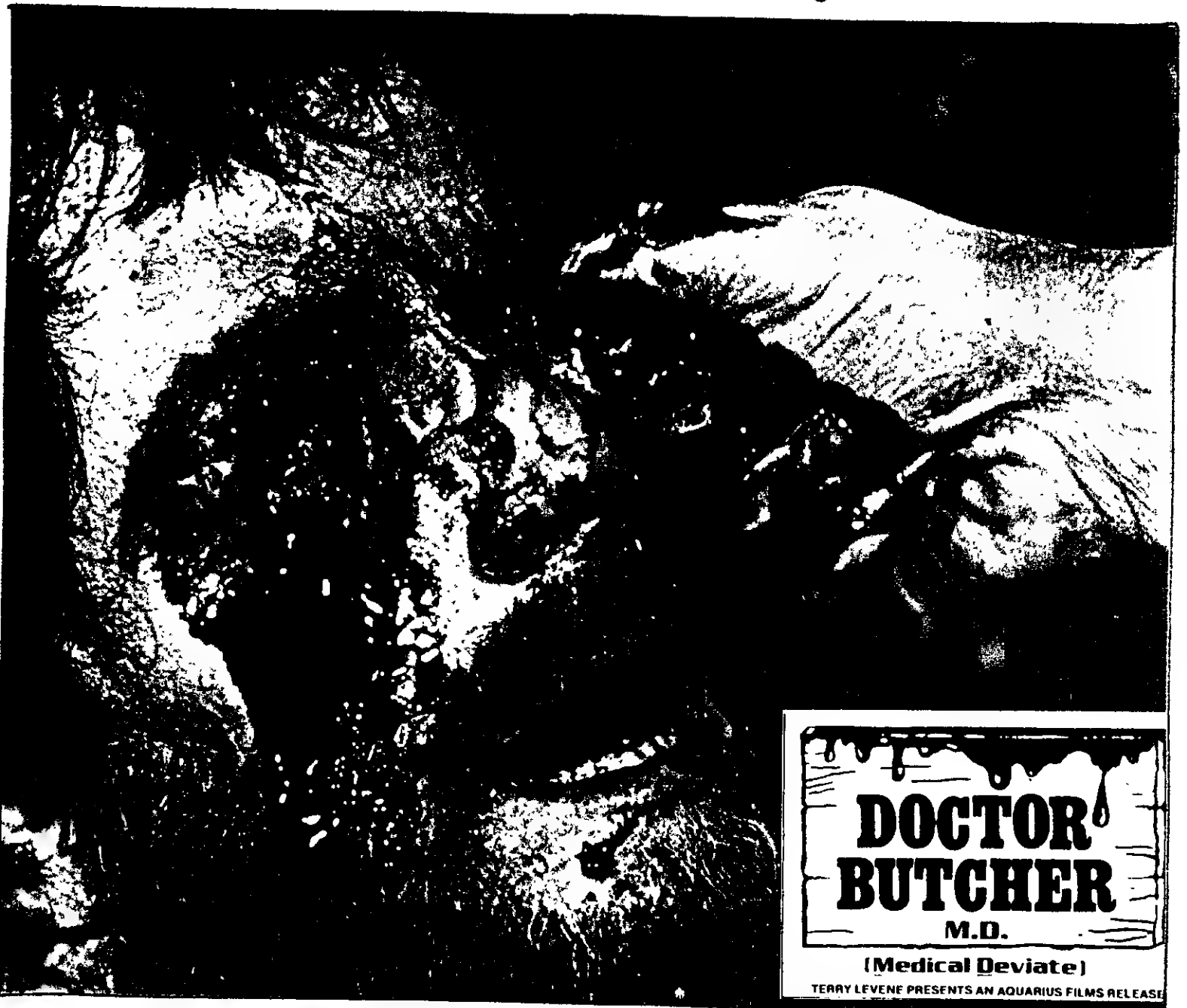
# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 29

## "Eye" Wish You A Merry Xmas



Xmas gift snoopers would do well to study the above example of a harsh punishment meted out to a present snarfer by an irascibly-mooded Santa... Seriously, the G.G. would like to take this opportunity (and entire issue) to wish all of our readers a healthy, hearty and happy holiday season by providing a juicy shot from Dr. Butcher, M.D. (Medical Deviate) (still awaiting release here in N.Y.C.) to instill a festive seasonal spirit in all. This flick, although incoherent, choppy and Grade Z in virtually every respect, wins the hands-down honor of being "the Goriest Film Of 1981!". Watch for the doctor to hit 42nd St. early in the new year.

The G.G. will be back in the first week of 1982 to continue to provide up-to-date information and reviews on horror, exploitation and depravity which springs up in the NY metropolitan area. In the New Year, you can pick up your free copy of the G.G. at any of the following locations:

Yesterday's Books And Records, 559 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N.J.

Cinemabilia, 10 W. 13th St., New York, N.Y.

Forbidden Planet, Broadway at E. 12th St., New York, N.Y.

East Side Books, 34 St. Mark's Pl., New York, N.Y.

Club 57, 57 St. Mark's Pl., New York, N.Y.

6th Avenue Comic Shop, Avenue of the Americas at Waverly, New York, N.Y.

Hollywood Twin Cinema, 8th Ave. at 47th St., New York, N.Y.

Pellet Records, 43 Park Place, Morristown, N.J. (Records: New, Used, Rare, O/P)



# GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 30

## SUPERB SICKNESS IN THE SAHARA

"Egyptian/mummy gore", a sub-genre which has not been adequately exploited since the lurid tale of Mr. Fuad Ramses, exotic caterer, released almost two decades ago, reaches its quintessential peak with Dawn Of The Mummy, an interesting little curio that had an all-too-brief run at 42nd St.'s posh Anco theater during Christmas week. Dawn emerges as a classic sleaze pastiche chock full of the expected mummy clichés. Grade Z acting, and a surprising abundance of graphic gore. As with almost all mummy flicks of the past half-century, Dawn opens with a flashback to ancient Egypt where a law-breaking sun-god and his eight flesh-eating disciples are entombed in a cursed burial site as punishment for their "unspeakable crimes." Jump cut to the present day where we meet a fashion photographer and his four models who are about to embark on a sojourn to the Sahara Desert to shoot a fashion layout amongst the backdrop of the ancient pyramids. Predictably, the group stumbles upon the cursed tomb and decides to photograph the ladies surrounding the mummy, thinking it will serve as a original, chic fashion angle. The hot camera lights from the session cause a viscous black ooze to bubble and spurt through the mummy's bandages and soon he and his eight cannibal disciples are re-animated. This fun group immediately provokes a graphic onslaught of head-cleaving, throat ripping, intestine devouring, brain chomping and a myriad of other flesh-marauding atrocities, throughout the remainder of the flick, all displayed with excellent gore effects provided by Maurizio Trani, Italy's answer to Tom Savini, whose earlier efforts include the much-maligned Zombie. Trani's effects shine strongest during the film's finest segment which takes place at an Egyptian wedding ceremony. The streets of a small village are filled with merry celebrants as a groom eagerly awaits his bride who lies hidden behind a traditional veiled canopy. The groom passionately lifts the veil only to discover a gang of uninvited zombies who are ravenously devouring the intestines of his disemboweled intended. The zombies, miffed at the intrusion of their private banquet, promptly help themselves to a larger flesh feast of limbs and entrails provided by unfortunate wedding guests who fail to flee in time. Not only is Trani's gore great, his make-up on the marauding mummy and his psychotic sycophants appear extremely realistic and chilling and not as if they stepped off the last train from Latexville, as many low budget make-ups of this ilk are wont to be. Press notes claim that Dawn was shot on location in Egypt, hence it couldn't have had that low a budget since it definitely is an American production and not a cleverly-disguised import as was my first guess. The only problem I had with the flick was that the exposition between gore-fests tended to drag in spots, but even this served to make the mummy's blood-drenched entrances all the more powerful. Congratulations to director Frank Agrama and all the folks at Goldfarb Productions for providing us with a solid, hard-hitting winner. Dawn Of The Mummy is a must for all gorehounds -- don't miss it!

-Gary Hertz



FOUR ROWDY YOUNG ZOMBIES MUNCH OUT ON THE EN-TAILS OF A CHIC NY FASHION MODEL WHO UNKNOWN-GLY STUMBLED UPON THE TOMB OF THEIR MASTER IN THIS SCENE FROM DAWN OF THE MUMMY, AN OB-VIOUSLY X RATED SHOCKER THAT HIT THIS AREA DURING XMAS WEEK.

## PARTLY SAVED BY PATAKI

Trying to conjure up slick new reviewing angles on the ceaseless barrage of "stalk and slash" psycho epics being released every week is almost as rough as sitting through the films themselves. Case in point: Graduation Day, a low budget body counter released last week in the New York area by Bedford Entertainment. Day follows the formula format of a zillion other "holiday-oriented" horror flicks: pick a celebration (Halloween, New Year's Eve, Valentine's Day, graduations, proms, etc.) add an unknown assailant with a sharp weapon (axe, knife, meat cleaver) preying on a specific group (fraternity, blonde women, snobbish cliques, etc.) who may be a member of the starring cast and you have 90 predictable minutes of certain box office success. This film picks graduation day (obviously), and focuses on the ten members of a high school varsity track team who are all being rubbed out individually on the days before the commencement ceremony by a leather-gloved dementoid who times his killings with a coach's stop watch. The gore ranges from very poor (the dime store vampire blood variety) to mediocre (attempts at Savini-style impalements that almost work), the direction by Herb Freed is neanderthalic at best and the editing is mismatched frequently, but Graduation Day has one redeeming quality which makes it slightly better than umpteen similar releases: Director Freed wisely put a good chunk of his budget in hiring good character actors for the leading roles and they instinctively see Graduation over

## TEPID PRISON FARE

Although not nearly as depraved as similar Jess Franco epics (Barbed Wire Dolls) or even the New World releases of the early 1970's (Caged Heat, The Big Doll House), Beyond the Gate is an interesting little "women behind bars" potboiler that comes up short on graphic violence but long on taut direction and characterization. Originally released in 1979 as Human Experiments, the film is concerned with a travelling country and western singer (played by Linda Haynes, whom you'll instantly recognize from her countless guest appearances in a myriad of network comedy and drama series) who is framed for the mass shotgun slaughter of a rural southern family and carted off to serve a life sentence at a women's correctional facility. There she encounters the usual stereotyped characters common to all these films: sadistic guards, grotesque lesbians, a naive warden and a compassionate hooker. The unique twist to Gate, however, is the presence of a whacked-out, Nazi-esque psychiatrist (superbly played by Geoffrey Lewis) who attempts to rehabilitate the inmates by obliterating their personalities via graphic trauma (false hangings, faked stabbings, unknown corpses, etc.), regressing them to a sort of catatonic infancy state and then raising them along non-criminal paths with him as their surrogate dad. Unfortunately, the doctor doesn't have very much patience and if the girls don't respond to his treatment, he flies into a maniacal rage-usually resulting in the death of the patient. Of course, Haynes becomes the doc's next guinea pig and we monitor her slow descent into catatonia until the evil shrink is thwarted in a tense twist (but predictable) finale. Die-hard sleaze junkies will probably be disappointed by Gate as it lacks the elements of extreme sadism and strong brutality that typifies most "girls in prison" films, but civilized exploitationeers should appreciate the flick for its coherent construction, adept pacing and tongue-in-cheek acting. Director Greg Goodel should be commended for churning out an adequate Grade B-er that moderately entertains throughout its entire running time.

## GRADUATION (cont.)

ely ham it up throughout the flick, giving Day a unique tongue-in-cheek feeling reminiscent of the AIP horror teenpix of the late 50's. Christopher George (last seen in Mark Nardone's The Exterminator) hilariously deadpans his way through his poorly-written "tough coach" role, and Danny Murphy (And Justice For All) milks his nice-guy, Wally Cleaver-style character for scores of laughs. But it is Micheal Pataki (Grave Of The Vampire, Dracula's Dog) who really breezes the flick along in his role as the principal of the tragedy-stricken high school. Pataki's fast quips and insolent behavior are about the only things that make Day watchable. Why this extremely talented actor has been stuck in Grade Z horror roles for over a decade is totally beyond me. In short, if you're looking for virulent violence and graphic gore, this film will leave you entirely unsatiated. But if you enjoy semi-engrossing, purposely bad low-budget efforts that don't take themselves seriously, or are an "s & s" cycle completist, Graduation Day isn't all that bad....

As previously mentioned in G.G. #23, due to extremely limited press runs, we are now forced to charge 50¢ (including postage) for all back issues. Also, no.s 8, 15, and 25 are out of print completely! Mail requests for back issues to the address listed on our masthead.

## CLASSIFIED

Serious fanatics wanted: Actors/actresses; make-up persons; various technicians and anyone else interested in fantastic filmmaking in the NY metropolitan area. No pay, mucho experience. Write Eidolon Productions, c/o Mr. Rege Barbieri, 85 3rd Avenue, Paterson, N.J. 07514

Film posters: One sheets, stills, lobby cards, pressbooks available for virtually any film made from 1955 - 1982 at low, low prices (no poster higher than \$8.00, no still more than \$3.25). Send \$1.00 for price and title listing (refundable with first order) to R & A Poster Service, 54 Riverview Ave., Lincoln Park, N.J. 07035.

## GHOSTLY EFFECTS VANISH

Ghost Story, the latest mega-bucks horror release (\$8 million) from a major studio, emerges as a confusing mass of tangled sub-plots, dangling characterizations and a pervading sense of confusion that leads one to believe it may have been hastily edited and rushed into release to meet a Christmas deadline. The film contains almost none of the violence, gore and terror depicted in the Peter Straub novel and as such is reduced to a ponderous bore in telling the tale of four old farts who call themselves the Chowder Society and meet semi-annually to scare each other with contrived horror stories. We soon discover that these old codgers all hold a sinister secret- 40 odd years ago they took part in the accidental murder and subsequent cover-up of a young woman who wouldn't put out for all four of them. It seems that the spirit of this girl has returned to their small upstate NY village for revenge and is bumping off the society members one by one... Effects wizard Dick Smith has had most of his incredible ghost make-ups edited out of the final release print (see photo) and what is left in is only flashed to the viewer via split-second jump cuts, hence Ghost Story is virtually berift of its much-touted pyrotechnics. As such, the film falls flat, dull, uninspired and has all the punch of a callow, made-for-television, assembly-line thriller.



DICK SMITH'S MOST HORRIFIC APPARITION IN GHOST STORY WHICH HAS BEEN DELETED FROM THE FINAL RELEASE PRINT BY GOONS AT UNIVERSAL.

# GORE GAZETTE

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No. 32

## UNSUCCESSFUL SURF AND TURF

Although initially released to the area midnight circuit back in February, 1980, Abel Ferrara's Driller Killer has never received a regular theatrical run until now, where it has finally surfaced as the co-feature to Drive-In Massacre at most local venues. A well-intentioned mix of explicit gore, psycho-symbolism and urban realism, Driller is concerned with a struggling surrealist painter named Reno Miller who becomes increasingly alienated from his work, his world, and his companions until he finally snaps and goes on a wanton binge of grisly murders throughout lower Manhattan using his trusty Black and Decker. Although the film is fairly well-directed, photographed and edited, it ultimately fails from being too heavy-handed and pretentious (read lobster) while attempting to maintain the expected lurid grind-house presence throughout. The gore in Driller is great (close-ups of heads being eviscerated, backs ripped open, stomachs rended, etc.), but the serious tone of the plot and Reno's motivations for killing eschew pure art school mentality and this attempted blend of "surf and turf" never forms any sort of cohesive alliance during the film. Driller is further hampered by atrocious acting from Ferrara himself as the title subject (using the pseudonym Jimmy Laine)- he grimaces his way through his torturous East Village existence as if he were undergoing surgery without anesthesia. The supporting cast is top-notch, however, and it is they who save the film from descending into ham-wreaked hilarity. As his first feature film, Ferrara obviously learned a lot from Driller's mistakes, as he returned to the directorial helm to make Ms. 45, an unheralded classic released only one year later (see G.G.

6). All shortcomings considered, Driller Killer is still an effective bloodbath that should be seen by all gore completists. Cudos to New American Films for releasing this film in its original unrated form and not opting to re-edit for the more lucrative R rating.

## A CHAOTIC CLASSIC

Fans of Grade Z, inept horror efforts will not want to miss Drive-In Massacre, a 1976 zilch-budget about a maniac running amok in a California drive-in. Someone is gruesomely decapitating, slashing, strangling and stabbing adolescent lovers nightly at a local passion pit and two half-baked, beer-bellied rednecks cast as detectives try to ferret out the killer. There are at least a half a dozen prime suspects (a retarded groundskeeper, a sadistic night manager, the theater owner who is said to have a machete fetish, etc.), but no viewer should really care about the identity of the killer as he is subjected to 72 rapid-fire minutes of the most amateur acting, neanderthal directing and amateur gore scenes since 1972's sacred Invasion Of The Blood Farmers. Top all this off with a abrupt ending homage to The Tinseltown that will leave you aghast as the theater house lights come on. Drive-In becomes a shoe-in candidate for the "So Awful It's Great" hall of fame. Writer/dir



ABEL FERRARA REVELS IN GORE GLORY AFTER HAVING JUST SPRAYED SOMEONE'S INTESTINES ALL OVER A TENEMENT WALL IN THIS HAZY SCENE FROM DRILLER KILLER.

Director Stewart Segall can join the ranks of Phil Tucker, Richard Cunha, Ed Wood and William Greffe for the merits of this charming abomination. Don't miss it!

#### VICE: HARD-CORE POLICE STORY?

Vice Squad's newest foray into the exploitation market is Vice Squad, a seamy little quicky that attempts to reveal "the real story" behind the Los Angeles prostitution racket and the vice cops who attempt to control it. Hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold Season Hubley turns police decoy to help them trap a psychotic redneck pimp named Ramrod who has been mutilating maverick prostitutes with coat-hangers. With her help, police soon apprehend the madman, but before they even get him to the station he escapes by brutally beating his arresting officers and swearing to them that he "gonna get that bitch whore that set me up!" The remainder of Vice is pretty predictable- the cops try to find Season to protect her while Ramrod combs the city drooling for revenge while occasionally stopping to slice up a few of Hubley's hooker confidants along the way. Who will get there first?... Director Gary Sherman, responsible for last fall's unimpressive Dead And Buried, has a good feel for fast pacing and dramatic suspense, but Vice never transcends the trappings of being merely another slickly-crafted episode of Police Story, with large doses of profanity, violence and nudity added for embellishment. Newcomer Wings Hauser is fantastic as the baby-faced psycho boy maniac, but Hubley is far too bony to convince as an alluring hooker and Gary Swanson as the vice squad sergeant ends up performing like a poor man's Martin Milner. Fans of bloodletting, car chases and car-ages will be more than satisfied on all three points as Vice contains enough slashing, beating, castrating, maiming and car wrecks to whet the appetites of even the most depraved. However, if violent cop operas are not your cup of tea, Vice Squad is a vice not worth your intelligence. (Snob record trivialists note: Vice features a splendidly awful rock soundtrack from Ron Stokes, a curious oddball from the early 1970's who had a small legion of cult followers with his dadaistic shock/rock ensemble, The Black Whip Thrill Band.)

#### SHE-DEVILS DEFEATED AT TIMES SQUARE

Though sporting the greatest moniker for a flick in years, Blood Orgy Of The She-Devils belies its title by offering no orgies, little blood and the most unattractive pack of sun-leached females ever seen as the "she-devils". Notorious trashmeister T.V. Mikels (Astro Zombies and The Corpse Grinders) directed this 1972 Genex release about a weird female devil cult practicing mystical black arts within the lowest budget imaginable. Orgy is almost entertaining in that it has near decade-old fashions and hair styles pre-date the current styles fashionable in new wave circles, but endless dialogue, wooden acting and static direction detract markedly from even this cheap fascination. The local crowd at 42nd St's Times Square Theater were even less pleased with it than I: about 20 minutes into the film they began booing, catcalling and obscenely demanding that the flick be stopped in mid-stream. When their requests fell unheeded, some audience members actually started hurling beer cans and bird wine bottles at the screen. Blood Orgy Of The She Devils wasn't quite that bad- but the Times Square is renowned for its quality-demanding patrons...

#### THE RETURN OF A 30 YEAR OLD

One of the most unusual marketing strategies ever, Warner Brothers has decided to re-issue its old 1953 3D classic House Of Wax to a regular theatrical run in numerous non-revival houses in the metropolitan area. A re-make of 1952's Mystery Of The Wax Museum, House holds the dubious honor of being the first 3D film ever

studio. (Prior to that, earlier 3D's like Bwana Devil and Robot Monster were just fast-buck, gimmicky indie quickies.) Warners hasn't deviated much from their original ad campaign except for the fact that they now credit Charles Bronson as being one of the stars of the film, when originally he was billed merely as a bit actor under his real name- Charles Buchinsky. House has weathered the years well and is still a fast paced fairly suspenseful flick in the gothic Phantom Of The Opera mold, featuring Vincent Price as a demented, fire-scarred curator of a wax museum who creates the most realistic replicas by dipping living humans into vats of molten wax. The flick will probably disappoint the younger splatterati set, however, in that although featuring some repulsive make-up sported by Price, the violence and bloodletting contained within is quite anemic by today's standards. House was quite an accomplishment for director Andre de Toth; it wasn't until after the film was in the can that he admitted to Warners brass that he was blind in one eye and had no depth perception, hence he was unsure if any of the 3D effects in the film would work at all! Hopefully, Warners will fare better with this re-issue attempt than did Paramount Pictures, who are still red with embarrassment over last year's similar re-issue attempt with Edward D. Wood's Glen Or Glenda?



Proof positive that maybe not books, but certainly horror films can be easily judged by their covers as shown by this highly creative ad matte for Drive-In Massacre, which may just

# GORÉ GAZETTE

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DYANNE THORNE, AS S&M QUEEN SUPREME ILSA, HAS THE TABLES TURNED ON HER AS SHE IS FORCED TO SUBMIT TO SOME HEAVY PETTING FROM THE LOCAL LEPER WHILE GREASY RUG TRADERS LOOK ON IN GLEE IN THIS HIGHLIGHT FROM ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS.

## DOUBLE DYANNE

Although she hasn't graced the 42nd St. screens in well over a year, Dyanne Thorne, the femme fatale favorite of the S&M crowd, returned last week to the Times Square Theater in a double bill of Wanda The Wicked Warden and Ilsa, Harem Keeper Of The Oil Sheiks. Wanda, a 1979 Italian release from the reprehensible Jess Franco, is one of the more shocking "women in prison" sexploitationers that sinks to new levels of depravity for the genre with its graphic illustrations of female breasts used as pin cushions, eyes gouged out, prisoners forced to use each others' tongues in place of toilet tissue, and other assorted atrocities. Though recommended for sadists only, Thorne gives her expected knock-out stereotype performance of a cruel, maniacal, bisexual witch who obviously has ice water coursing through her veins. Here she plays the ruthless warden of a prison for criminally insane women, and her rehabilitation methods include flogging, shock treatment, physical abuse and forced intercourse with a gang of syphletic male prisoners. As usual, Thorne gets hers in a superbly sick, cornily allegorical lobster finale that is probably the artiest foray ever attempted by Franco. Wanda was initially given limited release as Greta, The Torturer, a much more appropriate title as Thorne's character is referred to as Warden Greta throughout the flick, and the name Wanda is never mentioned once. The film may also have been shot simultaneously with Barbed Wire Dolls, another Franco favorite, as apart from the prescence of Thorne in Wanda, both films share identical casts and sets.... Oil Sheiks, the 1976 sequel to Ilsa, She-Wolf Of The SS, is an American production directed by Don Edmonds concerned with the kidnapping of a number of foreign beauties by slimy Arab oil barons. The unfortunate captives are grouped into a harem and



forced to perform various sexual perversions and submit to tortures for the sole purpose of entertaining an evil sheik. Of course, Thorne repeats her role as Ilsa, the sadistic keeper of the brood and before the film is finished, we see her order mutilations, castrations, whippings and dismemberments on both men and women alike before finally meeting her expected fate at the hands of a leper and an excrement-filled pit. Although not as violent as She-Wolf, Oil Sheiks is a fast paced, entertaining sleaze concoction that should appeal to gore junkies, sadism fans and sex deviates with such interesting highlights as a feast of lamb's eyeballs, a pair of twin lesbians who enjoy tearing off male genitalia with their bare hands, exploding diaphragms, a "rapid-stroke love machine" and much, much more. Ilsa films have been popping up less frequently these days, and the current condition of the prints being shown lead me to believe they might not be around too much longer, so try to catch them now while they are still semi-intact. Remember, Dyanne Thorne is a joy to behold no matter how shoddy the production.

#### CHESTER SNIFFS IT OUT

Goresleuth extraordinaire Chester Wiskowski has brought to our attention an interesting little title-switch scam perpetrated by Cinematix, a fledgling NY based film distribution company largely known for their kung-fu imports. These wizards have acquired the rights to the old 1975 Howard Mahler release Devil's Express, a mediocre horror effort concerning an oriental monster loose in the uptown Manhattan subway system, and retitled it Gang Wars. All traces of the flick's horror theme have been obliterated in their new ad campaign which displays various ethnic types in assorted martial arts stances under the tag line "Blacks vs. Chinese vs. Puertoricans", with the title Gang Wars printed in typeset so similar to the Star Wars logo that George Lucas could have an airtight copyright infringement settlement in his wallet by the time you read this. Express did contain a few kung-fu style fight sequences, but it is largely a horror thriller and does not touch upon interracial battles at all. Purists at the Harris Theater ("Always 3 Kung-Fu Hits") did not stand for this deception- after realizing that Gang Wars was not a karate bonecrusher but an old, tepid pseudo-gore melodrama, they began to caustically boo the screen. The result? Harris management yanked Gang Wars after a 36 hour run, replacing it with a Bruce Lee clone opera. Gore completists who missed Express 6 years ago might want to catch Gang Wars should it ever resurface: the film features some interesting camerawork from Domonic Paris, who later went on to direct 1979's Last Rites, the much-maligned vampire tale shot in central New Jersey.

#### CAPSULE QUICKIES

**BLACKS  
vs.  
CHINESE  
vs.  
PUERTORICANS**



**GANG  
WARS**  
IN COLOR RATED R

Due to space constraints owing from my solemn vow to keep the G.G. at a manageable 8½ X 11 size, the following new releases must unfortunately get the gloss-over treatment:

Evilspeak- Gentle Ben veteran Clint Howard returns as an overweight nerd named Stanley Coopersmith, class dork of a prestigious military academy. His classmates taunt him, girls ridicule him and even most of his teachers hate him. While on punishment clean-up detail, Stanley finds a satanic spell book buried deep in the bowels of the school's chapel. Using the science department's computer, he programs spells to exact revenge on his many tormentors. Evilspeak is contrived, predictable and a whole lot of fun, thanks to Eric Weston's expedient pacing and some hilarious amateur-looking gore effects. Seeing beefy Howard float through the air (with wires obvious) beheading bullies with a large sword and later summoning up a legion of killer pigs from hell (I'm not joking!) to deal with unjust authoritarians is worth the price of admission alone. Evilspeak is a very gory flick that pushes itself far beyond the slightest realm of credibility, and as such, becomes a kind of entertaining, blood-splattered slapstick...

Death Wish II- Filmways Pictures (ex-AIP) brings 42nd St. style exploitation to middle America with this fast-paced, mindless revenge drama that is clearing up at box offices all over the country. The plot is identical to D.W.I., only now Charles Bronson looks considerably older and he prowls Sunset Strip instead of Central Park. D.W.II is much more violent than its predecessor, however, featuring assorted scenes of thugs getting their chests, stomachs, arms, legs and even faces sprayed all over the screen after having been on the receiving end of Charlies' .45. This episodic thriller works well under the aegis of director Michael Winner, who obviously has exploitation audience manipulation down to a science, judging from the cheers made everytime Bronson made a hit. Snob critics are up in arms over the film's "senseless glorification of violence" which is all the more reason why you should see it.

DECEPTIVE AD MATTE FOR  
'75'S OLD DEVIL'S EXPRESS (aka ATTACK OF THE SPACE NEGROES?).

# GORE GAZETTE

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IS THIS A DEMONSTRATION OF A UNIQUE NEW REVERSE FELLATIO TECHNIQUE? NO, IT'S JUST PAUL CLEMMONS IN MID-CICADA TRANSFORMATION IN A SCENE SURPRISINGLY LEFT INTACT FROM THE BEAST WITHIN.

## BUTCHERED BEAST INVADES NEW YORK

Although initially reviewed back in GG #31 when seen at a sneak preview, Philippe Mora's The Beast Within finally opened to the metropolitan area last Friday in a surprisingly truncated form. While the film has many detractors claiming it to be a highly derivative, almost unintelligible mess with special effects that borrowed plagiarously from both The Howling and American Werewolf, we found it to be a fast-paced, blood-drenched gem and a strong contender for the best horror film of 1982. Tom Berman's superb special effects highlighted this lurid tale of violent rape, murder and shape-shifting in a rural Mississippi town. Prior to its N.Y. release, however, rumors

began to circulate that Beast was being forced to submit to the trimming of over one minute of its extremely violent gore effects to satisfy the MPAA, who were threatening the film with an X-rating. United Artists, the film's distributors, weren't commenting on the situation, but The Beast now in release is but a shadow of the original version. Much like the shameful hacking meted out to Friday the 13th, Part II, Beast now has seconds chopped in nearly every key gore scene, resulting in a detrimental effect on the overall impact of the film. Not all the gore has been excised (a decapitation scene that will satisfy even the most discerning gorehound was surprisingly left unscathed) and the film is still quite entertaining, but what could have been a classic is now reduced to being a slightly above-average chiller that may seem a bit hard to follow thanks to this scattershot censoring. U.A.'s publicity staff deserve accolades, though, for the great ad campaign devised for the film: a stark, exploitative "warning" advertisement that recalls the trashy (but classic) formats used over a decade ago by celluloid sleaze merchants like Hemisphere, Independent-International and Hallmark Releasing. The Beast Within, even in its abbreviated form, is still an interesting, fast-paced winner, but viewers should not lose sight of the fact that most of the hottest spots of the flick are now languishing on some cutting room floor..

## PITIABLE PARASITE

Though beefed up with gratuitous gore and excellent (yet contrived) 3D gimmicks, Avco Embassy's Parasite is an annoying exercise in tedium, containing abysmal acting and the most repellant screenplay dialogue heard since Al Adamson's Dracula vs. Frankenstein of a decade ago. Parasite is set in 1992, and bored viewers can play count the anachronisms as the plot unrolls at a snail's pace concerning Dr. Paul Dean, a scientist who created a deadly strain of parasite that could easily obliterate all life on earth within a few months. Dean works for the Zyrex Corporation, a 1984-type ruling conglomerate who want control of the parasite for their own sordid plans for world domination. He escapes the company, carrying the parasite inside his stomach. The balance of the film displays a decidedly unexciting race between Dean as he fights to save his own

like by discovering an antedote for the creatures and Zyrex, who have sent their own gestapo-like agent after Dean to get control of the monster for themselves. Eventually, one of Dean's creatures gets loose and begins feeding on a gang of futuristic hoodlum punks in a rural country town. Nothing excels in Parasite--Charles Band's direction is ponderous, episodic, and predictable, the sets purported to be 1992 look like an old the Republic back lot, and even Stan Winston's special effects are a regression of sorts from his work in last year's Dead and Buried. Winston's gore looks unconvincingly like bloodied hamburger meat and his parasite creation unfortunately comes off as a cross between a second-rate Alien imitation and a turd. In fact, besides having an original plot premise which could have been interestingly developed and, the aforementioned 3D, every facet of Parasite is a resounding failure. Producer Irwin Yablans (Halloween) summed the film up best when he visited the Parasite set to view a few week's rushes. After catching about 40 minutes of the rough cut of the film, he turned to director Charles Band and announced, "Charlie, I think you've hit a new low here." We couldn't agree more!

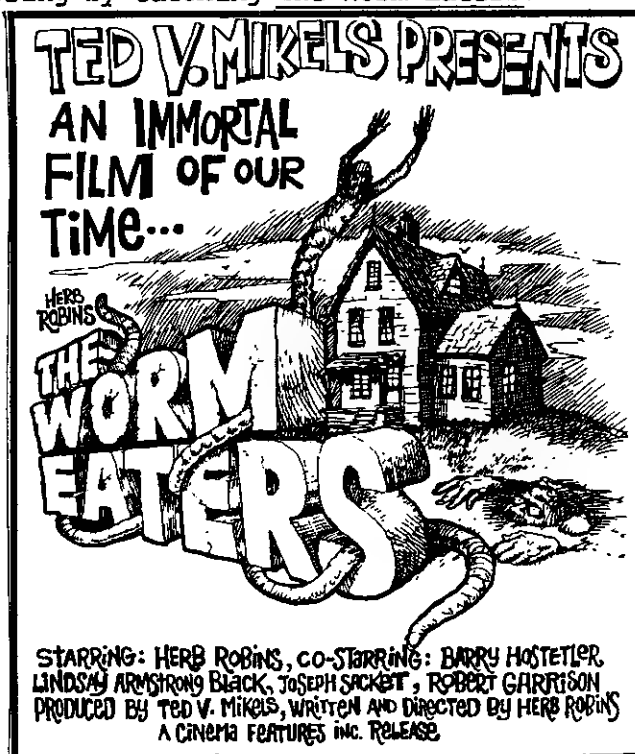
#### H. G. LEWIS ON CASSETTE!!

As many of you are aware, November 1, 1981 was an historic evening. This "day after Halloween" marked the first public appearance of Mr. Herschell Gordon Lewis, the elusive "King of Gore", who stood on the dais at Manhattan's posh Club 57 and fielded questions for nearly an hour from over 100 of his adoring fans. Lewis, flown in as the guest of honor for the GG's first anniversary party, rattled off anecdote after anecdote about such diverse topics as Henny Youngman's acting abilities, mid-westerners' reactions to Blood Feast and his own opinion of modern directors like John Waters, George Romero, etc. Now, this once in a lifetime presentation can be yours to enjoy. The GG has high quality, SONY LNX, cassette copies of Lewis' entire 55 minute talk, available now for the first time. This tape is a must for all HGL fans and will no doubt become a valuable collector's item in years to come. Send \$10.00 to the Gore Gazette, 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, NJ 07042 and your tape will be rushed off immediately. Don't miss this chance to hear the "King of Gore" himself in the comfort of your own home!

#### G.G. PREMIERS WORM EATERS

On Monday night, April 26, the GG, in conjunction with New American Films, will present the New York premiere of The Worm Eaters at Club 57, 57 St. Mark's Place, New York City. The film, a 1977 production from Ted V. Mikels (Corpse Grinders, Astro Zombies, Blood Orgy of The She Devils) concerns a misshapen hermit who houses killer worms in a 50 ft. water tower and

subsequently attacks a neighboring town by placing the slimy invertebrates into their food and water supplies, turning many residents into hideous "worm people." Worm Eaters was never shown on the East Coast at the time of its release (possibly it was eclipsed by Jeff Lieberman's Squirm, a similar 1977 release with far better distribution), but advance word has it to be a low budget horror classic (?) which keeps in tradition with the other Mikels Grade Z epics. Aside from the screening, other events are planned such as a live worm-eating competition, an in-person appearance by a "worm-woman," and 30 minutes of the world's sickest gore trailers. The show starts at 9:00 p.m., admission is \$4.00, and doors will open around 8:00. Come out and celebrate the rites of spring by catching The Worm Eaters.



#### BASKET CASE AT LAST!

On Friday, April 9, at midnight, the long-awaited Basket Case will make its world premier at the Waverly Theater, 323 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C. As reported in earlier GG's, the flick is a gore-packed labor of love concocted by a conclave of area filmmakers and other N.Y.-based horror enthusiasts that promises to be one of the more offbeat films of the season. Basket Case is booked for midnights at the Waverly every Friday and Saturday for an indefinite run, but come out and see it soon to show your support for local independent gore productions.

Quick Note: Highly recommended is Amin: The Rise And Fall, an exploito-docudrama chronicling the more sordid deeds of the Ugandan leader. Explicit gore abounds in this Kenyan import which features Joseph Olita as the crazed dementoid, portrayed in a style mix that is half Amos 'n Andy and half King Kong. An unintended laugh riot! (Thanks to Kenny and crew at the

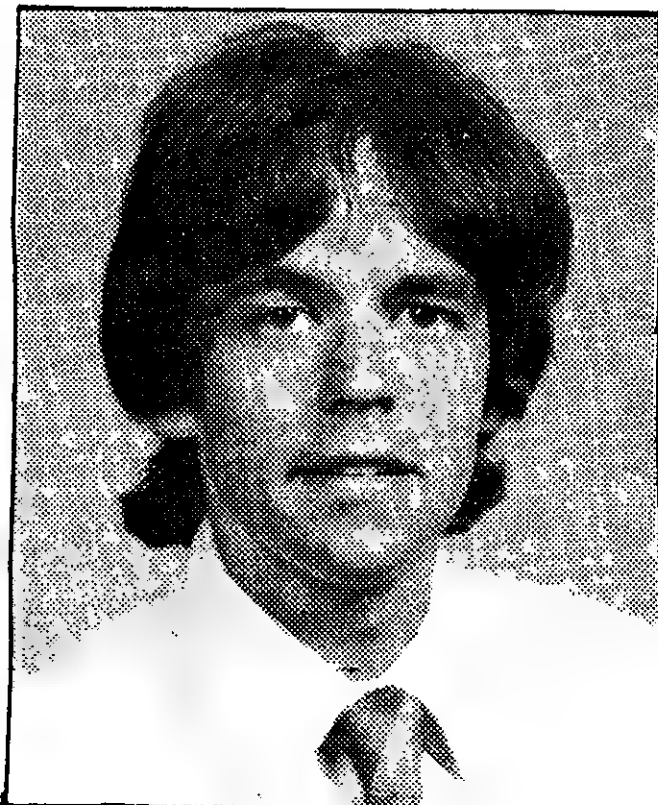
# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 36

## SPECIAL APOLOGY ISSUE



WOULD YOU BUY A \$4.00 FILM ADMISSION FROM  
THIS WEASEL?

21ST CENTURY COMES CLEAN

Congratulations are in order to 21st Century Distribution Co., a local group who could not always pride themselves on their integrity in the past with their stable of re-titled Italian horror abominations, poverty-row kung fu operas that border on the incoherent, and their major faux pas with Nightmare, a psycho epic that boasted special effects by Tom Savini in its advertising and then was forced to retract its claim when Savini himself publicly disclaimed any involvement with the film. 21st's "newest" release, The Phantom of Terror, had all the earmarks of another "swindle the public" scam, since the film was actually the 1972 release The Bird With The Crystal Plummage. Yet these hustlers must be trying to atone for their past sins, however as all the film's advertising carries the tag line "formerly known as Bird With The Crystal Plummage" directly under the new title. This identification should be commended as now 21st Century can fairly milk what is left of the rapidly-dwindling psycho-killer film market, yet anyone who saw the film

To the 120 people who attended last Monday evening's NY premiere of The Worm Eaters, I'd like to extend a personal apology. Having always been a fan of T.V. Mikels' low budget crud (Astro Zombies, etc.), I never would have imagined that The Worm Eaters would have been as utterly wretched as it turned out to be. The G.G. staff did not have a chance to pre-screen the film until late Saturday evening and by that time we knew we could not substitute another film in time and were subsequently going to be in big trouble come Monday night. The Worm Eaters sucked, plain and simple, and why it was even touted as a horror film is totally beyond me. The only saving grace behind the entire affair was that reel 4 of the film was in such poor condition that it was virtually unprojectable, thus reducing the tedium by a good 20 minutes. (It is even doubtful that anyone even realized a reel was missing, the film was that boring.) Hopefully, the crowd that sweated at the cramped Club 57 enjoyed the 40 minutes of rare and grisly trailers that preceeded the main abomination. Some of them (such as H.G. Lewis' Scum Of The Earth, Invasion Of The Flesh Hunters and Ilsa, She Wolf Of The SS) gave us a good idea of what to program for future G.G. presentations. We'll promise one thing, however, - the G.G. will never book another feature until it is totally satisfied that it meets the high(?) standards of sickness, violence and overall depravity that has come to be expected by our readers. Again, I'm sorry

ten years ago is adequately warned that the film is not a new offering. As for the film itself, Phantom weathers the age of a decade well, thanks to Dario Argento's fast-paced, suspenseful direction and some credible acting from Tony Messante and Suzy Kendal, both transplanted Anglos star-cast in this Italian production to bring it international box office appeal. Phantom is surprisingly gory and well worth watching as the print of Bird currently in late-night T.V. release on Channel 9 is heavily edited, resulting in a detrimental effect on the overall impact of the film. Artful Argento proves that just because a film is made in Italy and dubbed for English consumption, it doesn't have to be bad. Jess Franco, Reno di Silvestro, and countless others should take note! Again, thanks to 21st Century for their welcoming warning--let's hope it soon becomes re-release policy.

Inadequate photos from Analysis Releasing's publicist have forced the oft-promised Basket Case review to be oft-promised one issue longer. The producers of the film have promised us a juicy gore shot for next issue. Catch it next edition!

DR. B. PREPARES  
TO CHOMP ON A  
HEART HE HAS  
JUST EXTRICATED  
FROM AN UNFOR-  
TUNATE PATIENT  
IN THIS HEART-  
RENDING SCENE  
FROM DR. B., MD.

OPENS  
FRIDAY  
MAY 7

THE MOST EAGERLY-AWAITED FILM SINCE THE INCEPTION OF THE G.G., DOCTOR BUTCHER, M.D. WILL FINALLY OPEN TO THE METROPOLITAN AREA ON FRIDAY, MAY 7. AS MENTIONED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES, THE FLICK IS A GORE-DRENCHED EXERCISE IN DEPRAVITY AND MAYHEM THAT BELIES ITS ALMOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE PLOT. A STRONG CONTENDER FOR THE BLOODIEST FILM OF THE YEAR, THE FLICK FEATURES SPECIAL EFFECTS FROM MAURZIO TRANI, ENTRAIL SPECIALIST WHO REVOLTED YOU IN ZOMBIE. DON'T MISS IT!

#### SHARK SCAM SCUTTLED

Unbeknownst to them, Universal Pictures has done a great service to all horror film fans. On Friday, May 7, an independent distributor known as Cinema Ventures Ltd. was slated to release a flick called Great White to over 50 theaters in the N.Y. metro area. Essentially a third-rate, Grade Z Jaws ripoff, Great White was filmed in Italy with a token American "down and out" actor (Richard Jaeckel) on a miniscule budget and then crudely dubbed into English for a fast sweep of the exploitation market. Over a month ago, Cinema Ventures began their promotion for the film with an intensive one-sheet bill-posting campaign in Manhattan and some selected "sneak" screenings to chosen publications. Apparently, some Universal execs eyeballed the advertising and decided that Great White went a bit too far with its imita-

tion of Jaws and ventured well into the realm of out and out plagiarism. Federal justices seemed to have agreed, as last week a court order forced Cinema Ventures to surrender all prints of Great White for impounding and issued a court injunction against its being exhibited in any theater in the country. This action will probably save many of us about four bucks, as an associate who attended one of the Great White screenings reported the film to be one of the worst films he has ever seen, mixing the tritest of plots and typical insipid Italian acting with the most ludicrous special effects seen since Jack H. Harris' Ape. Though not one to commend major studio muscling, the disguising of dubbed, cheap import drivel as big-budget Anglo product is one of the most scurrilous and frustrating scams in the film industry and any action to thwart this activity should be supported.



# GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 37

## HUMONGOUS OVERACHIEVEMENT ISSUE!!



THE ABOVE TASTY MUTILATION SEQUENCE DEPICTS ONE OF THE SCENES ANALYSIS FILMS HAS CHOSEN TO EDIT OUT OF ITS CURRENT RELEASE PRINT OF BASKET CASE, THE LONG-AWAITED GOREFEST NOW BEING SHOWN DURING WEEKENDS AT MANHATTAN'S WAVERLY THEATER AT MIDNIGHT.

### BASKET CASE: FACTS, RUMORS, REVIEW

For the past year, no film has elicited more interest from G.G. readers than Basket Case. Since its lavish debut spread in Fangoria #16 and all the subsequent rumors about its being horribly butchered by an evil releasing company, we've received mail from such far-flung locations as France, Belgium and even Cleveland, Ohio, all inquiring as to the if, when and where surrounding the film's general release. Well, New Yorkers have lucked out again as Analysis Film Corporation (Maniac, Caligula) has chosen the film's

home turf as a pseudo-test marketing ground by booking Basket Case into an extended midnight weekend engagement at the Waverly Theater with very little advertising hoopla in hopes that the film will eventually generate a "Rocky Horror"-type cult following and establish itself as a long-range, perpetual money-maker. Unfortunately marketing wizards at Analysis have chosen to make some prime cuts in the film for this experimental approach. Much to the chagrin of gore fans, these edits were made primarily in key violence scenes and as such, they serve to cool some of the shock effect of the film's intended impact. Although the cast and crew of Basket Case would disagree



the cuts made were not all that detrimental to the film, (similar hatchet jobs on films like My Bloody Valentine and Friday The 13th, Pt. 2 were far worse) and enough gore and depravity are left intact to make only those who had seen the original, uncut version at pre-distribution deal screenings feel cheated. (Contrary to many mail rumors we've had to refute, Analysis did not cut out all the gore in hopes of making the film a slapstick horror travesty ala The Little Shop Of Horrors.) But for gore purists who insist on seeing every frame of blood, bone and gristle (ourselves included), Analysis has announced that following its run at the Waverly, Basket Case will go into general theatrical release in its original "hard" version, with all its intended bloodletting intact. This promise seems a bit hard to swallow, and it may be just a placating statement issued by the wily distributor to quell the tide of pesky gorehounds who constantly annoy the company with their complaints about the over-blown editing. Analysis has been known to speak with forked tongue in the past, so we'll just have to wait and see what happens... The film itself carries a dedication to Herschell Gordon Lewis on its credits and it's easy to see why: Basket Case is a grisly shoestring budgeter in the Lewisian vein, containing gouts of blood, but it is there that the similarity ends. While Lewis' films are easily identifiable as careless efforts churned out solely for the sake of raking up quick \$, Basket Case shows itself to be a labor of love. Writer/director Frank Henenlotter grew up like most of us as a Famous Monsters kid, and his partner/producer Edgar Ievins shared this enthusiasm for horror flicks since his early adolescence. Together, they've mixed the "B-est" of plots with the "Z-est" of budgets to come up with an original blockbuster that doesn't look like the "shot in 10 day wonders" that often promulgate the field of low budget horror... Basket Case is concerned with the story of young Duane Bradley who arrives at a fleabag Times Square motel clutching a large wicker basket which contains some sort of strange life form that grunts, groans, and devours whole hamburgers at an alarming rate. It is later revealed that this "thing" is actually Duane's brother Belial, a psychotic, misshapen blob that once was attached to Duane's torso but was separated from him as a child by three quack doctors at the request of their father. It seems that the cruel Mr. Bradley could not bear the thought of going through life with a monster/freak as a son and he wanted him separated and euthanized quietly at home. When Belial is tossed in the trash by the surgeons, Duane discovers the two can communicate psychically and he quickly sneaks off to save his "brother" from the refuse heap. The bulk of Basket shows a grown Duane combing NYC with Belial in tow in search of exacting revenge on the doctors who separated the two and attempted to murder poor Belial in the process. Although acted by non-professionals, all characters in the film give

surprisingly adept performances, particularly Kevin Van Hentenryk as Duane and Terri Susan Smith as Sharon, Duane's love interest, who over acts her role to the point of camp hilarity. Basket's gore effects are great, as would be expected from two madmen who've probably seen almost every horror film ever made. The monster Belial at times looks a bit cheesy, but the excellent horrific sound effects which he utters (a monster hasn't sounded so sick and demented since 1956's The Cyclops) fully compensate for whatever budget constraints couldn't allow in appearance. In fact Henenlotter wisely opted to spend a good portion of his miniscule budget on developing a first-rate soundtrack for the film, a very important factor in the overall slickness of any production, which gives Basket Case a high-quality sound and overall appearance which is sorely lacking in much similar low-budget product. Edited version or not, all fans of truly sick horror films should check in at the Waverly soon to catch Basket Case for some top-notch bloodletting and also to show your support for two people who have realized that which is the closet ambition of us all...

#### DEADLY NESTING

Ex-porn director Armand Weston turns his sights to the gore genre with The Nesting, a 1980 production filmed in upstate New York on an extremely low budget. Originally titled Phobia but forced into a name switch when Warner Brothers released the Paul Michael Glaser fiasco of the same name simultaneously, the film makes a well-intentioned attempt at becoming an arty, supernatural/ghost story thriller, but ultimately falls flat due to miserable acting, a confusing plot and a deadly boring running time of over 100 minutes. Robin Groves stars as an agorophobic NY writer whose constant anxiety attacks in the city force her to relocate to an old mansion upstate to come to terms with her unnatural fears. When she arrives at the house, she feels as if she's known it before and ghostly apparitions and voices sound strangely familiar to her. She later learns that the mansion was an old WWII whorehouse that once housed the scene of a grisly mass slaughter. Throughout the balance of the flick, Groves slowly learns how her life is intertwined with the confusing history of the bordello while the audience struggles to stay awake through this monotonous tedium. Director Weston cranks out a few jolting shock scenes and the gore effects, though few, are excellent (a maniacal farmer gets his face cleaved open by a garden sythe in the flick's hottest scene), but no director on earth could do more with The Nesting's wretched screenplay. Predictability personified, the script borrows liberally from past dogs like Ruby, The Reincarnation Of Peter Proud and countless other "psychological melodramas." John Carradine must have been hired for one day's work in the film,

SEE PAGE 3

# THE G.G. SELLS OUT!

About a week before it opened to the NY metropolitan area, Aquarius Releasing, harbingers of the notorious Dr. Butcher, MD, contacted the GG offices with the request of concocting some sort of promotional campaign to announce the Dr.'s NY arrival on May 7. Aquarius head honcho Terry Levene was soon sorry he'd asked for advice, as the GG hit Mr. L. with an unending barrage of twisted promotional ideas such as having a number of blood-splattered, scantilly-clad nubile walk around the Times Square area sporting Dr. Butcher placards; showering Port Authority commuters with animal entrails while extolling the virtues of the Dr., etc. Eventually, the two opposing factions agreed on a unique, Wm. Castle-esque style of exploitation and devised The Butchermobile, a 20 ft. flatbed truck plastered with one-sheets and Dr. B banners which would carry a group of actors around the NY metropolitan area announcing release of the film as well as passing out handbills to unsuspecting passers-by. The bed of the truck was re-created to resemble a scene from the film, replete with operating table, human skeleton, an I.V. set-up and numerous other medical props, while the acting cast was selected from NY's finest Grade Z repertory players: Gary Hertz, handsome young film student whose GG reviews are oft-butchered by the editorial staff, played the insidious Dr. Butcher; his hapless human guinea pig patient was none other than the publisher of the greatly-missed Psychotronic magazine, Michael Weldon. Alluring cheesecake was provided by two sinister nurses portrayed by sometimes-lobster Kim Rubenstein and the original psychotic woman herself, Alison Krawiec. The Butchermobile cruised Manhattan for two gruelling 12 hour days on May 6 & 7 with outlying stops in the Bronx, Brooklyn and New Jersey, where the doctor paid a special evening call to the unsuspecting staff at the Fabian Theater in Paterson. Terry Levene unwaveringly demanded there be no bloodletting on the display, and the GG, after weighing enticing economic concerns, decided to "sell out" and play it straight, with a solemn promise not to gross out the public. Aside from a rock-throwing incident in Harlem and a surprise zulu attack in front of the Lyric Theater, the Butchermobile promotion ran smoothly and was a lot of fun for all concerned. Hopefully, this old-fashioned "barnstorming" campaign of movie promotion will be revived by other film distributors, as it is a refreshing media alternative to the timeworn use of radio, T.V. and newspapers now relied solely upon to advertise new releases. Distributors interested in having their films ridiculed in the streets of Manhattan by the GG staff can write to us c/o our masthead address. (Special thanks to both John Donaldson and the ever-diligent Chester Wiskowski for identifying Dr. Butcher as the 1979 Italian production known as Queen Of The Canibals to which Aquarius added an opening sequence lifted from a mid-70's American production known as Tales That Will Rip Your Heart Out from director Roy Frumkes.)

## THE NESTING (cont.)

and the poor old devil is seen briefly as a cranky old geriatric prone to multiple heart attacks in what has to be the most bad taste piece of casting ever. Also, you can catch Gloria Grahmme (if you don't blink your eyes) appearing as the ghostly head madame of the whorehouse. Overall, The Nesting has really nothing to offer and should be avoided at all costs. The astute, quality-conscious crowd at the Cine 42nd St. Theater got The Nesting booted out of the theater after only a 3 day run with their vehement protests and aboriginal howling every time it was shown. Its replacement was Hot Dog Kung-Fu, a suitably-titled surrogate for this unqualified stinker.



EDWARD ALBERT PREPARES DOUG MC CLURE FOR A HUMAN GINSU KNIFE DEMONSTRATION IN THIS SCENE FROM THE HOUSE WHERE EVIL DWELLS. NO ROOM THIS ISH. FOR A REVIEW, BUT THE FILM FEATURES A GROUP OF HAMMING HAS-BEENS PLUS SUPERIMPOSED SPECTRE EFFECTS NOT SEEN SINCE 13 GHOSTS BACK IN 1960.



G.G. STAFF AND FRIENDS PROVE THAT SOME PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A BUCK ON BOARD THE TRAVELLING BUTCHERMOBILE. CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: OUTSIDE THE WORLD-RENOWNED LYRIC THEATER AS THE NATIVES GET RESTLESS; OVERSEXED NURSES FLASH SOME MEAT FOR THE DOCTOR OUTSIDE THE EMBASSY 49TH ST. THEATER; A DISGUISED MICHAEL WELDON FINGERS G.G. EDITOR OUTSIDE THE FABIAN THEATER; ACTORS AND UNIDENTIFIED SKELETON INSULT PASSING COMMUTERS OUTSIDE THE PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL; DR. BUTCHER (GARY HERTZ) DEMONSTRATES UNETHICAL SURGICAL PRACTICES; THE BUTCHERMOBILE RUINS BUSINESS FOR PORKY'S AT THE NATIONAL TWIN.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE | YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA | No. 38  
CRIPPLED CONAN CONQUERS SCREEN

Although saddled with a producer whose touch usually signifies the kiss of death, a hulking goon as its star and a director known for flirtations with lobsterism, the film version of Conan The Barbarian transcends these many obstacles and emerges as an entertaining effort of which its late creator (Robert E. Howard) would be proud. The flick traces the origin of the battling Cimmerian, beginning with the slaughter of his parents by the evil Thulsa Doom (played in full hamhock style by James Earl Jones), on through his years as a slave, thief, mercenary and stopping just short of his eventual reign as outbrand king of Aquilonia (there has to be some plot thread left for Conan, Pt. 2...). Director John Milius handles the long narrative saga well, but possibly too much of Conan's story is packed into a 125 minute vehicle as his continual jump cuts and lap dissolves give a rushed pace to the entire film, making it at times extremely difficult for viewers to gauge continuity and sometimes just plain uncomfortable to watch. Milius, in collaboration with Oliver Stone (The Hand), departs significantly from any of Howard's stories in the screenplay; most notably in having Conan pitted against Thulsa Doom (Doom was always a nemesis of King Kull, another Howard creation, who lived in a different era than Conan) and the introduction of Valeria (a blonde, wise-cracking renegade who takes the celluloid place of Red Sonja, Conan's ally/mate in literature). Early production photos from Conan showed it to be a gore-drenched gem, with heads being cleaved, entrails flying and blood spurting at a breakneck pace. (See the special Conan issue of Cinefantastique for a delicious view of the intended carnage.) Alas, the final release print of the film shows only a small degree of the promised butchering, owing to a last-minute decree from Universal brass to tone down all the violence in the film. Since Milius had decided at the outset to abandon nearly all of the supernatural element prevalent in filming the Conan legend, the removal of the gore leaves Conan virtually effectsless and as such the film resembles Hercules and similar Italian spectacles of the early 1960's. Yet for some reason, all of Conan's shortcomings are belied by a strange chemistry that makes the film work. Arnold Schwarzenegger looks perfect as Conan, and he wisely has been given



CONAN, BARBARIAN EXTRAORDINAIRE AND SCOURGE OF THE AUDOBON SOCIETY, BITES THE HEAD OFF AN UNWARY VULTURE IN THIS PAEN TO ANIMAL HUSBANDRY FROM CONAN THE BARBARIAN, UNIVERSAL'S CONTENDER FOR 82's TOP BOXOFFICE BONANZA.

the barest minimum of dialog so as not to display his I.Q. of 39. Milius also injects the film with an undercurrent of wry, subtle humor that allows the actors to poke fun at themselves, a quality that was desperately needed in previous Dino DeLaurentiis flotsam like King Kong and Flash Gordon. Although Conan The Barbarian could have been a full-fledged quality entertainment extravaganza of Star Wars magnitude if its violence was left intact and more special effects were included, it still remains an enjoyable (albeit disappointing) adventure epic that is far superior to any of the other sword and sorcery epics released to date.

## A SCREAMING FRAUD

Longtime G.G. readers will recall that we blew the whistle on a film called Screamers way back in issue #22, when the tri-titled rip-off was working its way through the deep South and Florida. New World Pictures finally mustered up the courage to release the film in civilized turf last Friday to about 40 unsuspecting area theaters. Briefly, Screamers is largely a 1979 Italian production originally called Isle Of The Fishmen which was picked up for domestic release by Roger Corman's New World Company. Corman's marketing wizards didn't feel that Isle packed quite enough punch to wow the bloodthirsty U.S. exploitation crowd, so they had filmed a 12 minute prologue starring perennial has-been favor-

es Mel Ferrer and (who else?) Cameron Mitchell saturating gore effects by make-up specialist Chris Walas (Dragonslayer) to tack onto the beginning of the aquired import. Various gore inserts were also shot, to be edited into appropriate sequences of Isle. The flick was then re-titled Something Waits In The Dark, where it scored resounding thud at west coast box offices where was given a limited release in mid-1980. Unbunted by this failure, New World craftily devised a new approach: Borrowing heavily from the work and title of David Cronenberg's (at that time extremely popular) Scanners, the celluloid ysters changed Something's title to Screamers, concocting an ad campaign which read "Be Warned: You will actually see a man turned inside out!" for all one-sheet art and news ads. All, potential Screamers viewers should "Be Warned" themselves, because this film contains no scenes of gay men being inverted and is one of the most blatant examples of false advertising ever perpetrated on the movie-going public.... Sadly, Screamers didn't really have to deceive to garner an audience, nor did it need its Walas-created gore adding to sustain interest. As Isle, the film stands alone quite well as an action/adventure sci-fi entry in the H.G. Wells/Jules Verne vein, with a plot very similar to the old AIP 1965 release Wargods Of The Deep. Near the turn of the 20th century, a madman discovers the lost continent of Atlantis which has sunken deep off the coast of an uncharted Mediterranean island. A treasure lies within the walls of the fabled city, and the evil psychotic has cajoled an old scientist into transforming the local natives into phibious "fishmen" who can be trained to swim down into the depths of Atlantis to retrieve the wealth. Richard Johnson, Joseph Cotten, and Barbara Bach were all exported to Italy to star in this native project, which when released in its home country was marketed as a children's film. While by no means a gore flick, Isle succeeds well in what it was intended to be, but when falsely labeled with an unbecoming title and padded with unrelated gore footage, it emerges as a confusing mess. New World has gone too far with its attempt to distort the true content of Screamers, and all horror fans should boycott the film to show their contempt for this outright fraud!

Praise must be heaped once again on the Fabian Complex Theater located in Paterson, N.J. for their consistent booking of hot/rare/economical double bills. During the past week, the theater offered both Screamers And Conan The Barbarian on the same bill for only a paltry \$2.75 admission. With more bargains like this, the Fabian will give 42nd St. some tough competition for N.J. saving dollars. G.C. readers should make an effort to visit the Fabian, one of N.J.'s last bastions for the best in horror and exploitation, located in a picturesque third world setting.

Thanks to Mary Martingano for last-minute typing assistance.



RARE AD MATTE FOR AN EVEN RARER FILM: GORE COMPLETISTS IN THE NY AREA MAY SOON GET A CHANCE TO SEE THE ELUSIVE BLOOD WATERS OF DR. Z (AKA AS ZAAT), A SCARCELY-SHOWN 1973 RELEASE ABOUT THE EXPLOITS OF A MURDEROUS GILL-MAN ON THE LOOSE DEEP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES. WATCH FUTURE ISSUES OF THE G.C. FOR MORE INFO!

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 39



"WHICH ONE OF YOU CREEPS PEED IN THE POOL?", YELLS AN ANGRY JOBETH WILLIAMS AS HER DECADENT ZOMBIE COMPANIONS HOWL WITH LAUGHTER IN THIS AQUATIC DEPRIVITY SEQUENCE FROM POLTERGEIST, THE NEW STEVEN SPIELBERG/TOBE HOOPER HORROR COLLABORATION.

## POLTERGEIST: A SPFX-POWERED SUCCESS

With the advent of the coming season, the major film releasing companies have rapidly begun to unleash their potential box office blockbusters in hopes of cornering the extremely profitable summer film-going market. In the middle of this mega-buck scramble, Hollywood "whiz kid" Steven Spielberg finds he is in the awkward position of being in competition with himself. On June 4, MGM/U.A. released Poltergeist, on which Spielberg acted as the film's screenwriter and producer, only to be followed one scant week later by Universal's E.T., the pseudo-sequel to Close Encounters of the Third Kind, which he wrote, produced and directed. GG fans will be primarily interested in the former film both for its story content (E.T. is essentially a juvenile SF comedy/fantasy), superb special effects and the fact that it was purportedly directed by Tobe Hooper, one of the past decade's reigning gore monarchs whose debut effort, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre is thought by many to be the quintessential masterpiece of horror and depravity. Poltergeist pioneers no originality in the plot department as it unravels the tale of the Freeling family, an upper-middle class clan of aging liberals and their bratty, but lovable, brood, who suddenly discover that their comfortable 150K homestead is under siege by the film's title critters. They throw furniture and objects, blow open doors and finally abduct the Freeling's baby daughter, holding her captive in the spirit netherworld. The family then consults three wacky parapsychologists in hopes that they can rescue the infant and rid the premises of the annoying spectres. But before the film's phantasmagoric finale, Mr. Freeling discovers the reason behind the spirit attack as well as the sinister secret of the wily construction company that employs him... As mentioned before, Poltergeist is highly derivative of other ghost operas released throughout the past two decades, (most notably, The Legend Of Hell House, House on Haunted Hill, and the "elemental" segment of From Beyond The Grave) and would easily be forgettable if not for the tremendous special effects provided by George Lucas' technicians at the Industrial Light and Magic Studios, the "state-of-the-art" fantasy factory that embellishes the Star Wars sagas. Not all is slickness, however, as Spielberg wisely contracted the talents of young Craig Reardon, who provided some excellent zombie make-up and a pair of brief, yet gut-wrenching, gore sequences that are so strong it's unbelievable that they survived the film's final PG-rated version entirely intact. This mix of slickness



and sickness works well, resulting in Poltergeist's overall impact as being a veritable rollercoaster vehicle for unending dazzling special effects. Spielberg spent over 1/3 of the film's budget for these, perhaps hoping to belie the flick's gaping plot holes with flashy pyrotechnics. This scheme works, as Poltergeist is alternately spellbinding and hilarious, with effects that range from the spectacular (the realistic levitation of objects) to the ridiculous (a giant paper-mache skull that looks like a reject from the set of The Mask). Controversy has raged surrounding how much of the film Tobe Hooper actually directed since from beginning to end Poltergeist smacks purely of Spielberg, and rumors supplant rumors on a day-to-day basis inside the industry as to the true Director's identity. My advice is not to worry about it: union regulations would never permit Spielberg to come forward and take the credit for the film's direction as it would cast a shadow of ineptitude on Hooper, thus incurring the wrath of the Director's Guild. Poor Tobe could use a winner on his direc-

toral track record after the recent failures of Funhouse, Salem's Lot, and his embarrassing dismissal from Venom, so let's give him the benefit of the doubt. . . Poltergeist is an entertaining success and a rare example of a crossover film that works—it should satisfy the most manic of gorehounds, yet remains enjoyable to those who don't ordinarily frequent horror films. Plus it will scare the hell out of your younger brothers and sisters!

#### ASSAULT WITH A DUBBED RIP-OFF

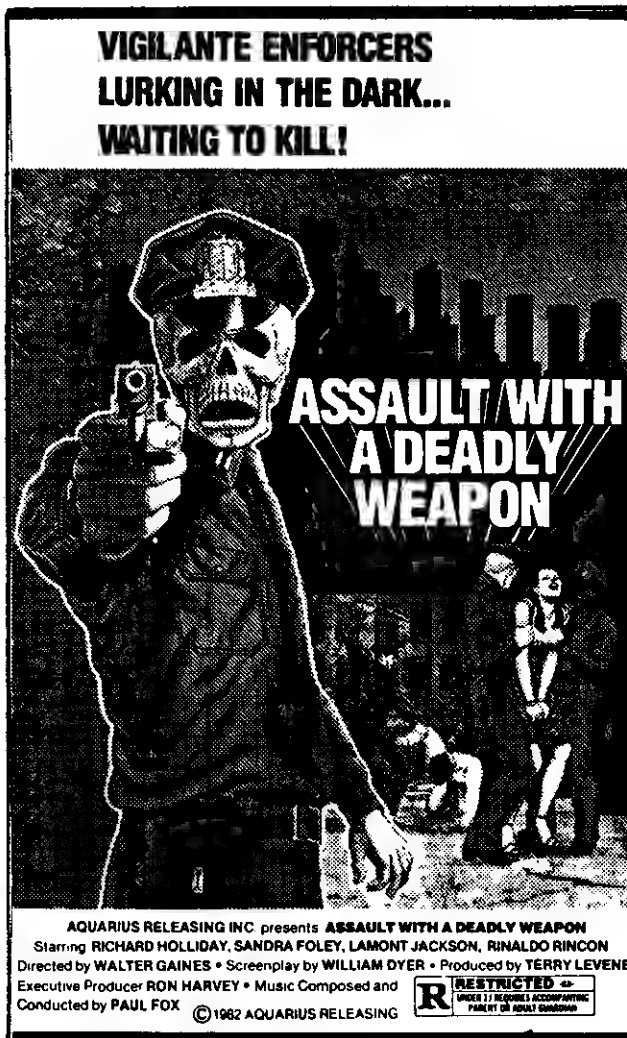
The trusted, always "up-front" Terry Levine and his Aquarius Releasing Company must be severely reprimanded for attempting to perpetrate the wretched rip-off currently in circulation known as Assault With A Deadly Weapon. Aquarius, who swelled the G.G. coffers considerably with the glorius Dr. Butcher, M.D., have issued an ad campaign with their film that suggests Assault is about a bunch of renegade, killer zombie cops loose in an urban city. In reality, the film is nothing more than one of those countless, nameless and perfectly awful Italian-made detective films that periodically blight the sleaze circuit under the pretense of being a horror film. Crafty Levine simply bought one of these unmentionables, lopped off the original credits and added zoom shots of Assaults misleading ad matte while Americanizing all the Italian names in the cast. The results are the same as The Co-Ed Murders, The Slasher (Is The Sex Maniac), Legend of the Wolf Woman and countless other scungilli stinkers of that awful ilk—little violence, brief nudity, terrible dubbing, atrocious acting, an incomprehensible plot and \$4.00 down the drain. Assault's convoluted plot has something to do with a macho, mustachioed detective who tracks down an elite crime syndicate with nary a zombie in sight. Perhaps zombies appeared at the end (I doubt it), but I walked out after about 40 minutes of this loser. It is sincerely hoped that Mr. Levine will soon return to producing and importing quality sleaze, and leave these infuriating rip-offs for some other distributing mavens.

- Gary Hertz

Through some strategic back alley bartering, the GG has acquired a limited number of theatrical promotional accessories for both Cat People and John Carpenter's newly-released The Thing. We have original movie posters and large color still sets (11" x 14") for each film which are sure to become rare collector's items in the future. Each poster is only \$6.99 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling), color stills are \$2.50 each (\$8.00 for a set of 4, \$15.00 for a complete set of 8). Supplies on all these are extremely limited, so if you're interested, order ASAP. Send checks or money orders to us in care of our masthead address.

#### NEXT ISSUE:

EXCLUSIVE ROB BOTTING GORE SHOTS FROM THE THING!



WATCH OUT FOR THIS ONE: NOT A ZOMBIE "SKULL COP" IS SEEN ANYWHERE IN THIS DUBBED, RETITLED, ANGLICIZED RIP-OFF THAT IS ACTUALLY NOTHING MORE THAN A GRADE Z ITALIAN DETECTIVE THRILLER WITH NO SUPERNATURAL ELEMENTS. AQUARIUS RELEASING, THE FOLKS THAT BROUGHT US THE CELEBRATED DR. BUTCHER, MD., SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO PULL SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

The Canadian production team of Paul Lynch and Anthony Kramreither, who were last responsible for 1980's Prom Night, have returned with another "promiscuous teens in peril" saga called Humongous. This title was concocted after a few weeks of intense marketing research wherein the pair polled sample groups of 17-24 year olds as to what they thought to be "the coolest" movie title imaginable. When "humongous" emerged as the breakaway winner, Lynch scrapped the title of William Gray's screenplay, originally called Graduation Party in deference to the indicated favorite. A "cool" title is about all the film has to offer, as Humongous virtually lifts the plot of Friday The 13th, Pt.2 verbatim in telling of a mother who gives birth to a deformed retard whom she attempts to shield from the outside world by living alone on a small island populated only by killer German shepherd guard dogs. When a group of obnoxious partying teens are shipwrecked on the atoll, they discover the dogs devoured, mom mummified (ala Mrs. Norman Bates) and a strange hulking figure who is killing off the group individually in all sorts of violent varieties (decapitation, crushing, etc.). Director Lynch has a flair for suspense as Humongous contains a number of jolting shocks, but it cannot overcome the limitation that it is just an inferior F.T.T.2 body count imitation. Humongous himself looks very similar to Jason Voorhees, the film contains the same timeworn multiple false endings, and the scene where heroine Janet Julian impersonates Mrs. Humongous to ward off the monster's attack is almost a shot for shot recreation of last year's F.T.T.2 finale. Whatever happened to originality? The film's gore is sparse and mediocre at best, and Humongous' ghastly visage is not revealed until the final 10 minutes of the film, where it sadly appears as a gloppy latex pizza-face, not unlike the laughable monster in I Was A Teenage Frankenstein. Humongous is quite dissappointing at every turn, and the Lynch/Kramreither tag team would do better to can the marketing studies in favor of finding better actors and a less derivative screenplay on future projects. (Compleatists Note: Ray Sager, the multitaitented actor last seen as Montag in H.G. Lewis' The Wizard Of Gore served as assistant director on this mess. It's good to see he hasn't mellowed with age...)



LONG AWAITED BY SLEAZE CONNOISSEURS FOR NEARLY A DECADE, THE BLOOD WATERS OF DR.Z WILL BE HAVING LIMITED ONE-WEEK ENGAGEMENT AT THE POSH LIBERTY THEATER BEGINNING FRIDAY, JUNE 25. THE FILM WAS MADE BY THE BARTON COMPANY IN 1973 DEEP WITHN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES AND WAS ALSO RELEASED IN SOME AREAS OF THE COUNTRY AS ZAAT!. TO DATE, IT HAS NEVER BEEN SHOWN IN THE N.Y. AREA. BLOOD WATERS FEATURES A DERANGED SCIENTIST WHO SWALLOWS SOME RADIOACTIVE WALKING CATFISH SERUM, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE GIRL-HUNGRY GILL MAN YOU SEE ABOVE. THIS GRADE Z RARITY IS RUMORED TO BE A HILARIOUS CAMP CLASSIC SIMILAR IN EXECUTION TO THE LARRY BUCHANAN AIP REMAKES HIGHLIGHTED BY A MONSTER SUIT THAT RANKS WITH OCTAMAN AND THE YETI FROM SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED FOR SHOE-IN INCLUSION INTO THE "OVERCOAT HALL OF FAME". CATCH THE BLOOD WATERS OF DR. Z SOON, IT SURELY WON'T BE AROUND LONG---IT MAY EVEN GIVE WES CRAVEN'S UPCOMING SWAMP THING SOME HEFTY COMPETITION.....

# GORÉ GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 40

## CREEPSHOW UPDATE

Horror film fans who have eagerly awaited the George Romero/Steven King collaboration on Creepshow for over a year will be forced to wait just a bit longer than its originally-announced July 30 premiere date. In an unprecedented move, United Film Distribution, the small but efficient releasing company who have adeptly handled the past few Romero films (Dawn of the Dead, Knightriders) have turned distribution shores over to Warner Brothers, the huge conglomerate not well known for its affection to gore product. Warner's first move at the distribution helm was to delay the release of Creepshow until mid-October in hopes of hawking it as a Halloween holiday vehicle. However disappointing another 1/4 year wait may seem, the delay may prove beneficial to the film as the summer market seems permanently locked up

(see CREEP over)

## DEATH OF DR. Z

After the gala treatment accorded its arrival in our last issue, we're sad to report that The Blood Waters of Dr. Z died a swift death at 42nd Street's Liberty Theater, lasting only 4 of its scheduled 7 day run. Apparently the keenly astute Liberty audience, after having their appetites whetted a month prior by the dripping entrails and gregarious gore of Dr. Butcher M.D., were not satisfied by this Grade Z 1977 Florida release concerning the exploits of a mad doctor turned walking catfish. It's too bad because although Dr. Z was one of the worst films ever made, it is so bad that it transcends putrescence to become a non-stop laugh riot. Director Don Barton packs 100 minutes of the most ridiculous monster ever seen as he stalks the Florida bayous squirting radioactive walking catfish serum out of a spray cleaning bottle in

(see DR. Z over)



A GROUP OF VORACIOUS COCKROACHES MUNCH OUT ON THE HEAD OF POOR E.G. MARSHALL IN THE FINALE OF ONE OF THE FIVE SEGMENTS IN CREEPSHOW, THE EC-INSPIRED ANTHOLOGY FILM FROM GEORGE ROMERO NOW DUE FOR RELEASE IN MID-OCTOBER.

with blockbusters like E.T., Star Trek II, Poltergeist and The Thing, any of which may have caused Creepshow to get lost in the shuffle and ignored (ala Romero's underrated Knightriders). The film, a five-story anthology linked by an EC comic-style framing device, boasts a chilling (ing screenplay and gore effects by perennial favorite Tom Savini. Reported effects include a human head devoured by monster cockroaches, a slime creature similar in execution to the old hemisphere "chlorophyll monster," various burned, drowned and mutilated corpses and the expected string of zombies which have become a mainstay of the best Romero product. Hang in there, Creepshow will be here soon!

DR. Z (continued)

an attempt to make the state's catfish revolt and destroy all humanity. Interesting side plots such as the monster's desire to create a catfish girl for himself, a third-rate scientific S.W.A.T team comprised of hardly literate area rednecks and the attempts of a black marine biologist to figure out what is making catfish appear on people's front lawns all add to the absurd hilarity. Even if the pitiable plot does not amuse, even the staunchest of curmudgeons would be hard pressed not to laugh at the actor who portrays the monster as he constantly trips through every scene due to the cumbersome monster suit which is an awkward combination of a gas mask, scuba suit and a woman's overcoat. Another highlight is Barton's well-crafted special effects sequences (a "giant" catfish crashes through a large fence that is obviously composed of popsicle sticks, etc.). Hopefully, the bad reception given The Blood Waters of Dr. Z will not deter it from being shown in other areas where gritty realism is not a necessity -- the film would make a great midnight show and would certainly bring down the house on a double-bill with Plan 9 From Outer Space. Don't miss it the next time it appears!



AN ANGRY DR. Z (left) CONFRONTS A FRIGHTENED MILLIANT (right) WHO WAS JEERING HIS FILM DURING ITS SCREENING AT 42ND ST.'S LIBERTY THEATER

Now that the G.G. is almost incredulously 40 volumes old, we've finally conceded to the demands of many readers who've asked us to publish an index guide to material contained within all the back issues of the newsletter. Available next issue will be a complete reference guide to all 40 G.G. editions, containing film reviews, actor names, issue numbers, alternate titles (and dates) for nearly everything we've ever mentioned in print. This should be an in-valuable tool for readers who wish to re-read certain articles as well as a guide for ordering our rapidly dwindling supply of back issues (still 50¢ each, but not for long!). Time spent in compiling this index was quite lengthy, so we feel warranted in charging an outlandish \$3.00 fee for the reference work. Illustrated with sick photos and printed on high-quality color paper, the G.G. Reference Guide is a must for all gore and horror film completists. Send \$3.00 to The Gore Gazette, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042 (we pay postage). Order today!

A GOOD THING

The current fashionable trend of remaking classic horror films continues with John Carpenter's eagerly awaited The Thing. As he has promised, the flick is much more faithful to its source novella (John W. Campbell's Who Goes There?) than Howard Hawks original 1951 version, yet the gnawing feeling of claustrophobic, unseen terror that made the book such a masterpiece is eclipsed by the frequency of dazzling gore effects created by Rob Bottin, which steal the entire film. Like Poltergeist's spfx extravaganza, the plot, characterizations and suspense of The Thing are all overcome by the unending barrage of split chests, squashed heads and popping entrails that spew all over the screen at regular intervals. Even Kurt Russell reprising a role similar to Snake "Eastwood Plisskin from last year's Escape From New York as the commandar of the arctic patrol station who discovers the 50,000 year-old defrosted shape-shifting alien, plays a supporting role to Bottin's xenomorph. Bottin, will certainly not disappoint dyed-in-the-wool gorehounds and mainstream American cinema goers might lose their dinner on the seats in front of them at the gore in The Thing is some of the most vile and repellent ever seen. Yet, the film also succeeds in scaring, not just grossing out which is a rare commodity for most gore film today. Carpenter's direction is fast-paced and usual, resulting in The Thing having a comic-book style feel that belies its often gaping plot holes. The film also has a rather abrupt unsatisfying ending, but overall, The Thing is a horror milestone and easily a strong contender for best horror flick of 1982.

Rick Sullivan's

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette, c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Subscriptions are \$7.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

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## Special "Shape Of Things To Come" Issue



DAMSELS IN DISTRESS: AN UNIDENTIFIED ITALIAN BEAUTY (LEFT) "MILKS" EMPATHY FROM AUDIENCES IN THIS TITILATING SEQUENCE FROM CANNIBAL FEROX, A SOON TO BE RETITLED IMPORT FROM THOSE GORE+ LOVING GUIDOS IN EUROPE, WHILE A FRIGHTENED PATRICIA PEARCY COWERS FROM AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT IN THIS TACKY AD MATTE FROM THE HOUSE WHERE DEATH LIVES (RIGHT), WHICH GETS A N.Y. RELEASE SHORTLY AFTER LABOR DAY.

As explained last issue, the current crop of genre-related mega-bucks releases has pretty much booked up all area box office business for the past few weeks, causing new low-budget horror and exploitation product to be on indefinite hold until the extravaganzas run their course. The likes of Tron, E.T., Poltergeist, Annie, and The Thing, coupled with the re-release of Raiders of the Lost Ark has left the G.G. in the awkward position of having nothing to review. However let's extend our gaze a few weeks down the pike and see what delectable atrocities will be coming our way after the majors cease their screen-hogging blitz:

Road Warrior - Warner Brothers picked up domestic rights to this Australian production originally titled Mad Max 2. A sequel to New World's 1980 release in title only, MM2 is a non-stop slaughter of car chases, crashes, violence and mayhem as ex-cop Max struggles to survive in a world of mutants, robbers and misanthropes accompanied by a half-boy, half-dog creature known as the Feral Kid. Mel Gibson recreates his title role and gets to play about 25% of the film minus the eyeball (which gets poked out in a car wreck)! Road Warrior has been released in most parts of the U.S. to overwhelming box office response. Look for it to hit the N.Y. area in late August.

Friday The 13th, Pt. III - Jason Vorhees is revived once again for a third round of body courtesies. Paramount countered any potential interest wane in the series by filming this newest chapter in 3-D. Now audiences can marvel at the psychotic mongoloid as he lashes, chops and mugs his way through a new brood of obnoxious adolescents in realistic stereovision. Betsy Palmer wisely steered clear of this one. Opens Friday, August 13.

Cannibals In the Street - Italian zombies invade Atlanta, Georgia in this linguini opera filmed in location by Anthony Dawson. Ex-war vet John Saxson fights against his old platoon as they chew up the inhabitants of the city, owing to a cannibal virus they contracted in Viet-Nam. Packed with eye-gouging and entrail pulling from Maurizio Trani (Zombie, Dawn of the Mummy), Cannibals received an X-rating under its original title of Invasion of the Flesh Hunters, but may have been edited to

the new title carries only an R. The G.G. has screened the trailer for this flick and it promises to be one of the sickest entries this year. Watch for it!

Cannibal Ferox - Wandering Michael Weldon brought us back a pressbook from this flick when he was travelling in France. No U.S. distribution deal has been set up yet, but invariably some celooid shyster will grab this revolting Italian import concerning a tribe of cannibals who capture, torment, torture and devour a search party in the Amazonian jungles. The film features extensive scenes of intestine eating dismemberment and breast piercing and will surely be welcomed by the Savage Man, Savage Beast crowd.

Inseminoid - Lurid space gore from producer Richard Gordon highlights this British film concerning reptilian aliens who impregnate unwary females with monster seeds. When the babies emerge from their mothers' wombs, they immediately tear out their mom's throats and go on a wild killing spree to satisfy their infant bloodlust. Low budget effects may reduce this film to ludicrous, but the plot sounds interesting. Late note: Inseminoid has undergone a title change for its east coast release. Look for it to hit N.Y. in late fall under the title Horrorplanet.

House Where Death Lives - Ex-Hollywood respectee Joseph Cotten appears in yet another low-budget horror yarn. House is an American-made psychological thriller with gore overtones packed with more red herrings and unexpected plot twists than any other film seen in recent memory. Similar in execution to Armand Weston's The Nesting, House may prove itself to be an unexpected sleeper. Hopefully, viewers won't confuse it with The House Where Evil Dwells the wretched oriental special opera that bombed for U.A. last month. Opens in mid-September.

Psycho From Texas - Not too much is known about this one except that it appears to be a low budget "psycho-on-the-loose" saga containing lots of nudity, slashing and killing set in the backdrop of a rural Texas town. The title could just be an attempt to cash in on Texas Chainsaw's success, but a few folks who have seen the film say it offers some original surprises. Time will tell.

Forbidden World - This "giant monster loose in space" epic is the brainchild of ex-Fangoria writer Jim Wynorski and is slated for N.Y. release by New World Pictures in mid-August. Originally titled Mutant, the film reportedly promises "state of the art grossness" via an unending barrage of severed limbs, decapitations and exploding humans in the Alien chestburster vein. Forbidden World may find itself yesterday's news when compared to Rob Bottin's Grade A 'pyrotechnics' The Thing, yet New World quickies are always a joy to catch. After the abysmal Screamers, Corn and Co. certainly owe us one.

Slumber Party Massacre - Another interesting entry on the horizon from New World. A mad killer savages women with a power drill in what is purported to be the first psycho film taken from a woman's angle. Uh, oh -- the last time Corman gave a woman director a free hand, Barbara Peeters churned out Humanoids From The Deep, supposedly a film that would not be abhorrent to women. Corman found the flick rather dry, so he added the sub-plot about the Humanoids raping the victims, much to the chagrin of both Peeters and star Ann Turkel, who were unaware that the film had been altered until it opened in Hollywood. Slumber Party's ad art depicts a rather phallic drill bit dangling between a man's legs as frightened women cower before him, so it's anyone's guess what ol' Roger's done this time. . . Look for a Labor Day opening.

Those who've ordered their G.G. reference guides last issue have lucked out -- the compilation of printing bills have come in at almost double than what we'd expected and we're forced to up the price on the voluminous journal to \$7.50. This is still a paltry sum for a listing of every film character and company ever listed in the first 40 issues of the G.G. complete with issue index and release dates where applicable. The reference guide is a must for nit-picking horror collectors as well as a guide to ordering our rapidly-dwindling supply of back issues (#'s 8, 15 and 16 are completely sold out). Only 100 of these guides have been printed up -- so don't dawdle and order your sickly illustrated G.G. Reference Guide now (see masthead for mailing address)!

NO, IT'S NOT A FOURTH RETITLING OF ROGER CORMAN'S GALAXY OF TERROR; THE AD ART AT RIGHT DEPICTS THE CURRENT CAMPAIGN PLANNED FOR THE RICHARD GORDON FILM ORIGINALLY TITLED INSEMINOID.

#### VIDEO HORROR

UPCOMING ON THE CBS LATE MOVIE:  
AUGUST 11: PARTS: THE CLONUS HORROR  
AUGUST 13: CRASH!

The evil  
born in  
outer space!



# HORRORPLANET

ANALOG CINEMA 5 FAM

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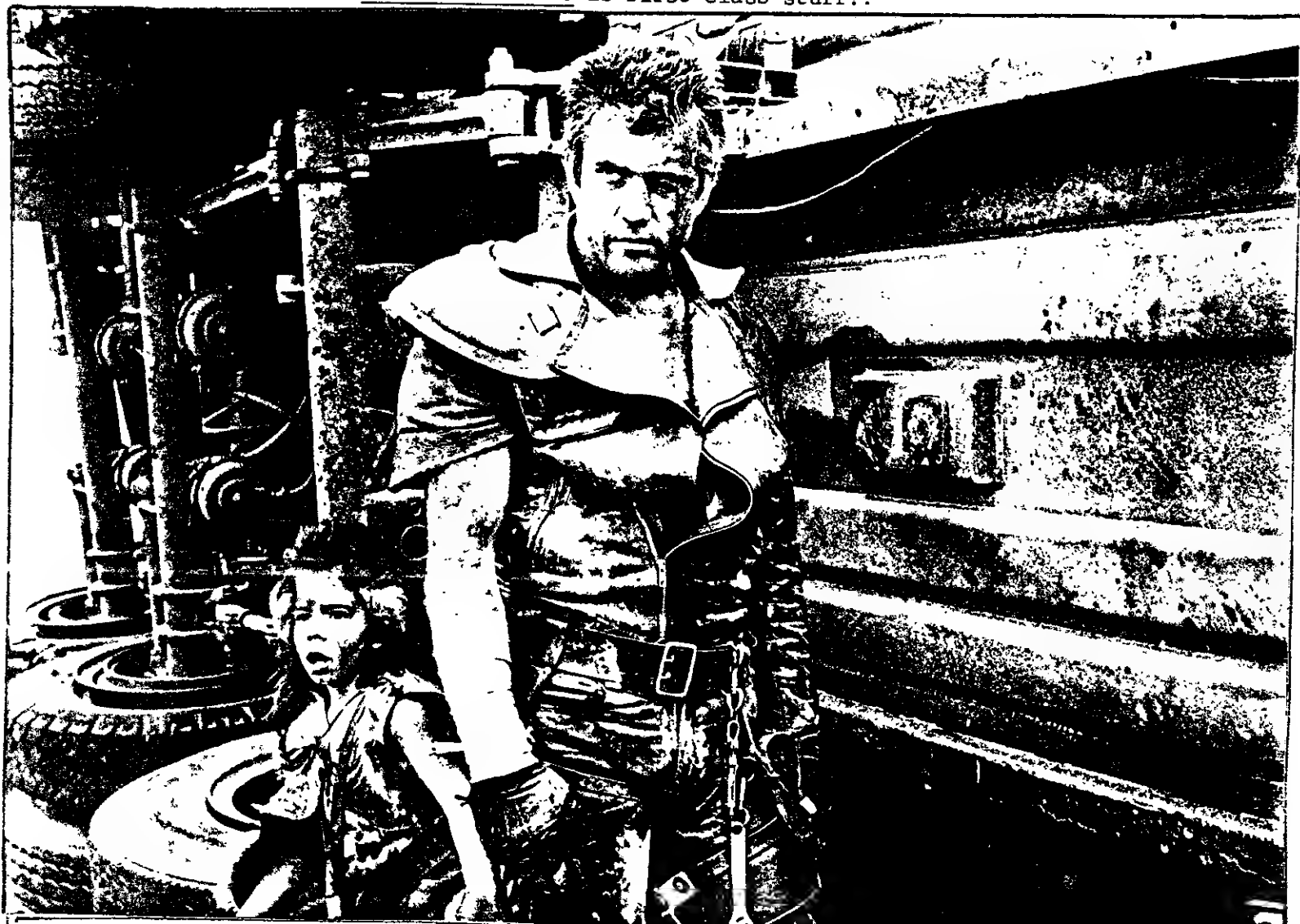


# GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 43

## MAD MAX- MASTERPIECE

1982 is emerging as quite a successful year for the gore/exploitation genre. Seemingly every couple of weeks a flick has been coming along that is an obvious contender for the coveted G.G. "film of the year" award. A typical case in point is The Road Warrior, an Australian import presently playing under its original title of Mad Max 2 in all other countries worldwide. A sequel to Mad Max, the little-seen New World Pictures release of 1979, Warner Brothers acquired U.S. distribution rights for the film and effected the title change since Corman And Co.'s original opus didn't exactly set the box offices aflame and W.B. brass felt uneasy about marketing a sequel to a fairly obscure film. In fact, Mad Max 2 is a sequel in title only, as the Max of this outing is no longer the soft-spoken, determined law enforcement officer of the earlier film. His wife and child brutally slaughtered by the evil pillager named Toecutter and his rebel gang in Pt.1, Max has now renounced the force and taken to roving the outback in his supercharged car as a pseudo-mercenary while avoiding the bands of futuristic rebels who prey on travelers, hoping to plunder for themselves this future world's most precious commodity--gasoline. Eventually, Max is hired by a communal group who work a fuel refinery and are prime targets for attack from the outlaw marauders headed by Humungus, a half-human, masked misanthrope who commands the most ruthless cutthroats in the area. Max's task is to drive a gasoline tanker across the country to a larger commune, and is forced to pass through humungus' turf to get there. Hence, more than half of the film is one long car chase as Max battles the rebel hordes to safely deliver the gas. Director George Miller once again mans the directoral helm and proves that he might just be the greatest action director in the history of cinema. Mel Gibson also recreates his title role, and gets to play about half the film sans one eyeball (which is knocked out after one of Warrior's endless car crashes). A half boy, half dog creature named the Feral Kid is added to this incarnation of the M.M. saga, giving the whole film a flavor of being a kind of demented Star Wars. Gore abounds in this 90 minute outing, with enough limbs severed, heads cleaved and bodies mangled to differentiate Warrior from any anemic Spielberg or Lucas product, however. Also, since Australian films are still "de rigueur" on the lobster circuit, The Road Warrior is cleaning up at both exploitation and art house box offices across the country. (I wonder if the film would have been so highly lauded by "respectable" critics if it were a U.S. release.) In any case, the film is a fine, action-packed classic that should be commended for straddling many genres and audience markets. Don't let the rave reviews of pretentious critics fool you: The Road Warrior is first-class stuff!!



A ONE-EYED MAD MAX, WITH PET POODLE IN TOW, SURVEYS THE CARNAGE AT THE SCENE OF HIS OVERTURNED GAS TANKER AND PREPARES FOR THE ONSLAUGHT OF FUTURISTIC ANVIL REFUGEES IN THIS SCENE FROM THE ROAD WARRIOR.

Don't be misled by United Film Distribution's ad campaign for Class of 1984. At first glance, the film appears to be a schlocky, mindless teen romp attempting to cash in on the lucrative new wave/punk rock market with its caricature poster depiction of four rejects from the Adam and The Ants/Sex Pistols clone clubs. In reality, the film is a depraved mix of The Blackboard Jungle and A Clockwork Orange that should delight all exploitation and gore fans. Perry King (veteran trash actor visible in such past milestones as Andy Warhol's Bad and Search and Destroy) updates the Glen Ford role, portraying a music instructor at a rough south side Chicago high school terrorized by a sadistic gang leader (played with psychotic glee by Timothy Van Patten, T.V. heartthrob last seen as Salami in The White Shadow) and his neo-Nazi goon squad. The group holds the entire school in thrall, controlling drug sales, running protection rackets, pandering prostitution and threatening teachers until newcomer King decides to stand up to the delinquents and have them removed from the school. Of course, he is unsuccessful and the gang retaliates by beating up his studious pupils, framing him for a student assault, defacing his car and ultimately raping his pregnant wife. This last blow is too much for King to take and he reverts to Charles Bronson "Deathwish-ism" to exact revenge on the punks. And what a revenge it is! Not wanting to completely give away 1984's manic ending, suffice it to say that there is plenty of activity with table saws, lead pipes, switch-blades, car crashes and enough blood-spurting, stabbing, head-bashing and mutilation to more than satiate any gorehound. Former radical film director Mark Lester pushes the film along at a brisk, comic-book pace and the stereotypical screenwriting effectively hooks the viewers into adrenalin-charged cheering as the punks finally get their just desserts. Add some fine support acting from Roddy McDowell as an alcoholic biology teacher pushed over the edge by the delinquents and Stefan Arnglim (Fear No Evil) as the heroin-addicted member of Van Patten's brigade and 1984 emerges as a first-rate, exploitation delight to be enjoyed from start to finish. Ignore the ad campaign, Class of 1984 is not the trendy throw-away fluff United is promoting it to be.

#### THE INCREDIBLY MIXED-UP INDEXES

Apologies must be extended to the many readers who sent in their hard-earned greenbacks for the G.G. Reference Guide and have not yet received it. First, because of a price quote miscommunication, we were forced to raise our prices to \$7.50 after initially advertising the guide at \$3.50. Upon finally receiving the finished volumes from our printer, we found them to have been un-proofread and riddled with errors. The printer grudgingly agreed to reprint the work, causing yet another delay. Those who've ordered can expect their reference guides to be mailed by September 15--and believe us, we're sorry for any inconvenience all these delays have caused. We will still have about a dozen guides left for sale for those who want them. The guides are a hard-bound, 30 page, disgustingly illustrated index of the first 40 volumes of the G.G., listing every film, actor, and distribution company mentioned within. A valuable reference tool, the indexes can be used to order our rapidly-dwindling supply of back issues (now \$1.00 each). Once these 12 are gone, there will be absolutely no way we'll reprint this chestnut, so if you want one, send off \$7.50 today.

QUICK BITS: Short on space this time out, below are some capsule reviews of recent releases:

THE BEASTMASTER: Proof that Don Coscarelli's highly overrated Phantasm was an exercise in cinematic masturbation. More of the same, this time on an 8 million dollar budget. Inane, s&s concoction featuring Mark Singer as a pea-brained barbarian who can talk to animals and Tanya Roberts as a slave girl imprisoned by an evil wizard. Blatantly embarrassing cross between Conan and Dr. Doolittle. Easily the worst film I've seen this year.

THE INCUBUS- A fine cast, taut direction and an original, suspenseful plot is wasted on one of the limpest finales seen in recent memory. Savage demon stalks a small Wisconsin town raping and mutilating the uterus of hapless females while filling them full of red, hell-spawned semen. Incubus contains some truly unsettling gore scenes.

#### SIDNEY VISITS G.G.

Sidney Lassick, veteran character actor who portrayed the role of Charlie Cheswick in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest opposite Jack Nicholson back in 1975, flew in from Hollywood last week to visit a few friends. Upon arriving, he promptly contacted the G.G. offices to express his appreciation for the glowing review accorded him in issue #25 for his role as the demented brother/father of The Unseen, World Northal's 1981 gem that went virtually unnoticed by, ost horror fans. Lassick was also recently seen as the sadistic pet shop owner in Alligator (see G.G. #17) and the kid-hating old fart who gets slipped some quaalude-tainted pizza in Skatetown, U.S.A. Over a few drinks at a lower Manhattan bar, Sidney was bombarded with an endless barrage of needledick questions from the likes of ourselves, Cinema Village matinee idol Gary Hertz (who tried to sign him up for a role in his upcoming student film) and the quiet but cunning Michael Weldon who forced Lassick to admit to having appeared in Sinderella and The Golden Bra, an obscure 1964 nudie comedy directed by sleazemeister Barry Mahon. An avid G.G. reader, Lassick expressed desire to continue to work in the horror genre and is trying to attract production companies who can offer him "a really heavy, evil role." Prospective producers interested in a psychotic Cheswick can contact us in care of our masthead address.



MR. C. CHESWICK ENJOYS AN IDYLIC AFTER-NOON IN MONTCLAIR, N.J. WHILE GAILY PUR-USING A COPY OF HIS FAVORITE FILM PUBLIC-ATION.

FOR SALE: LIMITED NUMBER OF ROAD WARRIOR POSTERS & LOBBIES. SEND \$8.00 FOR EITHER (8 cards per set) TO THE G.G. C/O OUR MASTHEAD ADDRESS.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 44

## «CREEPSHOW CONTEST»

October 29, the nationwide release date for the anxiously-awaited Creepshow, is rapidly approaching and Warner Bros. films, in association with the advertising agency of England Strohl/De Nigris have sponsored a special Creepshow quiz for G.G. readers. The following ten questions relate to the Creepshow film, its director George Romero, its screenwriter Stephen King and its special effects creator Tom Savini. All should be a cinch to most astute gorehounds. Simply jot down the 10 answers on the back of a post card (sent c/o our masthead address), keep your fingers crossed, and during the week of October 25, you may be selected to win one of the following:

**FIRST PRIZE-** An autographed color still of Tom Savini hard at work pumping blood for one of Creepshow's many gore-drenched sequences.

**SECOND PRIZE-** Two lucky winners will win special limited edition Creepshow T-shirts.

**THIRD PRIZE-** Three entries will be selected to receive the EC-inspired comic book edition of the film, lavishly illustrated by Bernie Wrightson and written by Stephen King.

**FOURTH PRIZE-** Four winners will receive Creepshow film posters, drawn by Jack Kamen and sure to become much sought-after collector's items in the years ahead.

**FIFTH PRIZE-** Five entrants will receive Creepshow color mini-posters.

**CONSOLATION PRIZE** (NYC metro area only)- One poor sap will be taken out for a night on Manhattan's lovely 42nd St. Times Square area by the G.G. staff to attend the sleaze epic of his/her choice to be followed by cocktails at a chic 8th Ave. watering hole. (Parental discession advised)

Contest entries must be received no later than October 15, 1982. All correctly-answered cards will be placed into a container, with the 15 winners selected at random and the prizes assigned respectively (first card drawn wins first prize, etc.). Enough of the rules and restrictions:

1) The comic book story-framing device in Creepshow is similar in style and format to what old respected comics line?

2) Creepshow is not author Stephen Kings first acting role. He was seen briefly in what other George Romero film?

3) John Amplas is heavily-disguised under a Tom Savini make-up creation in the Father's Day Surprise segment of Creepshow. He was also cast in a starring role in what other George Romero film?

4) Adrienne Barbeau, sultry co-star of Creepshow, is married to a famous horror mogul in real life. Who is he?

5) The first Romero/Savini collaboration was on what film?

6) Gaylen Ross, who meets an unhappy fate in the Something To Tide You Over segment of Creepshow, was a surviving heroine in what other George Romero release?

7) Name three Stephen King novels that have reached #1 on the best seller lists.

8) What famous "golden age" movie star has come out of a long retirement to appear in Creepshow?

9) In what year did Romero unleash his (at the time) radically daring Night Of The Living Dead?

10) Brainbuster ( think carefully before answering):

11) Tom Savini's first gore make-up assignment was on what film?

**GOOD LUCK!** Winners will be announced in G.G. #45.



AN OVER-ANXIOUS YOUNG GHOUL SPRINGS FROM HIS GRAVE TO ENSURE HE MAILES HIS G.G. QUIZ POSTCARD BEFORE THE 11/15/82 DEADLINE. MORTALS FOLLOW SUIT.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 45



"YOWSUH, SOMEBODY DONE CROAKED MISS LUCY!", EXCLAIMS A STARTLED DOMESTIC AS SHE REACHES FOR A SNACK IN THIS JOLTING SEQUENCE FROM PSYCHO FROM TEXAS.

## A TUMBLEWEED IN TIMES SQUARE

For years now, schlock film historians have identified and extolled the virtues of a large number of films that are never released to the east and west coasts or any other major northern metropolitan area. These films are usually low budget efforts released directly to drive-in and grindhouse chains in the deep south and outlying rural areas, never making any inroads above the Mason/Dixon line. Reaping modest profits and being played out until their prints shred, these epics are usually referred to as "redneck", "good ol' boy" or "goon" features and are usually concerned with either horror, sex, crime or a tenuous combination of all three. Sleaze fans in NY area can now have a rare opportunity to glimpse one of these creatures in the flesh as

New American Films in Manhattan has secured regional distribution rights to Psycho From Texas, an exploitation potboiler which opened to a select group of theaters last Friday. Shakily written, produced and directed by a Texan named Jim Feazell, Psycho fits the above-outlined mold perfectly as it tells the story of a young derangee named Wheeler who drives around Texas in a souped up orange 1972 Dodge Swinger, doing things common to all psychos (ie., knifing women, humiliating barmaids, etc.) until he becomes involved in a plot to kidnap a wealthy businessman and extort a large ransom. As the film unfolds, we learn the factor behind Wheeler's psychosis: as a young kid, he was reared by the Southern equivalent of Joan Crawford who got off on kicking baby Wheeler around the yard, while spending all idle hours putting out for any Gomer who happens to drop by with a pair of silk stockings. Be-

Ex-G.G. confidant Terry Levene and his always amazing Aquarius Releasing have unearthed a gem in The Love Butcher, now in its second big week at 42nd St's Liberty Theater. A 1975 west coast production never released to this area, Butcher is one of those low, low budgeters that is so awfully acted, tackily directed and generally depraved that it becomes a joy to watch from beginning to end. Similar in style and execution to The Psychopath, another west coast rarity that has become a 42nd St. perennial bottom-half favorite as of late, the film spins the sordid tale of Caleb, a filthy, balding, handicapped, myopic imbecile who eeks out a living working as a gardener to a string of obnoxious L.A. upper-class housewives. The poor guy yearns for female companionship, but is always bullied by his employers who are repelled by his countenance. However, when Caleb returns to his hovel at night, his personality splits and he transforms into his handsome brother Lester (?), donning a dashing blonde wig and the latest in fine sportswear, while his gnarled limbs miraculously straighten out. Lester then visits each of the female employers, promptly seduces them and subsequently murders each one with a variety of garden implements (i.e. one victim is stabbed with a pitchfork, another with weed cutters, yet another is drowned when a garden hose is forced down her throat, etc.) After each murder, the debonair Lester reverts back to the crippled Caleb, who is "horrified at what my evil brother has done!" A pair of dork detectives cut straight from the Blood Feast mold, aided by a nosey newspaperman eventually close in on the psycho, but not before he's had time to dispatch about a half dozen abnoxious femmes in assorted depraved manners. The legendary Erik Stern plays the dual role in this predictable Psycho variation, giving even Tom Basham a run for his money in the "King of Fey Overacting" competition. Gore fans may be disappointed in the bloodletting on Butcher, as since the film is nearly 8 years old, it pales in comparison to today's artery-bursters, but all aficionados of corny, Ted Mikels-styled Grade Z product will treasure every second of its scant 81 minute running time.

Before you know it, the 2nd anniversary of the G.G. will be upon us. Like last year's appearance of Herschell Gordon Lewis, we've cooked up another big surprise for this year's gala event. Watch next issue's G.G. for complete details.

The G.G. has a rapidly-dwindling supply of the following original movie one-sheets available at \$8.00 each (postage included):

Cat People	Swamp Thing
The Thing	Poltergeist
Conan The Barbarian	Creepshow

Supplies are extremely limited, so if you want any of the above, be sure to order soon!

PSYCHO (cont.)

cause of this, Wheeler has grown up to be a psychotic woman hater, gleefully pulling his bowie knife on any damsel unfortunate enough to be corred alone with him. Feazell's filming is adequate but he has major continuity problems in keeping track of the film's sub-plots. In fact, Psycho contains a hilarious chase sequence that is drawn out over 40 minutes of the entire film. Only Jo King III in the title role shows any acting ability at all, with the remainder of the cast essaying characters straight from the Hee Haw mold. In fact, King is so strong as Wheeler that his interaction with what is obviously a non-professional cast makes the film seem like a weird hybrid of Mayberry RFD meets The Last House On The Left. Aside from some mild knife carving and a great "pitchfork through the throat" scene, the gore in Psycho is quite restrained. Sex deviates may get a kick out of a truly perverse humiliation sequence at the film's climax, however. Psycho has been alternately titled Wheeler and Momma's Boy before the producers opted for the more sensationalistic current moniker. Name switching has not helped the film here, however, as NY box offices reported disappointing grosses for its opening weekend. Psycho From Texas is by no means a good flick, but it certainly is an interesting one, at the appearance of this type of film on NY area screens is comparable to catching a Jew on vacation in Cairo-- it just don't happen that often!! Serious trashmeisters should not miss this chance to catch Grade A backwoods drive-in fodder at its finest.

ALL FLESH AND NO BLOOD

Motion Picture Marketing, the scurillous west coast-based distributor responsible for repackaging old foreign and John Ashley flicks under misleading softcore/horror titles like Cemetery Girls, Vampire Playgirls and Graveyard Tramps are up to their old antics again with Satan's Mistress, a listless "hard R" sex opera currently being passed off as a horror entry in the NY area. Filmed in 1981 and originally released under the title of Dark Eyes, MPM changed it to The Incubus only to be threatened by a law suit from Film Ventures International, who already had a film by that name in circulation (see G.G. # 43). The company then hastily concocted the current title, and released ads hawking ex-Rod Stewart concubine Britt Ekland in varying stages of undress as the star of the thrice-titled epic. This proves to be a further deception, as Ekland only appears in a small supporting role as a fully-clothed psychic called in to aid a possessed housewife played by Lana Wood, younger sister of ex-swimming champ Natalie. Mistress laconically chronicles the break-up of a marriage and the wife's subsequent sexual possession by a spirit from the netherworld who makes a habit of violating her at least three times per day. Wood spends more screen time nude than clothed during the picture.

Rick Sullivan's

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$7.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

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YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 46



SEMI-NUDE NYMPHET SHRIEKS IN AGONY AS HER BUTTOCKS IS HAMMERED TO BLOODY PULP BY A MEAT TENDERIZER WIELDED BY THE SHADOWY ASSAILANT IN THE BACKGROUND. WHO COULD DEVISE SUCH A BRUTAL, DEBASING TORTURE? ONLY HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS, AND THE G.G. WILL PRESENT THE ABOVE SEQUENCE AND MORE IN THE NY PREMIERE OF LEWIS' FINAL EPIC, THE GORE GORE GIRLS IS UNVEILED. ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, AT CLUB 57, 57 ST. MARKS PL. ALL GOREHOUNDS WILL NOT WANT TO MISS THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME CHANCE TO CATCH THIS MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER CLASSIC. THE DEPRAVITY BEGINS AT 9:00 PM. ....

The arrival of the Halloween season has resulted in an onslaught of horror and genre-related releases too numerous to cover in standard G.G. format. And since we've already hogged nearly a third of this issue to plug our Gore Gore Girls presentation to top it all, let's plunge into capsule reviews of the current sleaze market without further delay:

Halloween III: Season Of The Witch - Many may argue the ethics of the titling of this latest John Carpenter/Debra Hill production since the nefarious masked psycho Michael Myers is nowhere in sight. Instead III is concerned with a maniacal scheme of toymaker Dan O'Herlihy



who implants his Halloween masks with computer chips containing ore from the ancient Druid monoliths at Stonehenge. When a special ultrasonic pattern is broadcast during a toy commercial on Halloween night, all masks manufactured by him will activate a mystical force, causing their wearer's heads to go kablooeey and explode in a mass of blood, pus, cockroaches and serpents. Tom Atkins, (who resembles a bloated Chuck Norris), and sultry Stacey Nelkin spend the balance of the film trying to unravel this diabolical scheme with Nelkin flashing some skin whenever the preposterous plot starts to lag. Tom Burman's special effects are first rate as usual, belying Debra Hill's advance word that III would steer clear of graphic gore. (Obviously a woman having the lower part of her jaw blown away in full camera view isn't considered graphic gore by Ms. Hill!). Mainstream critics have been hard on Halloween III: Season Of The Witch, but aside from its deceptive title, and gaping plot holes, the film holds up as an effective thriller, certainly better than a third go-round of the stalk and slash antics of The Shape and Donald Pleseance . . .

Concrete Jungle - Newlywed Terry Levene and his Aquarius Releasing bring us this well-made, though low budget "women in prison" epic that may be a bit tame for those weened on the Jess Franco "Barbed Wire Dolls/Wanda The Wicked Warden" school of sadomasochism. Both Barbara Luna and Jill St. John (yep, that one) turn in strong performances in this tale of an unjustly jailed innocent who struggles to survive in a corrupt prison. Concrete begins with adrenaline momentum but sags considerably near the end with its totally uncathartic finale (move over, Andrew Sarris) considerably impairing the overall impact of the film. Fans of "gals behind bars" epics will not find this film wholly unsatisfying and since Roger Corman stopped making these films in the mid-70's, the entire sub genre has remained fairly inactive. Concrete Jungle adequately fills this void and should whet the appetites of exploit enthusiasts until the next Franco stomach-churner is imported to these shores.

Night of the Bloody Apes - N.Y.'s Marvin Films must really be hard up for product by attempting to pass off this decade-old Mexican import as a new release. Rene Cardona, whose past works include Survive!, Guyana: Cult Of The Damned and countless films in the Santo the wrestler series is responsible for this epic which is easily the laugh riot of the season. A mad scientist attempts to cure his son's leukemia by transplanting his heart with one from a kidnapped gorilla. The son is cured of the disease, at the expense of transforming into a rubber-faced ape man who prowls Mexican neighborhoods mutilating, raping and maiming all he encounters. Add a totally unrelated subplot concerning female wrestlers, extremely graphic gore effects straight from the Dr. Butcher mold of chunk-blowing repulsion and the naked breasts of some beautiful, well-endowed señoritas and you've got a entertainment package well worth your admission ticket, a rare commodity these days. Compleatists note: Night Of The Bloody Apes originally played the wetback circuit in the early 1970's under the title of El Horror Y Sexo and may have also been released briefly as Gomar, The Human Gorilla. Don't miss it!!!

The Slayer - With the release last month of Blood Tide and now this loser, amidst constant re-titling scams and coverups, 21st Century Distribution is rapidly becoming the "must to avoid" company of the exploitation industry. Slayer is concerned with 4 people on vacation on a deserted island and the violent deaths that occur whenever a female member of the group has a

nightmare. A few realistic death sequences cannot salvage this clunker, since the film contains absolutely no plot exposition once the basic "dream-death" premise is established, resulting in its becoming unbearably tedious. Throughout the final half-hour of The Slayer, our tormented heroine keeps repeating, "I must stay awake!, I must stay awake!" My sentiments exactly....

Season Of The Witch- Troma, Inc., the scurillous skunks responsible for rereleasing The Incredible Torture Show under the new title of Bloodsucking Freaks strike again with their attempt to cash in on Halloween III's success by reissuing this 11 year old George Romero dud and attempting to pass it off as new product. Alternately known a decade ago as both Jack's Wife and later Hungry Wives, the film was pretty bad when released back in 1971, but seems absolutely wretched today in its now-dated attempt to chronicle the "hip" lifestyle of a late 1960's housewife and her boring flirtations with the occult. Romero would probably like to forget this self-indulgent headlong plunge into lobsterdom, and Lloyd Kaufman, head honcho of Troma, should be publicly



HISPANIC APE MAN PREPARES TO RIP  
THE TONGUE OF AN UNSUSPECTING  
WOMAN IN NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APE

# GORE GAZETTE

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YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 47

## Superb Slumber Party

Roger Corman's New World Pictures does it again with The Slumber Party Massacre, which on the surface resembles nothing more than another in the endless series of "mad slasher on the loose" psycho epics, but in reality is the first successful parody of the timeworn genre ever released. New World is hawking Slumber as another "feminist" horror film since the screenplay was written by 1970's lesbian satirist Rita May Brown and directed by Amy Jones; yet the subject matter could hardly be deemed feminist: Psychotic Russ Thorne escapes from prison after a dozen years behind bars. He promptly gets himself a portable power drill and begins carving up the countryside, drilling up nubile of various vocations (telephone repairwomen, students, etc.), until he finally stops to terrorize a suburban house which is holding an all-female slumber party. The bulk of the party-goers are dispatched in varying degrees of depravity by Russ until the Jamie Lee Curtis-clone finally does him in with a bushido blade in a hilarious gore-splattered finale. Doesn't sound much different than the average body counter, you say? The plot isn't, but the Brown/Jones team have concocted such a fast-paced, black-humored vehicle in Slumber that the audience never knows whether the next scene will bring guffaws or grossness. Tie all this up in a slick 74 minute package, and you have both an entertaining satire and a stomach churning gut-wrencher. Gore fans will delight as the film contains some grisly drillings, slashings, mutilations and even a decapitation all displayed in revolting detail, while comedy fans who were disappointed at the feeble attempts of Saturday the 14th, Student Bodies, etc. to parody the genre will find Slumber Party Massacre an absolute howl. (Note: Joe Dante plays a brief cameo in this flick, as a pizza delivery man who gets his eyes gorged out by the rampaging psycho.)

### An "Unexpected" Spooker

New American Films, the microscopic N.Y.-based distributor who brought us last month's rural rarity Psycho From Texas, come up with yet another elusive entry with Axe, a great little oddball low budgeter that opened to a scant 8 theaters in the N.Y. metro area on November 12. Made back in 1978 by an independent production team and released through Harry Novak's (Kill



A VIOLATED LESLEY LEE PREPARES TO EXACT REVENGE ON HER ASSAILANT BY THRUSTING A WELL-AIMED HATCHET INTO HIS GROIN IN THIS HARROWING SEQUENCE FROM AXE.

and Go Hide, Kidnapped Co-Ed, etc.) Boxoffice International Co., Axe is a unique exploitationer concerning three hoodlums who have been involved in a gangland-style execution and are forced to flee through the backroads of North Carolina. After wrecking a local supermarket, the trio hold up in a farmhouse whose sole occupants are a hauntingly beautiful 13 year old and her catatonic grandfather. Eventually, two of the criminals separately attack and rape the young girl in sick Last House On The Left fashion, only to have her retaliate by chopping up her assailants with the implement of the film's title. The third criminal who has shown the girl compassion, escapes being carved up, only to meet his demise at the film's finale in a manner similar to the ending of Night Of The Living Dead. Although having quite a derivative plot, Axe is saved by its extremely short (62 minutes) running time and the excellent performance by unknown Lesley Lee as the hatchet-wielding femme fatale. The flick is not overtly gory, as it was made just before the graphic spatter cycle became in vogue, but there is enough bloodletting and implied depravity to satisfy even the chronic dementoids. Most of Harry Novak's films have never made it to the N.Y. area, so Axe is a rare chance to catch some of the best work of this oft-unsung sleaze entrepreneur. Highly recommended!

By being released during the last quarter of 1982, Orion Pictures' (nee Filmways) The Burning is stuck in quite a quandary. The film was made back in late 1979, long before the 1979-1982 rash of "teens in peril" body count epics that have resulted in a saturation point in the movie marketplace for these types of features. Though barely three years have passed, this time on the shelf has caused The Burning to look like a dinosaur, an umpteenth variation of the already timeworn Friday the 13th plot formula that should be of interest to no one. A sadistic summer camp caretaker named Cropsy is the butt of a pratfall joke gone awry and as a result is burned and disfigured horribly. He doesn't die, but disappears for a decade, only to stalk the summer camps of upstate N.Y. upon his return. Cropsy now has a penchant for mutilating stray adolescents with garden shears, especially those (you guessed it) engaging in pubescent sex. Naturally, a buck camp councilor tracks Cropsy to his lair beneath an abandoned mine shaft, dispatching him (after the expected multiple false endings) with a well-placed hatchet. The Burning features special effects by Tom Savini and Tom himself once boasted that "The Burning contains my best work!" Unfortunately, little or none of it is to be seen here as the film was originally rated X by the MPAA due to its violence content and was subsequently edited drastically by Filmways to receive an R. This, coupled with Filmways financial instability, in what may have delayed its release for the two-year period. Aside from a slashed throat and a neat head-cleaving sequence, the flick is now goreless enough to even receive a PG rating, with not even its above-average acting (surprising for this type of fare) enabling it to rise above the level of bland mediocrity. Perhaps if released in 1980 it would have been great shakes, but in 1982 The Burning's only significance is purely as a museum piece.

#### Creepshow Answers

In case anybody still cares, the answers to our Creepshow contest run in G.G. #44 were as follows: 1) EC comics, 2) Knightriders, 3) Martin, 4) John Carpenter, 5) Martin, 6) Dawn of the Dead, 7) too many to list, 8) Viveca Lindford's (not E.G. Marshall as many of you listed!), 9) 1968, 10) Deathdream (a/k/a Dead of Night, The Night Andy Came Home). All winners should have received their prizes by now. Thanks to all who entered, especially the wily Higham family of Brooklyn, N.Y. who collectively submitted nearly 20% of the entries!

NEXT ISSUE: No, we haven't forgotten a review of Creepshow. G.G.#48 will contain an in-depth at what might be considered Romero's commercial triumph or a stellar disappointment.

Motion Picture Marketing (MPM), those wanton snakeoilmen responsible for the reprehensible Satan's Mistress (see G.G. #45) and a zillion other clunkers are at it again with Funeral Home, a low budget Canadian import released to area theaters on November 5. Originally titled Screams In The Night, Funeral plods along at a snail's pace in relating the tale of a young girl who arrives in a small Canadian village with the intent of helping her grandmother renovate her house from a funeral parlor to a tourist home. It seems that her grandfather, who ran the parlor, has been missing for nearly a year and since his wife has no mortician skills, the conversion of the home is needed out of economic necessity. Of course, once guests start checking in, strange nocturnal rumblings are heard in the embalming laboratory downstairs and tourists start vanishing one by one. Astute viewers can figure out the ending to this mess twenty minutes into the film, so when its Psycho-esque finale is revealed it should come as no surprise. All killings are quite bloodless (with some occurring totally offscreen), the acting wretched and the pace ponderously dull. Ex-Fugitive regular Barry Morse is the only familiar face in this outing, picking up a day's paycheck as a guest at the tourist home who figures out the establishment's ominous secret, only to be carved up by the mysterious killer while on a trout fishing jaunt. Funeral Home emerges as a soporific, no gore bore that should be avoided by all, with its distributor MPM in keen competition for the "Most Unscrupulous Skunk Scumbucket" award to be announced in G.G. #50.

#### Fabulous Fare At The Fabian

Hottest bill of the month (and maybe even the season) is at the Fabian Theater in Paterson, N.J. which is presently featuring both Creepshow and Slumber Party Massacre on the same bill for only a paltry \$2.75 admission. Jersey-based gorehounds should get hip to this third-world venue which consistently offers the best in gore and exploitation on the market at the lowest prices imaginable. The Fabian is managed by Kenny Beyer, an eclectic auteur whose tastes range from Cat People to Barbed Wire Dolls. Drop in and tell Kenny the G.G. sent you and he may stop and bend your ear awhile about classic past bills the theater has shown. Out of state sleazemeisters might find it worth the trip as well.

#### G.G. Film Series

- Nov. 25 - Teenage Horror Night
- Dec. 2 - Andy Warhol's Bad (x-rated version)
- Dec. 9 - Color Me Blood Red (H. G. Lewis)

Admission to each film is \$3.00, with showtime beginning at 9:00 p.m. Club 57 is located at 57 St. Mark's Pl., in lower Manhattan. See you there!

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 48

## MEDIOCRE SPACE RAPE

Almi Cinema 5, shaky N.Y. distributors with a penchant for last-minute retitling of domestic product (Cannibals In The Street a/k/a Invasion Of The Flesh Hunters) strike again with Horror Planet, an eleventh-hour remonikering of the long-awaited Inseminoid. Produced by Richard Grodan (Haunted Strangler, Fiend Without A Face) back in 1980, Inseminoid is a space gore opera similar in style, execution, plot and production values to Roger Corman's Galaxy Of Terror. (This is where it really gets confusing as not only are the two films very similar, but Galaxy Of Terror was originally titled Planet Of Horrors where now Inseminoid has been re-dubbed Horror Planet. Whew!) Ex. - To Sir With Love ingenue Judy Geeson is now an aging Jennifer Giddings lookalike space traveller who gets raped by a lizard-like creature on an alien planet. After the attack she begins craving human flesh, devouring her space crew members one by one in delightfully gory manners (throats are torn out, intestines devoured, etc.) until finally giving birth to a litter of monster inseminoids of her own at the film's finale. Gordon stretches the film's low budget admirably, creating exceptional effects from minimal sets and colored lights but flounders a bit in the continuity department with a plot that

meanders more than an old river. Horror Planet is graphically violent, but it all is displayed in such quick cuts that viewers may think the film is an experiment in subliminal seduction. (Perhaps this format was to prevent an X-rating as the film was rated during the Friday the 13th Part 2/My Bloody Valentine MPAA "witch hunt" period. Overall Horror Planet is a mediocre film that is a slight disappointment considering its big buildup in an early issue of Fangoria Magazine that made it seem to be the state of the art in depraved exploitation cinema. Thumbs down to Almi Cinema 5 for changing what probably would have been the year's greatest film title to a bland, easily forgettable sobriquet.

## CREEPSHOW CATASTROPHE

By now, nearly everyone has seen George Romero's Creepshow. The film grossed a whopping 9.2 million dollars during its first week of release and continued sucking up impressive amounts of green well into its third week across the country. Critical opinion has been mixed, but one trend is certain: Creepshow seems to evoke a strong reaction (either very positive or extremely negative) from all reviewers. Unfortunately, after heralding the film's release on two separate G.G. covers and even running a promotional tie-in via the Creepshow Quiz (G.G.



A HORNY YOUNG INSEMINOID (RIGHT) FORCES JUDY GEESON (LEFT) TO PUT OUT FOR HIS BIZARRE ALIEN DESIRS IN THIS SCENE FROM HORROR PLANET.



As is usual with the G.C., the one film that outshines all others this month is relegated to the smallest review space. New Line Cinema's Alone in the Dark resembles yet another of the "mad slasher" epics that have glutted the theater screens for the past two years from its ad art, but in reality it is an interesting variation on the time-worn genre that might just be the sleep-iest of 1982. Talented character actors Jack Palance, Martin Landau and Donald Pleasance effectively ham their way through an interesting tale concerning a group of psychopaths who escape from a mental hospital with the intent of murdering a new doctor whom they believe killed a former psychiatrist at the institution. Director Jack Sholder effectively avoids the triteness of this time-worn genre and his screenplay displays an understanding insight of madness that leads you to believe he may have spent some time at a funny farm himself. Alone contains little "stalk and slash" hijinx, with the few killings emerging as jolting and effectively terrifying. Gore fans will not be disappointed as the film still contains some high-volume violence. Don't miss it!

#### SUCCESSFUL SLASHER SAGA

taken a German import film from the early 1970's, added a few domestically-lensed soft-core seduction sequences featuring two of the fattest, ugliest "nurses" ever seen and devised a deceptive ad campaign to make the film appear on location in Puerto Rico by a German production team, Nurses is in reality a low budget adventure epic featuring a bloated Curt Jurgens as a sea captain who battles a bevy of wetback revolutionaries who have kidnapped a convoy of "American" Red Cross Nurses for trade of political prisoners. Aside from this premise, the story is fairly incomprehensible, convoluted and in general a boring mess which may be the result of indiscriminate editing on the part of the I.I. hacks. Sex is kept to a minimum (thank God, since the actresses are such dogs) and the only real gore comes when some third-rate Che Guevara clone gets acid thrown in his face by the "wet-wah" nurse he has just raped. Sherman persuaded the easily-tempted Terry Levene into distributing this dud via the N.Y.-based Aquarius Films, themselves old pros at retelling tactics. The head nurse in the sky should administer enemas to both of these jokers to prevent them from unleashing anymore of this shit on an unsuspecting public.

though sporting one of the most provocative titles in recent memory, Nurses For Sale is nothing more than an imported, retitled ripoff from the nefarious Sam Sherman's Independent-International Corp. Sam, who in the past has given us gems like Dracula vs. Frankenstein, Satan's Sadists and Blood Of Ghastly Horror has

#### AN UNFORGIVABLE SCAM FROM SAM

#44, I must admit to having found the film sorely lacking. The idea of E.C. Comics - as England's Amicus Films had released both Tales From The Crypt and The Vault of Horror nearly a decade earlier to tremendous box office success. Hence, Romero had his work cut out for him at the outset of the Creepshow project in trying to avoid duplicating, yet attempting to surpass the aforementioned classics. Sadly, he's done neither. Creepshow duplicates the annoying mundane humor element that flawed the Amicus series and Stephen King's predictable plots on all five of the flick's episodes can't hold a candle to Milton Subotsky's witty twist ending vignettes of the early 1970's. The film also is stuck in a quandary of being too juvenile for an adult film (that corny comic relief is built into every line) and too adult for a juvenile film. Romero's unrestrained use of obscenities and sexual entrees seem grossly out of character for a lighthearted film. Nowhere in my memory of E.C. Comics did a shrewish femme ever utter lines like "Arthur, I should cut off your balls and wear them for earrings!", yet Adrienne Barbeau hurts this and more at a henpecked Hal. Romero was quoted in production interviews as "trying to strive for a comic-book look for the film", and he's obviously succeeded as Creepshow stylistically resembles an episode of the Batman T.V. series of the 1960's (i.e., a novel idea that gets tiring real fast). Even Tom Savini's much-touted special effects are off the mark on Creepshow - his monsters resemble the low budget latex infrowogers from the days of Hammer pictures and the long-awaited E.C. Marshall "cockroach" sequence looks garishly second rate upon close scrutiny. There is no need to discuss each episode of the film separately, as they all contain the same weaknesses: predictable storylines, corny dialogue, T.V. sitcom production values, etc. At a recent G.C. movie night, a subscriber's misunderstanding summed up Creepshow perfectly: The person thought that the stories presented in the film were written by Stephen King when he was a young kid back in the 1950's and wrote off the pretensions of the screenplay as being those devised by a 10 year old's mind! Supposedly, Creepshow is the first of many collaborations planned by the Romero/King team. Pray for a falling out between partners....

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 49

## HOLIDAY SNACK, ANYONE?



THE UNFORTUNATE LAD ABOVE GRAPHICALLY LEARNS THE HAZARDS OF PREMATURELY RAIDING THE XMAS SNACK TRAY AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS RIGHT THUMB IN THIS THROBBING SCENE FROM TRICK OR TREATS (SEE REVIEW THIS ISSUE). THE STAFF OF THE G.G. WOULD LIKE TO WISH ALL ITS READERS A HEALTHY AND HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON AND THE HOPES FOR A GORE-DRENCHED NEW YEAR CHOCK FULL OF A BUMPER CROP OF SCREEN DEPRAVITY. SEE YOU IN 83!!!

### AN OFF-SEASON SENSATION

Just when it was generally assumed that the "mad slasher" psycho sagas were breathing their last gasps in box office popularity, some interesting and original variations have been added by innovative production companies to give the trite genre a bit more mileage. Initially, Rita May Brown and Amy Jones scored (through New World) with Slumber Party Massacre, the first successful parody of the stalk and slashers to date. New Line Cinema followed hot on their heels with Alone In The Dark, which mixed subtle humor and well-thought characterization with a neat plot variation to come up with one of 1982's best

films. Now, Lone Star Pictures, a small west coast-based distribution firm brings yet another original, entertaining "maniac on the loose"-er with Trick Or Treats, which opened to NYC area theaters on December 10. Although totally missing the mark of its intended season (a Halloween story released at Christmas?), it succeeds primarily on an enthralling screenplay written by Gary Graver concerning a ruthless, ambitious wife (surprisingly played by ex-lobster Carrie Snodgrass) who craftily has her high-level executive husband committed to a mental asylum so that she can reap his wealth and allow her gigolo boyfriend (David Carradine) to move into their patrician palace. All goes well for a few years, until one Halloween night when the railroaded





ANOTHER "WARM" HOLIDAY GREETING EXTENDED TO G.G. READERS COMES ALL THE WAY FROM FLORIDA. NONE OTHER THAN HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS, THE LEGENDARY KING OF GORE, (SHOWN ABOVE WITH HIS LOVELY WIFE MARGO) SUBMITTED THIS SHOT WITH A REQUEST TO WISH AREA GOREHOUNDS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND SAFE NEW YEAR. LOOK FOR MORE INFO. ON H.G.L. IN UPCOMING ISSUES.

#### TRICK OR TREATS (cont.)

hubby escapes from the institution and returns home with the intent of settling the score with his evil mate. Unfortunately, both wife and stud are spending the evening at a jet-set masquerade in another state leaving only Carrie's son and the stereotyped blonde babysitter home for the night. It also seems that their son is a wierdo of the Pugsley/Harold and Maude variety who enjoys feigning suicide for strangers in assorted sick manners (decapitating himself, drowning, mutilation, burning, etc.). Treats then adopts the "boy who cried wolf" fable for its climax as the deranged husband finally arrives home and begins slashing up neighbors and visitors to the total indifference of the babysitter, who feels that the carnage is just more of the brat's sadistic amusements. In print this may just sound like another hackneyed Halloween imitator, but in the hands of Graver (who also produced and directed), it emerges as a hilarious black humor spoof, similar to (but far surpassing) the critically lauded Eating Raoul. (Interesting enough Raoul's auteur Paul Bartel appears as a wino in a brief cameo in Treats.) Graver's son Chris essays the Bud Cort role admirably, treading a fine line between being cute and totally obnoxious that will get your emotions flipping from hoping he survives to wishing he gets daddy's knife buried deep in his overweight belly. Hard core gore enthusiasts won't be disappointed either, as aside from the sick humor the violence in all sequences is very graphic and revolting (the scene in which Graver Jr. stages the mutilation of his thumb will knock you right out of your seat). In total, Trick or Treats is enjoyable

from start to finish and further proof that with continued originality, crazed psychos might be with us for months to come.

#### NEW AMERICAN/G.G. FREEBEE

New American Films, the NY distributor that brought us past gems like Psycho From Texas, Axe and other rare obscurities have set up a special free preview screening of their newest upcoming horror release, Kill And Go Hide, exclusively for all G.G. readers. The date is Thursday afternoon January 6, 1982 at Magno 9 Screening Room, 1600 Broadway (between 47 & 48th Sts.), 9th Fl., at 3:00 P.M. sharp. Kill And Go Hide is produced by Mr. Harry Novak, one of the great sultans of sleaze, and promises to be loaded with the high degree of bloodspurting, maiming and general depravity that all G.G. readers thrive on. Seats are available on a first come, first served basis so plan on arriving a bit early to avoid getting shut out. Mark that date on your calendar now (Jan. 6 at 3:00 PM)- consider it a generous Xmas gift from New American Films to you. See you there!!

#### ENTERTAINING SPINE SUCKER

Sharing the bill with Trick Or Treats at only one sole venue (the posh Times Square Theater) is Scared To Death, another Lone Star picture that never made it to the NY metro area during its original release back in 1980. Essentially a straight cop of 1977's Slithis (which imitated the countless radiation-spawned monster sagas of the 1950's itself), Scared emerges as slightly better owing to a light tongue-in-cheek screenplay by director William Mallone and a convincing Alien-inspired monster that does not look like a rubber suit. A small town is plagued by a series of mysterious deaths where victims are found to be both mutilated and drained of all their spinal fluid. An eccentric ex-cop and a slick black detective team up to discover the killer to be a genetic mutation which lives in the sewers beneath the city. After a surprisingly tense finale, the pair lure the monster to a metal scrapyard where it is disposed of ala The Fly. Scared doesn't offer too much in terms of explicit gore, but aficionados of the depraved will enjoy the monster's mode of attack: it has a two foot long phallic tongue which it crams down its victims' throats, tearing through the esophagus and latching onto their spinal vertebrae. The monster then sucks all their fluid out while the attackees writhe in agony in what has to be the sickiest display of veal cutlets ever. Mallone wisely avoids showing the creature for extended periods so that when it is glimpsed, it seems genuinely shocking. Scared To Death is an effective low budget shocker and a must for all fans of Dr. Z-style reptilian shockers.

#### GG FILM SCHEDULE AT CLUB 57

1/6-Caged Heat (w/B. Steele)

1/13-Last House On The Left

(uncut original version)

#### R.I.P.

NEW AMSTERDAM  
THEATER (WE'LL  
MISS YOU!!!)

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 51



THE BLOOD-SPEWING GENT SHOWN ABOVE IS JUST ONE OF THE HORDE OF GHOULS FEATURED IN THE EVIL DEAD THE EAGERLY-AWAITED INDEPENDENT PRODUCTION WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN ACQUIRED FOR DISTRIBUTION BY NEW LINE CINEMA. NOT SINCE DR. BUTCHER, M.D. HAS A FILM DRAWN SUCH INTEREST FROM G.G. READERS. FLY-BASED GOREHOUNDS WILL FINALLY BE ABLE TO CATCH DEAD WHEN IT OPENS TO THE AREA ON MARCH 18. (REPORTS FROM THE MID-WEST HAVE ALREADY TAGGED THE FLICK AS THE SICKIE OF 1983, SO BE SURE NOT TO MISS IT!

## GOOD, BUT NOT XTRORDINARY

New Line Cinema continues on a roll with Xtro, an interesting sci-fi/gore epic following hot on the heels of their excellent November release One In The Dark. A British production, Xtro is a technically slick but thoroughly

confusing film that combines plot elements from Inseminoid, Peter Proud, and Carrie, but leans heaviest on the story of 1958's I Married A Monster From Outer Space. A young boy is playing outdoors with his father, when suddenly dad (in a blinding ball of light) is whisked away by aliens from another planet. No one believes the boy's tale, and his father is presumed to be

...serving parents. Three years later, dad shows up home, claiming he cannot remember where he has been or what he has done since the disappearance. His wife has already taken another lover and the man finds it difficult to adjust to his previous family position. Soon after his return, dad begins weirding out and is caught eating his kid's pet rattlesnake eggs, among other deviate activities. The father soon reveals to his son that he has been re-born as an alien and has returned to earth to claim him. The kid thinks becoming an alien is a nifty idea, and he allows his dad to implant him with alien spores. Soon the two become a kind of vampiric Beaver and Ward Cleaver, teaming up to feed on the neighbors and implant tubiles with alien seeds so that their race can take over the Earth. Xtro is a great basic idea that soon gets jumbled in a morass of needless side-plots (i.e., the kid discovers he has the power of telekinesis and also that he can make his toys come to life) that sabotage the overall impact of the film. Novice director Harry Avenport shows a great flair for composing original and haunting scenes, but he is so concerned with creating surreal camera movements that he begins to lose track of the narrative seeds of the film. Aside from that, gorehounds



FRED LINCOLN &  
TIFFANY CLARK:HR.  
& MRS. WEASEL  
BODARSKI

Sincere thanks to Fred Lincoln & Tiffany Clark for appearing at last Thursday night's screening of the uncut Last House on The Left at Club 57. Fred played Weasel Bodarski in the classic gore shocker, meeting a sad demise at the film's finale when a vengeful mother bites off his dick and spits it into a pond. Fred fielded audience questions about the making of the film and his subsequent reign as NY's porn king.

Thanks to Gary Hertz for arranging the festivities.

2/10-Ed Wood's Orgy Of The Dead

will be bouncing off the ceilings as Xtro contains some of the most disturbing gore scenes and bloodletting seen in quite a while. An alien birth sequence depicted early in the film is worth the price of admission itself, and might even cause those with weak stomachs to adorn their laps with chunks. Xtro is a good film, and rightly deserves sharp criticism because with a bit more thought and crafting applied, it could have been a great one.



DOUBLE-JOINTED ALIEN POD MAN DEMONSTRATES EXTRATERRESTRIAL KAMA SUTRA POSITION #183 TO HAPLESS EARTHLING IN THIS EROTIC SEQUENCE FROM XTRO.

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 52

## THE END OF THE G.G.?

Though the past few weeks have brought a plethora of horror/exploitation product, in-depth reviews on any will be sidelined owing to discussion of a far more serious matter: the imminent demise of the G.G. As many of our readers (and virtually all of our subscribers) know, the G.G., since its inception was funded (albeit unknowingly) by a "midnight grant" from one of the nation's largest gasoline-refining corporations. All phases of production from typesetting, photography, layout, printing and even a large amount of subscription mailings were performed within the womb of this billion-dollar industry's world headquarters in Manhattan by a dedicated garrison of corporate rebels. This group appeared by day in seemingly normal guises as secretaries, mail clerks and mild-mannered accountants, but after hours they worked in subterfuge to publish one of the leading newsletters reviewing the cream (and the crap) of the NY area's sleaze releases. Unfortunately, on February 9, 1983, 2 1/2 years of publishing bliss ended when an undercover security guard working for the corporation discovered the G.G. publishing empire and promptly blew the whistle on it to upper level management. The result? Rick Sullivan, the intrepid G.G. publisher who spent the past four years counting and reporting on petroleum mega-bucks, got the swift corporate hatchet, amidst prosecution threats running the gamut from mail fraud to distributing pornography through the mails. (It seems that G.G. #51's picture of the Xtro creature attacking a nubile is considered obscene by corporate brass, yet they remain oblivious to their own obscene 18 billion dollar 4th quarter 1982 profit made from charging poor saps like us \$1.20 per gallon for their fuel. What creeps...) Anyway, the legal repercussions never materialized, but the cover is certainly blown, with the G.G. seemingly earmarked for banishment to fanzine limbo. This issue was footed entirely out of your unemployed editor's pocket merely to explain the G.G.'s current predicament. It may well be the last. The only chance of the G.G.'s survival would be to charge for it- something long-time readers know we are diametrically opposed to. We always felt that the best thing about the publication was that it could be given away for free. To charge even a nominal fee (say 25-30¢) may drastically limit the distribution of the G.G. So, readers, the choice is up to you: would you pay a quarter every two weeks for the G.G.? Subscribers, would you now shell out a hefty \$13.00 per year to have this rag mailed to your house? Believe me, this charge would not make the G.G. start turning a profit and our master plan is not to start becoming junior James Warrens- the cost would merely reflect all elements of production expenses that we used to get for free, courtesy of John D. Rockefeller. We all hope we can count on your continued support. After all, the G.G. is our favorite magazine, too!!!

Well, the simpering weasels have grovelled enough... Lots of flicks have been released over the past 3 weeks, hence we only have space this issue for capsule reviews of the current epics. Here 'tis:

**VIDEODROME**- This long-awaited David Cronenberg effort did a major disappearing act at most area venues, barely surviving a one week run. Reptile-like James Woods portrays a cable TV hustler who steals transmission signals from far flung corners of the globe to show on his own Toronto-based porn cable station. By accident, he discovers what appears to be genuine snuff TV emanating from Pittsburgh, Pa. on a program called Videodrome. Woods finds out too late that repeated viewing of the show causes severe hallucinations which later lead to brain cancer and gaping body lesions. Videodrome is a great idea which unfortunately gets thoroughly confusing as both Woods and the viewing audience have difficulty distinguishing reality from hallucination, resulting in utter confusion and frustration as to the film's plot. Rick Baker's such-touted special effects really deliver, outgrossing even the stomach-turning work of Rob Bottin in The Thing for sheer depravity, (at one point Woods' sprouts a vaginal-like slit in his abdomen that is absolutely repulsive, and then Baker compounds the offence by showing Woods sticking a videotape inside of it!) hence gore hounds will no doubt be satiated by the flick. For others,

viewing Videodrome is akin to attending the movies on acid, so the film is definitely not one for average middle America consumption. Cronenberg packs Videodrome with some religious allegory as well, making the film not unlike and just as bent as Larry Cohen's Demon. Blondie fans will enjoy Debra Harry's performance as an S&M inclined cutie who may be a thrill to the mind-destroying organization. Universal probably lost a bundle on this one, so let's hope that Cronenberg doesn't become the Michael Cimino of the horror set after this well-intentioned disappointment. See it anyway and decide for yours.

THE ENTITY- Barbara Hershey (The Baby Maker, Boxcar Bertha) finds her homelife disrupted when she is repeatedly raped by an unseen demonic force. Parapsychologists poke and probe her until she ultimately decides that she'd rather be poked by the devil than by her lover Alex Rocco. Had The Entity been a mixture of Poltergeist Meets Lipstick it might have been fun, but Sydney Furie's (Snake Woman, Dr. Blood's Coffin, The Ipcress File) direction is dull, the script flat and the special effects ludicrous. Besides, the "devil as John Holmes" plotline was just presented a few months back in MPM's abysmal Satan's Mistress. At least in that film, Lana Wood did her own nude scenes, where The Entity it is painfully obvious that that the aging Hershey has a stand-in for all buff requirements. -Gary Hertz

YOUNG GANGS- Sam Sherman, exploitation magnate extraordinaire, jumps on the Perky's/Ridgemont High bandwagon with this low budget adolescent sexploitationer partially filmed in the G.G.'s home turf of Montclair, N.J. Unlike the aforementioned films, however, Young Gangs is unique in that not one of its zillion comic lines are funny- it's straight dullsville from start to finish. Forget this one. (Note: For some unknown reason, Young Gangs is being advertised for all its N.J. engagements as Young Gangs From Wildwood High. Don't be misled, it's still the same clunker.

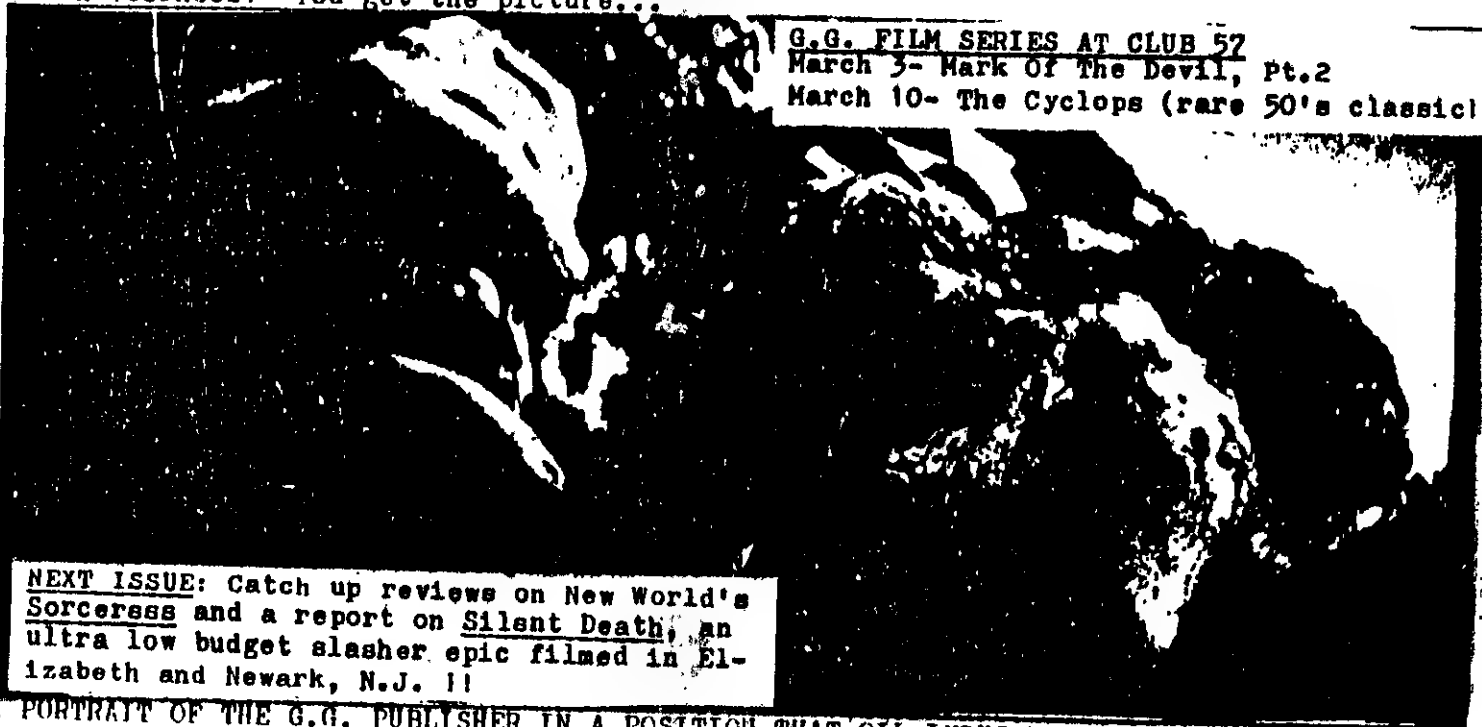
SATAN'S SADISTS- Playing as the co-feature to Young Gangs at the illustrious 42nd St. Selwyn Theater, Satan's is a 1969 release concerning a gang of crazed bikers (headed by a pudgy Russ Tamblyn) who comb California desert highways on a wanton spree of rape, robbery and murder. The definitive motorhead epic, this flick just has to be seen to be believed. Gratuitous violence and overt sadism make the film still pack a wallop today, 14 years after its initial release. Sam Sherman produced this one as well, and with the able direction of long-time cohort Al Adamson (Brain Of Blood, etc.), Satan's clicks as a non-stop smash from start to finish. Independents just don't make flicks like this anymore. It may seem ridiculous, but the best release of 1983 might just be a film made in 1969!

HOUSE ON SORORITY ROW- Director Mark Romanek meshes the standard Friday the 13th body count framework with the plot of the generally-unseen The Unseen to create a well-crafted glossy, but ultimately unsatisfying tale of a group of sorority brats who accidentally bump off their cruel house mother during a prank and dispose of the body to hide their guilt. One by one the gals are offed in familiar slasher fashion during a semester-end teen bash. Who is responsible? The housemother returned from the dead? Joe Spinell? Jason Voorhees? You get the picture...

#### G.G. FILM SERIES AT CLUB 57

March 3- Mark Of The Devil, Pt.2

March 10- The Cyclops (rare 50's classic)



NEXT ISSUE: Catch up reviews on New World's Sorceress and a report on Silent Death, an ultra low budget slasher epic filmed in Elizabeth and Newark, N.J. !!

A PORTRAIT OF THE G.G. PUBLISHER IN A POSITION THAT OIL INDUSTRY LEADERS WISH HE WERE IN PERMANENTLY? NO, IT'S ONE OF RICK BAKER'S SUPER-GROSS EFFECTS FOR VIDEODROME.

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 53

## GORE FOR THE PRE-TEEN SET



Thanks to overwhelming support from subscribers, readers, film distributors and advertisers, the G.G. is back in business, albeit with an unfortunate cover price of 35¢. Hopefully, this new permanently-expanded format will make it worth the extra investment for all. And what better way to celebrate a new lease on life than with a nifty shot of death! No, the above is not an advance still from a new slasher epic, nor is it a pirated Videodrome transmission. The juicy shot is none other than a police crime photo taken back in 1957 at the site of Ed Gein's farmhouse. For those who don't recall, Gein was the real-life ghoul whom many gore film classics were based upon, including Psycho, Deranged, and The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Now that you've been shocked into forgetting that you just bent 35¢ for this rag, let us announce that after two months of sporadic uncertainty, the G.G. will now be published at regular bi-weekly intervals, so hopefully 1983 may still be the best year yet for everybody's favorite exploitation guide!!!

Comworld Pictures, the Utah-bred distributor operating satellite offices in beautiful Woodbridge, N.J. has come up with an interesting marketing concept, "the PG gore film", in its latest release One Dark Night. Essentially another "teens meet psycho" morality play, Night drops explicit gore, nudity and profanity in favor of Hammeresque shocks to tap the young adolescent market (13 to 15) who may have been unable to view the gore classics (?) of the past few years because of their rating restrictions. Originally titled Rest In Peace, Night is concerned with a young girl (Meg Tilley, last seen in Walt Disney's Tex) who is eager to join a three-member, all-female gang known as The Sisters. Unfortunately, Tilley has usurped the boyfriend of the gang's leader, who subsequently plans a volatile initiation for her as an act of revenge. The leader forces Tilley to spend one entire night locked inside a sinister mausoleum to prove that she is fearless enough to be a "Sister". Unbeknownst to them, a psychic vampire named Raymar has been entombed there earlier that afternoon. It seems that Raymar had a penchant for sucking the psychic energy from young girls and the presence of one of them in the mausoleum is enough to bring him back from the dead. When the other three "Sisters" sneak back to the tombs after midnight to terrorize the initiate, they discover that Raymar has already animated most of the resident corpses to do his bidding and soon fall bloodless victims to the ghoulish onslaught. Raymar's long-estranged daughter arrives on the scene in the middle of the attack in time to save Tilley and her dork boyfriend (who has attempted a rescue as well) in an unexciting, predictable finale. Although gorehounds will be disappointed by the lack of blood spurting and the low body count (a mere 2), the vastly underrated Tom Burman (The Beast Within, Dead And Buried, etc.) provides some excellent living dead make-ups and some truly revolting corpse atrophy sequences that would tend to belie Dark's PG rating, and make the film somewhat appealing to all but the most entrail crazed. Director Tom Mc Laughlin makes exceptional



## GHETTO GRUESOMENESS

William Lustig, who incurred the wrath of both critics and horror fans in early 1981 with his fabulous piece of seminal slime, Maniac (see G.G. #8 for our favorable review), returns to the screen once more with a highly repellent, thoroughly enjoyable opus called Vigilante. A blatant grindhouse rip-off of the Charles Bronson Deathwish series, Vigilante features Robert Forster (Alligator) as a blue collar worker in a Queens pseudo-ghetto whose young child is slaughtered and wife severely assaulted by a sadistic gang who hold the entire neighborhood in a grip of fear. Co-worker Fred Williamson and a group of thick-skulled factory geeks offer Forster the services of their secret vigilante revenge squad but he refuses, opting instead to let the justice system deal with the apprehended attackers. However, when the murderer of his son escapes prosecution due to a corrupt backroom courthouse bribe and Forster himself is sentenced to 30 days in prison for contempt of court, he snaps and joins the vigilante cause with vengeful vigor. This plotwork takes about 45 minutes to set up, with the balance of the flick depicting the individual revenge sequences on each member of the gang. And what revenge it is! Lustig depicts arm breaking, kneecap shooting, stabbing, beating, head squashing, truncheoning and eye gouging in a relentless onslaught of sadism and graphic gore that makes the past Charles Bronson epics look like Buena Vista pictures and should leave the hardcore sickness mongers salivating and clamoring for an encore. Although very predictable and quite preposterous, Vigilante is a classic and a perfect model for exploitation films of the future to follow. Also, stargazers will enjoy seeing a porky Carol Lynley as a Queens D.A., and the handful of us Maniac fanatics will get a howl out of Joe Spinell in a bit role as a scurilous Jewish attorney who bribes a judge to enable his client to beat a murder rap. Highly recommended.

## SEXIST S & S

It has taken awhile, but New World Pictures has finally released their oft-announced entry in the sword and sorcery cycle, a genre which had high box office expectations a few years back, but has met with general disinterest with moviegoers in America. Titled Sorceress, New World parodies past s & s releases with a low budget, corny, almost slapstick tale of two twin beauties (played by Lee and Lynette Harris, real-life twins last seen as the mind-controlled nymphets in I, The Jury) whose par-

ents are slayed by an evil wizard. Similar to Conan, the girls follow their destiny realizing that some day they must avenge the slaughter. Until then, the Harris twins spend the balance of this 79 minute quickie battling zombies, flashing breasts and having psychic multiple orgasms in a scree play that would send feminists howling for the producer's hide. The special effects are what we have come to expect from Corman & Co., and Sorceress would normally be written off as forgettable fare. However, with Corman's recent sale of New World to a group of stuffy accountants, throwaway fluff like this may imminently cease production. Trash fans should catch Sorceress for that reason alone. Besides, the voluptuous melons of the Harris twins ain't hard to take either!

Poster sale (extremely limited supply):

The Hunger (new vampire epic featuring David Bowie to be released 4/25.) - \$7.99

GORE GORE GIRLS-(Original posters of Herschell's gore swan song.) - \$9.99

Videodrome-(Still some one sheets left on what might turn out to be Cronenberg's Heaven's Gate.) - \$7.99 Include \$1 postage.



SULTRY LEE (OR IS IT LYNETTE?) HARRIS ENCOURAGES MALE ZOMBIE SEEKING ORAL GRATIFICATION IN THIS EROTIC SEQUENCE FROM SORCERESS.

use of the steady-cam (unusual for a low budget feature) that gives Dark some effective, ethereal feel, not unlike The Shining. And if all that isn't enough to make you turn out for this slightly better than mediocre epic, the presence of a portly, bloated Adam West (Batman) in a needless supporting role should pique enough interest to cover the \$4.00 cash outlay for your ticket. One Dark Night is an interesting curio piece and Comworld should be commended for its original attempt to angle in on a new horror audience market. Nice try.

#### A QUICK AND SILENT DEATH

The most unusual horror entry to hit the area in many years was Silent Death, a 69 minute sub-Z abomination that played for one week at the Paramount Theater in the heart of the Newark combat zone. Filmed on location in Newark & in neighboring Elizabeth in early 1982, Silent is an almost unwatchable slasher/black exploitation/police drama about a masked assailant who is carving up members of an organized crime ring with a straight razor. Two inept detectives are assigned to the case, and what follows is the most inept film I have ever seen. That is a strong statement, but Silent truly makes other hack directors like Andy Milligan and Larry Buchanan look like Stanley Kubrick and Werner Herzog with its static, constantly out of focus camera, inaudible sound and cheesy looking orange blood. The picture is so bad that it really should be seen to be believed, yet producer/director Jor Chirichella and the S.D. company obviously think they have a top contender. They placed large, expensive display ads in the Newark Star Ledger to herald the film's arrival and covered the city with many 3 color canvassed-backed one sheets that had to go for at least \$5.00 apiece. The result? Silent Death was nearly booed off the screen by the always-astute Paramount audience. If this monumental loser pops up again in the NY metro area (which is doubtful), fans of bad movies should make an effort to catch it as Silent Death is definitely the Robot Monster of the 1980's!

#### THE FABIAN GOES FIVEPLEX

Everybody's favorite third-world venue, the Fabian Theater in Paterson, N.J. has expanded to include two more screens to its pre-existing triplex format. Always offering the best in sleaze, exploitation and horror, Fabian will now be able to offer even more in offbeat fare (check out this week's program of Joe Dante's elusive classic Hollywood Boulevard co-billed to save the sagging Tom

Selleck in the abysmal High Road To China) that should surely please all G.G. fans. Also, keep a close watch on upcoming theatre schedules as some G.G.-influenced rarities will be popping up as co-features very soon. The Fabian is managed by ardent gorehound Ken Beyer- drop by, say hello and tell him the G.G. sent you.

#### CLUB 57 FILM SCHEDULE

3/24- The Alligator People (rare 1950's horror with Lon Chaney, Jr.)  
3/31- Teenage Wolfpack  
1/7- The Arousers (w/ Tab Hunter as a killer homosexual)

Shows begin at 9:00 Pm, \$3.00 admission. Club 57 is located at 57 St. Marks Pl. in Manhattan. Come out and visit the place where sleaze festivals began - every Thursday night!!

Coming soon: The return of Fred Lincoln!!

**"THE SICKEST MOVIE I'VE EVER SEEN."**

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THAN THE LOVEABLE 'E.T.'"**

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#### G.G. JOKE CORNER

Q: What do you call E.T.'s third ball?

A: The extra-testicle!

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# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 55

## THE DEADLY DISTRIBUTOR

For some time now, many New Jersey horror fans have closely monitored the progress of a low budget independent feature titled The Deadly Spawn. Filmed in rural Bernardsville, N.J. in 16mm on a shoestring by a small group of film enthusiasts/artists, Spawn promised to mix state-of-the-art gore and grossness with a tongue-in-cheek sci-fi plot firmly entrenched in the halcyon classics of the late 1950's (The Blob, X The Unknown, etc.). Unfortunately, Spawn's novice producers unwittingly chose to let a hack distribution outfit 21st Century Distribution Corp. (Nightmare, The Slayer, and about a zillion third rate karate imports) handle their labor of love, a decision which ultimately caused the film to run for only one week in most venues and subsequently lose more than 2/3 of its gross potential. First, 21st Century issued the most ugly, bland, black and white posters imaginable to promote the film, which is a shame since the original Spawn poster art was meticulously painted in full color by Greg Hildebrandt, highly respected sci-fi illustrator. Secondly, the dorks at 21st scheduled Spawn to be released in the wake of The Evil Dead, a flick that industry insiders were predicting to be a monstrous success way back in early February when it was test-screened to wildly enthusiastic review audiences. The results of these two blunders caused Spawn to flop heavily at area box offices, obscured by "E.D. man-a" and hurt by a one-sheet scarcely suitable for use as bird cage liner. Too bad, because Spawn is a well-intentioned, fast-paced tale of flesh-eating tadpole like organisms who land on Earth in a blazing meteor and rapidly infest a N.J. farm community. Some of the spawn grow to huge proportions inside a damp leaky cellar while the remainder spend the balance of the flick eating unwary campers, teens and adults and crashing geriatric tea parties in graphically depicted slaughters designed by special effects newcomer Arnold Gargulo. One of the younger Hildebrandt brothers stars as a poindexterish science major who attempts to combat the plague, amidst a cast



PARTIALLY DEVoured VICTIM OF THE DEADLY SPAWN LOOKS AGHAST UPON REALIZING THAT 21st CENTURY DISTRIBUTION MIS-HANDLING CAUSED THIS GREAT LITTLE FILM TO BECOME ONE OF THE ALL-TIME, LOW-GROSSING BOX OFFICE FLOPS IN THE NY METRO AREA.

that ranges from mediocre to godawful. Acting qualms aside, Deadly Spawn should be urgently sought out by gorehounds as it

## SPAWN (cont.)

contains enough chest-bursting, eyeball sucking and entrail spewing to meet Evil Dead head on in a gore gauntlet. Hopefully, 21st Century will re-assess their marketing strategy when releasing Spawn to other territories to ensure that this minor gem gets adequate exposure.

(Late note: As we go to press, we've just received word that NY bombed out so bad with the Deadly Spawn break that 21st Century has completely re-titled the film and is gearing up a new campaign for a re-release. Abysmally re-named Return Of The Alien (what?), maybe this time the cheap sleazemeisters can cough up the dinero for some color posters!!)

## SEVEN & SEVEN IS... -Gary Hertz

Rounding out the bottom of the bill with the unmentionable Lone Wolf Mc Quaid at 42nd St.'s Harris Theater is the rarely-seen Seven, a 1979 Melvin Simon Production released during the final days of AIP that was shoddily distributed in this area. Quickly pulled from theaters and subsequently forgotten during the AIP/Filmways hustle, Seven appeared sporadically on cable TV spots and in some inner-city grindhouses. The few who have managed to catch it all agree that the film is quite possibly the greatest action/exploitation epic of the 1970's and maybe even the 1980's! Written and directed by ABC-TV sports director Andy Sidaris for under \$750K, Seven is an exhilarating 100 minutes of G, T, & E (Gunshots, Tits, and Explosions). A sort of violent spoof of the Seven Samurai, the flick is concerned with the exploits of famed assassin Drew Sevano (played to the hilt by the great William Smith) who is hired for \$7 million by the state of Hawaii to recruit 7 hit men to wipe out the top 7 Hawaiian mob bosses. All this is to be accomplished within 1/2 hour before the evil syndicate can massacre a hotel full of tourists and seize the entire state. What follows is a slick, violent, often hilarious array of shotgunnings, kung-fu, topless nubile, laser bazookas, racial slurs, inflatable love dolls, degenerate lechery, skateboarding and dead surfers. Seven is a classic example of the "set 'em up, shoot 'em down and blow 'em up" school of exploitation filmmaking which makes recent high-budget actioners like Lone Wolf and One Down, Two To Go look lethargic by comparison. Try to catch Seven now before it disappears- it may not resurface for awhile!

NY'S FORBIDDEN PLANET SUCKS- They have refused to handle sales of the new G.G. Hipsters are urged to use Cinemabilia for future film-related purchases. Thanks!!!



SEEING SULTRY ACTRESS BOBBIE BRESEE TURN INTO THE ABOVE RUBBER-FACED WITCH/BITCH ARE JUST ABOUT THE ONLY KICKS OFFERED IN MAUSOLEUM, A PIECE OF CRUD NOW WALLOWING IN THE NY METRO AREA.

## MINDLESS MAUSOLEUM

LA-based Motion Picture Marketing Releasing Corp. (MPM) is rapidly becoming the Typhoid Mary of the horror set. With a track record that includes past abominations like Graveyard Tramps, Funeral Home, and Satan's Mistress, MPM's newest offering Mausoleum finds the company at its all-time nadir. The flick is a jumbled, plotless mess about a young female descendant of the Nomed family (spell the name backwards for a good groan) who becomes possessed by the evil spirit of a mausoleum nearby where her mother was interred. The curse carries on into the woman's adulthood where she spends the balance of the flick seducing wimp husband Marjoe Gortner with her overripe melons and turning into a jade-eyed, latex-faced femme fatale when ever he is at work, killing domest-

## MAUSOLEUM (cont.)

ics, gardeners and delivery boys indiscriminately until she is saved by some Yehudi head shrinker who figures out a way to break the curse. Some very effective gore sequences are obliterated by Mausoleum's plodding story, wretched script and nearly incomprehensible plot. Alert consumer horror addicts should scan all upcoming horror release ads for the tell-tale listing of the MPM company- should any carry it, it's probably safe to assume the film to be a must to avoid.

## BLOODSUCKING LOBSTERS

After a lavish spread in Fangoria Magazine that displayed some dazzling Dick Smith pyrotechnics, most horror fans awaited the release of The Hunger with anxious anticipation. Sadly, the film is geared more toward the art bear/lobster crowd than the legions of gorehounds. Overslickly shot at a droning pace by director Tony Scott (brother of Ridley "Alien" Scott), The Hunger is concerned with Catharine Deneuve, a timeless vampiress who has trouble keeping her selected human lovers immortal for longer than 200 years at a clip. Her present stud, David Bowie, has nearly reached the end of this lifespan and no amount of throat-slashing, sucking or blood-bathing can stop him from aging 150 years in 24 hrs. After Bowie kicks, the stylishly-bisexual Deneuve sets her designs on Susan Sarandon, androgenous researcher at a mysterious aging laboratory. Deneuve seduces the woman amidst a cornball montage of gauze-shot lesbian breathiness while the most saccharine of classical chamber music blares in the background. After the sex, the bloodsucker gives her the bite and Sarandon reluctantly becomes the next in line of Deneuve's love slaves...or does she? The Hunger is one long piece of pompous, pretentious garbage that is almost impossible to sit through. Deneuve acts like a third-rate Deitrich, Bowie turns in his usual cardboard performance and Sarandon as doctor-turned-carpet muncher is a real howl indeed! Even Dick Smith's much-touted aging effects were done far better over a decade ago in 1970's Little Big Man. Gore is depicted as sparingly as if it were the rarest of sherries and any good violence is only glimpsed in unintelligible split-second jump cuts (probably to keep lobsters from blowing chunks on their new Gucci's). Even the flick's unoriginal "zombie revolt" finale was done much better in last January's One Dark Night, an unpretentious low budgeter probably done at half the cost. Luckily, The Hunger lasted only a week at most area venues. No loss for MGM/UA, however, as this type of drivel will continue to rack up the bucks for years to come at revival houses ala another Bowie bomb, The Man Who Fell To Earth, which should have been put to rest years ago. Forget The Hunger, it won't even begin to whet your appetite....

FANS OF G.G. FILM FEST: The film series at Club 57 has been temporarily suspended owing to too much junkie business and the closing of the club by its owners. We hope to relocate at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. in June. Watch out!

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YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA

No. 57

## TWILIGHT ZONE BATS .500

For over 1½ years, Warner Brothers has boasted the master collaboration of "the four most promising directors in the world today" on the movie version of The Twilight Zone, based on the late Rod Serling's classic sci-fi/weirdness anthology series from the halcyon days of the early 1960's. WB contracted proven whizz kids John Landis (Animal House, American Werewolf) and Steven Spielberg (E.T., Raiders) and paired them with industry sure comers Joe Dante (The Howling, Piranha) and George Miller (Mad Max, The Road Warrior), allowing each to direct his own episode to create an Amicus-like, mega-bucks, superstar spectacular, certain to rake in mucho box office dinero. The project suffered a severe set-back last July when veteran actor Vic Morrow was killed in a freak helicopter accident while filming his segment with John Landis. Undaunted by this tragedy, WB decided to plug ahead (no pun intended) with Zone, changing the fatal footage with some skillful editing and coming in only six months later than the scheduled Xmas '82 release date. As completed, Zone is merely an interesting curio that probably won't be the box office monster as hoped. Two of the episodes are masterful re-makes of favorite classic TV segments, another re-make attempt fails miserably and the one original tale newly created seems vapid and pointless when compared with the three Richard Matheson-penned chestnuts from two decades ago. What is unusual is that the bad episodes were directed by Landis and Spielberg, supposed "masters of the fantasy genre", while the remaining winners were brought in by two relative newcomers whose previous works were firmly entrenched in low budget horror and exploitation product. Zone opens with Landis' controversial Vic Morrow segment. Morrow portrays a bigot who loudly spouts off racial epithets at a local bar, offending all minorities within earshot until he is suddenly whisked away to Nazi Germany where he is persecuted as a Jew, then a Ku Klux Klan lynching where he is treated as a Negro, and finally a Viet Cong massacre where he is fired upon, all serving to graphically illustrate the evils of prejudice. This episode is slow, overtly preachy and smacks of the type of educational films shown in 6th grade civics classes. Landis



SINCE THERE IS NO REAL GORE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE (COVER REVIEW), WE DECIDED TO SHOW A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE COOL GHOUL WHO STARS IN LOOSE JOINTS, A HORROR ANTHOLOGY WHICH OPENS IN THE NY AREA ON AUGUST 15.

wrote this sole original segment himself, and the aforementioned editing may have stunted its impact, but in this form it hardly seems worth losing your head over... Spielberg's segment is up next, a re-make of Richard Matheson's It's A Good Life, originally telecast in 1961. The success of the saccharine-esque E.T. must have glazed Steve's mind, as this tale of the elderly inhabitants of a convalescent home who are transformed for one night into children is so sugar-coated that viewers will sprout zits just watching it. Obviously, Spielberg is attempting to become a 35-year old Walt Disney clone with this episode, easily the worst of the four

## TWILIGHT ZONE (cont.)

Joe Dante follows with a variation on the old "Anthony, The Boy Who Can Wish Anything" show. Together with some wild monster creations from his old cohort Rob Bottin (The Howling, The Thing), Dante easily turns in the best episode with his depiction of a boy who can make anything happen at will and holds an entire surrogate family in a paroxysm of fear within a surrealistic cartoon house. The captives live in fear of accidentally displeasing the boy, thus arousing his anger and being subjected to his horrible punishments (ie., having their mouths disappear from their faces, being eaten alive by an animated alligator from the TV set, etc.) Dante devotees can again enjoy playing "count the Grade B horror actors", as Dick Miller, Kevin Mc Carthy, William Schallert and even Billy Mumy, the original Anthony from 1962 can be glimpsed through the segment. This is the only episode that will even mildly appeal to gore hounds, as on the whole, Zone strictly adheres to its PG rating and eschews relatively little blood, gristle or bone. Australian George Miller closes out the film with a great re-make of the "gremlin on the airplane wing story" originally starring William Shatner and considered by many to be the best of the original Zones. John Lithgow, last seen as a linebacker cum transsexual in The World According To Garp, is first-rate as the harried air traveller who sees a monster tearing up the engines on the wing of a 747 during a wild storm. Miller really has a flair for directing action, as this segment flows with the same manic current that propelled The Road Warrior with excitement.... Linking the 4 segments is an inane bit of banter featuring sophomoric dorks Dan Aykroyd and Albert Brooks which could easily have been excized, much to the betterment of the film. Rod Serling is certainly not turning over in his grave from The Twilight Zone-The Movie, but it's a sure bet that when the flick was shown to him in that big screening room in the sky, he did not break into one of those patented sardonic grins to show his overwhelming approval. I'm sure Vic wasn't thrilled, either...

## G.G. FILM FEST RETURNS

After a hiatus of nearly three months, the G.G. film series has found a new home. Beginning this Thursday, July 7, and every Thursday through the summer, the G.G. will bring you the best, worst and rarest of horror, gore and exploitation films at The Dive, an air-conditioned pleasure haven located at 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave.), on Manhattan's popular west side. Kicking off the series on 7/7 will be Russ Meyer's Mudhoney, a little-seen scorching chock full of sadistic violence and overdeveloped women. Fol-

lowing Mudhoney, we will continue with an all-Russ Meyer month featuring:

7/14- Vixen

7/21- Cherry, Harry, & Raquel

7/28- Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!

All shows start at 8:00 PM sharp (no kidding, folks, the Club57 era of tardiness is over) and feature the famous G.G. gore trailer reels prior to the showing of each film. Admission is a paltry \$3.00, so come down early, stay late and get plastered at The Dive whilst viewing size 42D knockers! See you there!

## KARATE WITH NO CHOPS

Aquarius Releasing really missed the boat when they re-titled an old 1973 Howard Mahler action epic called Killers On Wheels to Karate Killers On Wheels in hopes of attracting martial arts mavens for a quick one week box office killing. What they overlooked was the fact that the Chinese import contains no kung-fu fighting at all, and is in reality a taut little revenge drama akin to a far east version of Straw Dogs meets Last House On The Left. Karate fans will pan it, but gore hounds will revel in the film's endless onslaught of stabbings, beatings, rapes, burnings, spearings, gougings and slashings, all presented in beautiful Fuji color. A highlight in Killers comes when the tortured victim of a wealthy family gets revenge on a motorcycle gang by pouring hot cooking oil onto their faces. Don't be misled by the deceptive ad campaign, Karate Killers On Wheels is first quality stuff. Oriental biker/gore imports are a rare commodity these days!



FABIAN THEATER MANAGER KENNY BEYER PROUDLY DISPLAYS WHAT HAS TO BE ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL BILL COMBOS OF 1983, CATERING STRICTLY TO HINDU GOREHOUNDS.

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA • No. 58



UNIDENTIFIED VETERAN OF BACKWOODS SUMMER STOCK THEATER  
DROOLS TRANSMISSION FLUID IN THIS HOKEY DECAPITATION  
SEQUENCE FROM DON'T GO IN THE WOODS, A MINDLESS LOW BUD-  
GET SLASHER TRAVESTY THAT OPENED IN THE NY AREA ON JULY

## DON'T GO NEAR THIS MOVIE

Just when gore completists thought they'd gotten a reprieve from the tired old "mad psycho carves up victims one by one" plot formula, NY-based distributor Marvin Films brought into town one of the worst ever. Titled Don't Go In The Woods, the flick is a far cry from the halcyon Hallmark Releasing "Don't's" of the 1970's. Wood is concerned with a psychotic, pseudo-neanderthal hermit who spends the balance of the flick's mercifully short 86 minutes stalking, slashing and severing campers amidst a mountainous Northwest woodlands panorama. An obvious low budget amateur production, Woods is chock full of unconvincingly staged gore such as severed heads made from overripe melons, cleaved extremities borrowed from Woolworth's mannequins, and light pink viscous blood suspiciously resembling auto transmission fluid. All of this handled adeptly could amount to an entertaining schlock masterpiece, but the plodding direction and non-existent plot of hayseed auteur James Bryan amount to not much more than a soporific bore. The blame for this turkey lies squarely with Marvin Films, however, as Woods was made back in late 1979 and released territorially

orally to most areas of the country during 1980, at a time when flicks of this ilk seemed much less hackneyed than they do today, a zillion variations later. To bring in an obviously dated rural dud like this three years later (after it has become 2nd bill drive-in fodder in all other parts of the country for over a year) and pass it off as new product is purely the sign of an unscrupulous, fast-buck film userer who'll try to sell anything that has sprocket holes in it. Like the title says, Don't Go In The Woods - or into your neighborhood theater exhibiting this trash, either!!

## WATERED-DOWN WINGS

Long-time G.G. readers will recall the glowing review accorded Avco Embassy's Vice Squad, a 1981 seamy police exploitationer featuring a then-unknown actor named Wings Hauser as a psychotic pimp named Ramrod who got his jollies by mutilating disloyal hookers' vaginas with bent coat hangers (see G.G. #32). Most gorehounds thought the depraved Wings to be the cat's pajamas (one reader went way out on a limb and wrote that he was "more dispicable than Joe Spinell and obviously Embassy did as well as they brought him back to star in a new action vehicle titled Deadly Force. This time Hauser portrays a crazed ex-cop named Stony Cooper who is hired by

an ex-convict to find the murderer of his granddaughter who has recently had her throat slit and been pushed out of a 30 story building. Upon beginning the investigation, Wings soon uncovers a mass murder organization that is being ignored by the police department and may be connected with an EST-like cult headed by a strange Jim Jones clone messiah. Deadly is fast-paced, far-fetched mindless exploitative fluff, very similar in style to last year's box office failure I, The Jury, but in no way one iota as good a film as Vice Squad. Director Paul Aaron abandons explicit gore in favor of a glossy, "made-for-TV" sheen and substitutes a preposterous plot for the gritty, skid-row scuzziness that made Vice such a delight. Hauser himself seems uncomfortable in the role of an outlaw cop and is much more suited to portraying an assassin than pursuing one. Gorehounds will find little of interest here, save for a taut little finale that features an exploding throat amongst other semi-graphic casualties. Saddled with a non-descript title that made it sound like it could be a new karate offering, Deadly Force was a succinct box-office failure that certainly will put the kabosh on Embassy's proposed plans to make an ongoing Stony Cooper film series, ala Warner Brothers successful Dirty Harry series of a decade ago. Forget the outbrand cop image - reunite Wings Hauser with his coat hanger now!!

### TRIPLE TERROR CLASSICS

Although the G.G.'s constant praises have brought claims of payola amongst other non-creative area exhibitors, the Fabian Theater in Paterson, N.J. must again be lauded for its continual consideration to gore addicts during these lean anemic summer months. Since the major film distributors have been hogging the screens with decidedly non-deviate product, the always resourceful Fabian crew concocted their



**G.G. EXCLUSIVE!!** - DEE WALLACE SHOWS HOW SHE REALLY FEELS ABOUT AMERICA'S FAVORITE CUDDLY EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL WHILE STEVEN SPIELBERG (HEAD IN BREAST) TRIES TO PROTECT HIS BANKROLL IN THIS SECRET STUDIO SHOT FROM THE E.T. SETS. INDUSTRY SOURCES CLAIM THIS WAS ONLY ONE OF A NUMBER OF BEHIND THE SCENES BATTLES BETWEEN THE ACTRESS AND THE TEMPERMENTAL ALIEN. ONE WONDERS IF SHE'LL FARE ANY BETTER SHARING THE SCREEN WITH A RABID ST. BERNARD IN THE UPCOMING CUJO, WHICH OPENS IN THE NY METRO AREA AUGUST 12. LEWIS TEAGUE (ALLIGATOR) DIRECTS THIS WARNER BROS. RELEASE OF A STEPHEN KING (YECCHI) NOVEL.

own triple horror classic combo to satiate the bloodthirsty during the gore draught. The program consisted of The Came From Within, the classic David Cronenberg 1976 debut (a/k/a Shivers) that many fans consider to be his sickest epic to date. When American International Pictures originally picked up the distribution rights to this gem, they considered it to be so offensive that they released it under the banner of a phony releasing company, Trans-America, so as to avoid industry condemnation. 8 years later, They Came still packs a shock wallop and is a must-see for Cronenberg completists. Next on the bill was The Burning, an ill-fated 1980 slash release that suffered from having most of Tom Savini's ghastly slaughter effects cut from the film due to an MPAA threatened X-rating for violence. As such, the flick is fun, but strictly tepid stuff. The real winner of the issue show was J.D.'s Revenge, another 1976 AIP epic that was initially promoted as a blaxploitation crime drama. In actuality, the flick is a shocking original tale of demonic possession featuring some great throat slashings, various mutilations all displayed in chunk-blowing close-ups that'll send gorehounds screaming in the aisles. Try to catch this great triple bill before it returns into the AIP classics limbo...

**FOR SALE:** A limited number of one-sheets on The Deadly Spawn (full-color original) & I Drink Your Blood/I Eat Your Skin. Each are \$8.00 (incl. postage). Send cks c/o our logo address.

Rick Sullivan's

Criticism/correspondence welcome. ....  
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# GORE GAZETTE

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YOUR BI-WEEKLY GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION AND GORE IN THE N.Y. METRO AREA No. 61

## SORRY FOR THE DELAY EDITION (No. 2)

A much-needed vacation as well as an attempt to expand the G.G. into a larger, glossier format has caused the long delay between issues. In that time, the summer gore draught has subsided, leaving us with a bountiful autumn bumper crop of sleaze fare. The sheer number of films released since the last G.G. forces us to adopt a capsule review format for this edition only. The G.G. will be back on its regular fortnightly schedule in full review format with issue #62.



P-3

A YOUNG NURILE LOSES HER HEAD TO THE AXE-WEILDING ASSAILANT IN PIECES, A NEW GORE/(UNINTENTIONAL) COMEDY EPIC CURRENTLY IN RELEASE IN THE NY METRO AREA.

**NIGHTMARES-** Slick Universal Pictures executives, seeing the box office business generated this summer by Warner Bros.' Twilight Zone, decided that they should release a horror anthology as well. Instead of filming one, they grabbed a completed T.V. movie slated for airing later this season, added some explicit gore to one of the segments and hastily released it over Labor Day weekend under the title of Nightmares. The result? A T.V. show that you now pay \$4 to see. The four tales range from good to awful with a "mad slasher on-the-loose in Topanga Canyon/surprise ending" yarn by far the best. A vignette about an evil video arcade game that possesses its players starts off promising, but quickly lapses into predictable tedium, featuring some sub-Tron computer graphics hokum. A story about a truck from hell tormenting a priest who has doubted his faith emerges a confusing mess and obvious rip-off of both The Car and Duel. But the final tale, concerning a giant rat terrorizing a suburban family is so hilarious it's almost worth the price of admission. When the creature is finally seen at the segments end, it is nothing but a real-life rear projected rat straight out of the Bert I. Gordon cheesy effects school of the 1950's. Not only does the rodent ludicrously bellow like Godzilla, it is matted into the film so poorly that furniture, walls, etc. can be seen through its body! Gorehounds can forget this tame vehicle, as except for some blood-bag hijinx spliced into the first story (which netted the film an R rating), Nightmares is about as gory as a Leave It To Beaver episode, and not one-tenth as entertaining!

**PIECES-** American producer Dick Randall, whose past efforts include the monumental post-mortem 1965 bad taste opus The Wild, Wild World Of Jayne Mansfield, returns with this unusual gore-fest, filmed partially in Boston, with the balance lensed in Spain. Originally titled 1000 Cries Has The Night, Pieces is concerned with a chainsaw-wielding maniac who is rapidly carving up coeds at a university. A haggard Christopher George (who will soon succeed Cameron Mitchell as honorary "Has-Been Horror Actor") stalks the killer amidst a crew of suspects ranging from Paul Smith (Midnight Express torturer), some Italian fags, the dean of the college to even his own real-life wife, Linda Day. Until the killer is revealed, we are treated to a barrage of great, graphic entrail-spewed slaughters executed in super-gross European gore technician style. The acting, dubbing and gaping plot holes are embarrassing (viewers can pass the time between killings by playing count the anachronisms during Pieces' many 1940's flashbacks), but all add to the enjoyability of this mindless sleaze fest. Not even the stuffiest horror prude would be able to resist hooting out loud when the obnoxious teen hero gets his balls torn off in Pieces' finale. Don't miss it!

**ESCAPE 2000-** After a successive string of unexciting losers (Stryker, Space Raiders), New World Pictures brings us a film destined to become the gore sleeper of 1983. Previously known as The Turkey Shoot, Escape 2000 is a futuristic Australian variation of The Most Dangerous Game, featuring Steve Railsback (T.V.'s Manson) and former lobster-turned-sleaze queen Olivia Hussey (Romeo and Juliet, Black Christmas). A 1984-style society imprisons criminals, radicals and non-conformists in torture camps where they are beaten into "becoming good citizens". The prison board of directors (a truly sick group of bourgeois decadents) get a kick out of releasing selected prisoners and then hunting them down as prey. Blood maven will revel in this fast-paced revenge epic which is chock full of grisly dismemberments, eyeball gouging, cleaving, beating, sadistic tortures and sexual perversions. (Escape features a state-of-the-art sequence of a head being blown off by a shot-gun that will knock you out of your seat.) A week before the film was released in New York, the MPAA forced New World to remove the R from its rating, as the profundity of graphic gore in Escape was "strictly X-ville" to the stoic film board. Although heavily edited down to a scant 77 minutes for American release (even in its present "X" version) causing some plot and continuity confusion, Escape 2000 is a must-see for the gore devotee and one of the better films released this year.

**HELL'S ANGELS FOREVER-** Richard K. Rosenberg, a prominent Hawthorne, N.J. lawyer, brings us this documentary of the infamous motorcycle gang, "as they would have their story be told". In the film's lengthy preamble we learn that the Angels have been making their own biography for the past 15 years and that the many Hollywood-produced biker yarns of the '60's and '70's were not accurate depictions of Hell's Angels life. Too bad, because the Hollywood flicks were a lot cooler than this travelogue, which features 90 plus minutes of interviews with the most moronic, souzzy slobbs imaginable. We learn of a secret FBI plot to infiltrate and disband the Angels, how Angels treat their women, why they dig the Grateful Dead and not much else. Hell's Angels Forever is like a Cheech And Chong movie sans comedy, and should score a resounding thud at urban box offices everywhere. They may not be accurate, but I'll take Peter Fonda,





G.G. EXCLUSIVE !!!- ACTOR NICHOLAS CAMPBELL DEMONSTRATES THAT A PAIR OF SCISSORS IS NOT A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR A TOOTHPICK IN THIS ADVANCE STILL FROM THE DEAD ZONE, THE EAGERLY AWAITED DAVID CRONENBERG/STEPHEN KING COLLABORATION WHICH OPENS TO NY AREA THEATERS ON OCTOBER 21.

#### HELL'S ANGELS (cont.)

Bill Smith, The Wild Angels, The Losers and Davie Allen and The Arrows over Sonny Barger, Sandy Alexander, the Grateful Dead and Hell's Angels Forever anyway.

MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY- Reported way back in G.G. #41 in our "Shape Of Things To Come" edition under the title of Canibal Ferox, this Italian import was acquired and re-titled by New York's own Aquarius Releasing, who have accorded the film a Savage Man, Savage Beast-style exploitative break at the luxurious 42nd St. Liberty Theater. Directed by Umberto Lenzi, Slowly chronicles two dope pushers who pull a \$100,000 sting on the mob and then flee to Paraguay to become emerald smugglers. After routinely torturing some natives for fun, a band of cannibals exacts revenge on the pair and also on a trio of anthropologists who just happen to get in the way. And what revenge it is! In billiously graphic close-ups, Lenzi shows us a man's skull hacked away and brains devoured, a guy's penis lopped off by a machete and then swallowed by a hungry cannibal, a woman's breasts pierced by sharp metal meathooks and a dozen other chunk-blowing atrocities. Astute gorehounds will recognize some of the actors and actresses in this film from other Italian productions like The Gates Of Hell and Alien Contamination. While the many Savage Man-style animal mutilations depicted were not my cup of tea, Make Them Die Slowly gives Evil Dead some stiff competition for the goriest film of 1983. Aquarius plans a wider break for the film soon. Watch for it in your neighborhood!

FOR SALE- Original one-sheets from the following films: Pieces (\$8), Zombie (\$8), Basket Case (\*8), and a limited supply of The Tigress (\*10), the third Ilsa film also known as Ilsa, Tigress Of Siberia. Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address.

**STRANGE INVADERS-** In early 1982, visionary director Michael Laughlin gave us Strange Behavior, an unusual, amusing and highly intelligent satire of the mad scientist genre of horror films so popular in the 1950's. He also resurrected Fiona Lewis (last seen in the Dr. Phibes series) one of the most alluring femme fatales ever to grace the screen. Unfortunately, Behavior played the exploitation circuit for scarcely one week and then vanished, never making it into the suburban hinterlands of mall multiplexes where its level of parody could be fully appreciated. Undaunted by this failure, Laughlin now brings us Strange Invaders, a semi-sequel that has gotten a wider release at the hands of Orion Pictures. Using the luscious Lewis again (albeit in a much smaller role), Laughlin's newest is a loving satire of the alien/invasion/bug-eyed monster classics of the 1950's. In true Invasion Of The Body Snatchers style, aliens take over a small Illinois town called Centerville in 1958. Years later, Columbia entomology professor Paul Le Mat unknowingly marries one of the creatures, who have all assumed the guise of humans. When his wife leaves him in charge of their small daughter to attend a funeral in Centerville and fails to return after two weeks, Le Mat tracks her to the town and begins to learn of the takeover of a quarter century prior. With sleaze tabloid journalist Betty Walker (portrayed by a flabby Nancy Allen) in tow, the pair slowly piece together the story of the invasion and subsequent cover-up by U.S. intelligence agents. (Ex-Behavior actress Louise Fletcher plays an agent trying to stop Le Mat and Allen from leaking the news to the press.) Older horror and sci-fi buffs will enjoy Strange Invaders, as it is a warm homage to Body Snatchers, I Married A Monster From Outer Space and other 50's chestnuts of that ilk. Within this context, Laughlin has packed the film with bit roles for such hallowed B-veterans as Kenneth Tobey, June Lockhart and even Bobby "Boris" Pickett. But for the modern-day gorehound, Strange Invaders is pretty pallid stuff. Aside from Fiona Lewis bleeding green pus and some slimy alien visages at the film's finale, the bloodthirsty will find the flick to be a plodding over-sentimental imitation of Close Encounters Of The Third Kind. (Ed. Note- Thanks to G.G. reader David Rolland for co-authoring this article. He liked Strange Invaders a whole lot more than I. Sorry, Dave!)

**QUICK BITS:** Thanks to on-the-ball G.G. reader Marco Boyajian for correcting two glaring errors in last issue's reviews: 1) Anthony M. Dawson, director of Columbia's caveman opus Yor, did not direct Dr. Butcher, M.D. as reported. Dawson brought us the unforgettable classic Cannibals In The Streets. 2) Cirio Santiago, whose Stryker is currently contaminating area screens did not direct 1971's women in prison classic The Big Bust Out as reported last time.....Deadly Eyes, the film version of James Herbert's classic gore novel The Rats, is currently playing at 42nd St's Harris Theater as a second feature to Warner Bros.' Never Say Never Again. WB had originally decided to shelve the Golden Harvest production, and it has never been commercially released to date.....The wily Terry Levene of Aquarius Releasing is responsible for the wildest title change ever: fearing that the re-release of the 1978 curio A Boy And His Dog would generate low response on 42nd St's action track, the sly Mr. L. has changed the marquee title for that engagement only to A Psycho Boy And His Killer Dog, Blood. Yeow!!!.....Another Aquarius title change on the way is The Creeper, a seemingly new flick which is in reality 1978's Rituals, a tense Deliverance-style horror entry starring Hal Holbrook.

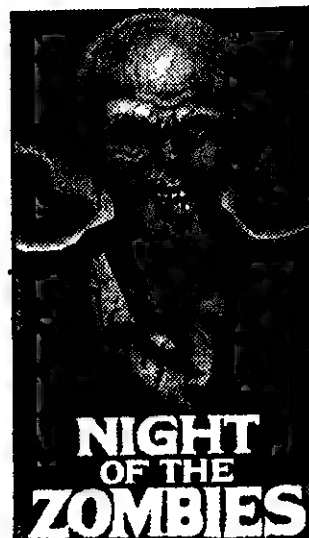
#### G.G. FILM FEST SCHEDULE

10/20: Dario Argento's Suspiria (in Cinemaspe)  
 10/27: Daughter Of Horror (for real!)  
 11/3: Horror Of Party Beach (gil-man gore!)  
 11/7: 2000 Maniacs (w/special surprise guest)  
 Showtime is 8:00 Pm sharp. All shows include the Famous G.G. Trailer Reels of demented coming attractions. Series is at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave.). See you there!

#### COMING NEXT ISSUE:

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RICK SULLIVAN'S

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢ YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE No. 63



HAVE A BLOODY GOOD XMAS !

The G.G. staff would like to take this opportunity to wish its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with this "titilating" shot from the winner of the 1983 Gore Film Of The Year Award, Make Them Die Slowly (a/k/a Cannibal Ferox). This was a tough one to pick, as many fans felt that The Evil Dead should be accorded this coveted honor. However, after careful consideration of the TDF (total depravity factor), Terry Levene and the crew at Aquarius Releasing eke out as winners with their sadistically-grisly, Italian-imported cannibal orgy

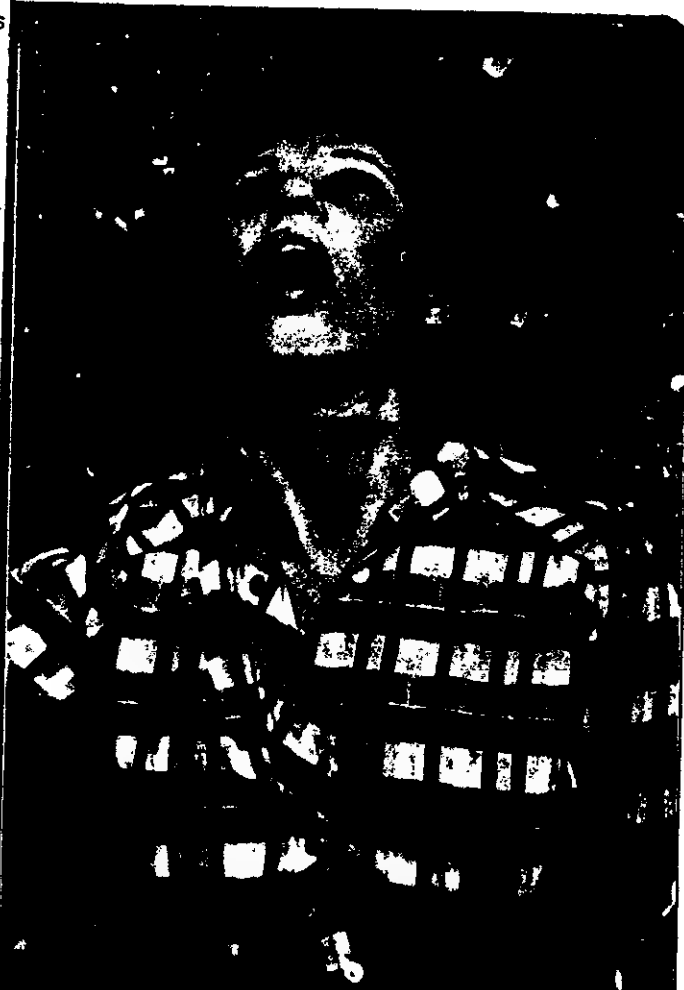
## GORE OF THE YEAR (cont.)

opus. There's been lots of activity on the sleaze front these past few weeks, so let's jump into this issue's reviews:

**YOUNG WARRIORS-** This Canadian/American co-production scored a resounding thud at urban theaters everywhere due to its white-stilted plot premise. Preppy James Van Patten and the similarly-scrubbed members of his upper-class college fraternity turn guerilla vigilantes after his sister is raped and murdered by a group of hispanic thugs. They spend the balance of the flick's overly-long 104 minutes combing San Francisco ghettos, foiling various acts of crime and vandalism being perpetrated in each case by minority gangs, while their parents and local police remain oblivious to the activity. Warriors reads like a Who's Who of has-been actors with Ernest Borgnine, Richard Roundtree, Lynda Day George and Dick Shawn all looking similarly confused in their various mis-cast supporting roles (Borgnine and George are husband and wife!). Originally titled The Graduates Of Pacific High, director Lawrence D. Foldes seems quite unsure of the film's direction of the film as well, as the revenge angle of the flick doesn't surface until almost 30 minutes into the film. Before that, Warriors is a mindless half-hour rehash of Porky's with Van Patten and Co. engaging in some obnoxious T&A hijinx that causes viewers to take an unsympathetic view of the gang throughout the film. Some minor sequences of graphic violence (including a great shot of a Latino rapist getting his foot blown off) may endear the film to gore completists, but Young Warriors emerges as nothing more than a disjointed, poorly-made, innately racist mediocrity.

**7 DOORS OF DEATH-** Terry Levene and the scurilous title-switchers at Aquarius Releasing really blew it by releasing this eagerly-awaited Lucio Fulci import under a karate-esque title with Anglicized credits. Unbeknownst to them, Fulci is a hot commodity in gore circles these days with past credits including Zombie, Alien Contamination, and, most recently, The Gates Of Hell, so that his name on any horror attraction is certain to ensure a box office goldmine. The Aquarius boys must have felt that they had a run-of-the-mill Italian import quickie as they re-titled Fulci's The Beyond to the ludicrously-corny 7 Doors Of Death and Americanized his name on the credits to Louis Fuller, hoping to dupe prospective patrons into thinking the film to be an American-made entry. Admittedly, the dubbing is excellent enough for the film to remain undetected as foreign, but the plot is merely an unoriginal variation on Poltergeist and Fulci's own Gates Of Hell, coupled with severely restrained bloodletting from the man gorehounds have been referring to as "the king of Italian splatter". Add to all this a horrible ad campaign that resembles a World Northal karate entry, 7 Door becomes a sub-par genre entry that should be ignored if only for the deception surrounding its release. Hack distributors should know better than to try and pull this!

**AMITYVILLE 3D-** The death knell should surely sound for 3D after this, the newest (and by far the worst) of the major-released epics in what will certainly be written up as "the failed gimmick of 1983" in film history books. Dino De Laurentiis squanders more of his mega-bucks on this pallid, goreless, PG-rated exercise intedium about the third tenants of the legendary Long Island hellhouse. This time out, the resident is a journalist who exposes supernatural frauds for a living and he moves into the house to prove that the prior horrific events that transpired were nothing more than publicity-grabbing hoaxes. Predictably, he soon becomes a believer as his real estate agent is felled by a swarm of bees.



THIS YOUNG VIXEN WAS THE VICTIM OF A SAV-  
AGE ATTACK BY A MANIAC INJUN IN SCALPS.  
THE LONG--awaited FRED GLEN RAY FOTO THE

his partner is toasted in a freak car accident, his daughter is mysteriously drowned while boating and his basement is invaded by a floppy latex-rubber demon from hell (created by Basket Case alumnus John Caglione). About the only thing good to say about Amityville 3D is that at the film's finale, the house explodes in an overblown 3D array that would make it logically implausible for any more sequels. But one never knows....

**SLEEPAWAY CAMP-** Although slammed hard by members of both the mainstream and horror presses as being an umpteenth variation on Friday The 13-style stalk and slash body count epics, Sleepaway transcends triteness by virtue of its taut direction and hilariously-penned screenplay by newcomer Robert Hiltzik. Like F.T.T., Sleepaway is concerned with a killer running rampant at a pre-teen summer camp, bumping off counselors and campers alike in various gruesome variations. What makes the flick different (and far better) is that the main characters here are likeable, consisting mostly of four-letter word spouting 11 year olds who add entertaining comic relief between killings. The anticipated surprise ending here turns out to be a real demented shocker that may even offend some erudite gorehounds (especially gay ones). In short Sleepaway Camp is an unexpectedly entertaining little blood-spurter that should not be ignored, proving that when handled adeptly, there is still some life left in the timeworn "s&s" genre.

**OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN-** Canadian producer Pierre David, moneyman behind earlier David Cronenberg pictures like They Came From Within and Rabid, brings us this unusual terror entry about a young executive who battles to keep his house (and his sanity) against a rat. That's right, a rat. One. Not a giant rat. Not a killer rat. Not even a rabid rat. Just a super-intelligent one who is intent on driving actor Peter Weller out of his mind. In review, this might sound like a stupid premise, but director George Cosmatos handles the screenplay in a manner that jumps between horrific claustrophobia and farce, never allowing viewers to become bored with an idea that should really have been no longer than a ½ hour Twilight Zone episode. Gore is held pretty much to a minimum, but Unknown contains enough shocks and jolts to keep most gorehounds on the edge of their seats in anticipation of the next vicious rodent onslaught. A word of reprimand should be leveled at Warner Bros. Pictures, however, for their decidedly deceptive ad campaign insinuating that Unknown was about some sort of monster stalking a family, using a one-sheet and print ad format lifted directly from The Howling. This misrepresentation is hurting Unknown at the box office as 42nd St. urban masses vocally voiced their displeasure over being promised a monster and getting only a rat. Don't let the bad word-of-mouth fool you, Of Unknown Origin, while not a horror classic, is a unique treat. Try to catch it!

**LOVELY BUT DEADLY-** Grade Z production and cornball acting add to the charm of this unusual exploitation quickie. Well-endowed unknown Lucinda Dooling portrays Mary Anne Lovett (Lovely for short), an ultra right-wing high school student who goes on a one-woman vigilante rampage against area drug dealers after her younger brother is killed by some tainted angel dust. Lovely flattens creep after creep with some of the most awkward karate moves ever committed to celluloid, while her chaste, squeaky-clean beau performs wimpoid rock ballads that would make Jerry Falwell smile. Director David Sheldon ties all this up in a campy, self-parodying package that is spiced up by supporting acting from Grade Z actors of the past (i.e., Marie Windsor, star of Catwomen Of The Moon is cast as Lovely's eccentric

**JAMES BOND COULDN'T...  
BRUCE LEE WOULDN'T...  
THEY CAN'T DO WHAT LOVELY CAN!!**



# LOVELY *But* DEADLY

LOVELY BUT DEADLY Starring LUCINDA DOOLING/JOHN RANDOLPH/NEIL NOYAK  
SUSAN RECHNER and RICHARD HERR as "Honorable Charles" Sherman

Executive Producer: J. PAUL WILLIAMS

Directed by: DAVID SHELDON

Produced by: DAVID WILLIAMS and DAVID SHELDON

Screenplay by: PATRICK JOYCE and DAVID SHELDON

Story by: LAWRENCE D. VILLENUEVE and ROBERT D. BARKER

Musical Direction: GARY GUSTAFSON in charge of Production: DAVID SHELDON



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INTERESTING (YET TOTALLY DECEPTIVE)  
AD MATTE FOR AN EXCITING LOW BUDGET  
CURIO (SEE REVIEW).

### LOVELY (cont.)

old aunt). Gorehounds will find the film's violence sorely lacking, but fans of ultra-low budget rarities will find Lovely But Deadly well worth a peek. In this era of \$30 million dollar productions, it's good to see that solid (albeit a bit shoddy) entertainment can still be cranked out at 1/1,000 th of the cost.

PIRANHA II: THE SPAWNING- This Italian/American co-produced sequel is much bloodier than Joe Dante's 1978 New World classic, but it lacks all of the 50's feel and fast-paced charm of its predecessor. This time out, those wily razor-jaws have begun to mate with flying fish at a tropical resort. The result, of course, is flying piranha that prey on unsuspecting tourists and locals. The expected bloodbath mass attack sequences (gore-packed in true Italian overblown entrail-embued fashion) does not come until about 70 minutes into the flick and before that viewers are forced to suffer through some mindless sexual cat and mouse antics between the three token American actors and actresses. Originally American director Miller Drake was contracted to helm the film, but his pal Dante told him to avoid it like the plague; advice which he wisely heeded. Piranha II is a pretty directionless jumble that will be enjoyed by fans of Italo-gore flicks only. Caveat emptor.

THE KEEP- Not much room left to elaborate as we approach press time, but this Michael Mann (Sorcerer) film based on F. Paul Wilson's hit novel is one of the most boring, pretentious lobster-esque travesties ever made. During World War II, Nazis occupy a Rumanian fortress which houses some sort of evil force. This force turns out to be a creature that looks like a rubbery Inframan reject who does battle with Scott Glen, a mysterious anti-hero entity who does little more throughout the film than to look somber and occasionally make his eyes glow lavender. Some religious allegory is attempted here, but succinctly, The Keep may be the worst horror film I have ever seen. To be avoided at all costs!

Criticism and correspondence is always welcome at the G.G. Write Gore Gazette, c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Subscriptions are \$ 13.00 per year, and all available back issues are 50¢ each.

NEXT ISSUE: Catch up time with reviews of Just Before Dawn, (Terror In) The Forest, as well as Christine, Scarface, Scalps and much more!

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1/5- Succubus (X-rated vampire fare from Jess "Zoom-Lens" Franco)

1/12- The Trip (R. Corman's LSD orgy featuring Dennis Hopper)

1/19- The Toolbox Murders (grisly sexist far starring Cameron Mitchell)

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# GORE GAZETTE

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YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 64



Director Lucio Fulci (The Gates of Hell, The Beyond, etc.) subtly illustrates the urgency of safety belt use in this juicy scene from The Black Cat, the Italian goremeister's newest blood fest which opens to NY metro area theaters on Friday, Feb. 10 !!! The tardiness of the film and the resultant hefty backlog of sleaze product precludes any further dwelling. On to the reviews:

**CHRISTINE-** After the severe mainstream critical backlash accorded him for last summer's deliciously-porn The Thing, John Carpenter pulls a David Cronenberg with this latest production of a top gun best seller, eschewing the expected gristle in favor of a sweet, 100% peach that emerged scarcely more frightening than an old Twilight Zone episode. (It's a peach, but it's not a peach over)

seen as the young assassin-stalker in the abysmal Blow Out, plays Arnie Cunningham, school nerd and all-around doormat to the world. He buys an old 1958 Plymouth Fury (from Roberts Blossom, the quintessential sickie from Deranged), and begins the arduous task of restoring it. During this process, the "car from hell" begins to possess him and Arnie adopts a Mr. Hyde-like personality, exacting revenge on the many bullies who tormented him and anyone else who impedes his chrome-plated love affair with Christine, the auto's unexplained monicker. The flick is packed with Carpenter's usual slick, taut production and spfx-whiz Roy Arbogast's car regeneration sequences are quite amazing, but unfortunately films concerning killer cars, no matter how well-made, are always just plain dull (ie, The Car, Duel, Nightmares, etc.). Scriptwriter Bill Phillips opted for a campy approach in adapting King's novel to the screen, sadly resulting in an overall confusing effect, since the basic plot premise of Christine is rather ludicrous to begin with. Gorehounds will shun this film as well, since aside from a brief bit of impalement at the film's finale, Christine emerges a bloodless, anemic loser. With the current trend amongst the former wildcat masters of terror to become assimilated into the comfortable hierarchy of Hollywood, can gore fans expect 1984 to be a lean year for bloodletting at the boxoffice?

SCARFACE- After years of residing in lobsterville with such pretentious dreck as Dressed To Kill, Blow Out and Still Of The Night, Brian DePalma reverts back to his halcyon days gore/exploitation with this loosely-based remake of the Paul Muni 1931 gangster classic. Updated to the present, Al Pacino portrays Cuban immigrant Tony Montana and the film's three hour running time chronicles his life from being lowly hamburger stand attendant to multi-million dollar cocaine tycoon in Miami, Florida. Along the way, DePalma packs Scarface full of enough gratuitous violence, sleazy profanity and preposterous storyline that one wonders how Universal Pictures was ever talked into laying out \$20 million plus for what is essentially an overblown 42nd St. exploitationer. Whatever the reasons, gorehounds will revel in this comic strip-paced bloodbath, featuring Pacino punching, stabbing, shooting and maiming his way to the top in a great Ricky Ricardo accent that is punctuated by the word "fuck" used over one hundred times in the course of the film. If possible, Scarface should be viewed at a comfy suburban mall theater, as it is enjoyable to watch middle-American patrons cringe in disgust (and maybe even exit) at a prime example of classic exploitation fare. Don't let the critic's pans upset you, Brian- Scarface is one hell of a fine movie and it's great to have you back!

SCALPS- If you blinked, you may have missed Fred Olen Ray's (Alien Dead, The Brain Leeches) long-awaited opus which opened to a scant handful of theaters during New Year's week and then promptly disappeared into oblivion. A prime example of shoestring budget filmmaking at its finest, Scalps is concerned with a group of teens who unwittingly disturb the burial ground of an evil Indian spirit who subsequently possesses one of the troupe, turning him into a hilarious, rubber-faced witchdoctor cum demon who graphically offs his peers in the familiar Friday The 13th body count manner. To pad out the running time of this epic, Ray enlisted such B-movie stalwarts as Kirk Alyn (the original Superman), a wrinkled Carol Borland (the fetching Luna from 1935's Man Of The Vampire) and even Forrest J. Ackerman for unrelated cameos in hopes of attracting golden age horror completists. The result is a lovingly awful Grade-2 gem that is easily as good as The Curse Of Bigfoot and far more entertaining than any Larry Buchanan picture. Ray's sporadic gore effects are excellent, however, with the scalping, stabbing and decapitation well worth the price of admission for the hard core gore fan. Fred Ray is presently at work on a new gore project titled Biohazard, a mutant-on-the loose saga to be released later this year.

WAR OF THE WIZARDS- 21st Century, NY's own scurrilous sleaze distributors, are up to their old title-switching tactics once again. Taking an old Japanese children's fantasy film originally known as The Phoenix, 21st has re-titled it War Of The Wizards and devised an ad campaign billing Richard Kiel (Eegah!, "Jaws" in Live And Let Die) falsely as the star of a film that purports to be "better than Clash Of The Titans". Well, War would certainly be hard-pressed in comparison with Clash, since it was obviously made on about 1/1,000 of the budget. The film also does not star Kiel; he appears only at the film's finale as a lumbering, neo-Mongoloid Samurai mutant who battles the picture's unbilled, "real" oriental star. The balance of War is filled with some ineptly-attempted mystical hokum, awkwardly-staged karate brawls and a monster bird on visible wire that is both so poorly constructed and animated that it makes the cheese-ball creature in The Giant Claw look like a Ray Harryhausen creation. Easily the worst rip-off to be released in 1983, patrons who were hoodwinked by these shysters should write to 21st Century and demand a full admission refund. Check the Manhattan white pages for their phone number and address....

CHRISTMAS EVIL- Aquarius Releasing provided us with this rare, previously-unreleased curio that played for two weeks at 42nd St.'s nosh Hennis Theater during the holiday season.

in 1980 by Edward R. Pressman (Conan The Barbarian) and alternately known as You Better Watch Out!, Evil is a well-constructed but sadly unsatisfying entry concerning a psycho (Brandon Rogers) who works at a toy factory and is obsessed with the idea of Santa Claus and the entire Xmas holiday. He spies on neighborhood children and makes notes in huge journals throughout the year as to which are "naughty" and which are "nice". The man is tormented at the factory by his co-workers, and he finally snaps on Christmas Eve by donning a Santa outfit and filling a large van with pilfered toys. Beginning his rounds, Brandon delivers generous gifts to good children and orphans and stops along the way to maim and murder bad people and those who harrassed him during the year. A promising, original plot premise is ultimately ruined by Evil's plodding direction of Lewis Jackson, which takes a full 55 minutes to lead up to the first killing. The murders are sufficiently brutal (ie., a drunken hypocrite leaving midnight mass is skewered through the eye with a screwdriver, etc.), but too much time is spent in wallowing pity over the plight of the poor deranged misanthrope. Top off all these flaws with a surprise cop-out ending that had 42nd St. patrons groaning and hurling projectiles at the screen, Christmas Evil can only be recommended for the most die-hard of horror completists only.

MORTUARY- Film Ventures Releasing of California brings us the late Christopher George's swan song performance in this tale of a mysterious hooded assailant who murders randomly by using an embalming needle. Mortuary is not as bad as one might think from viewing the derivative ad campaign and corny TV spots, containing loads of unintentional humor ala George's last masterpiece, Pieces. Wife Lynda Day is also on hand to ham it up as well amidst a plot that seeks to place numerous red herrings, but telegraphs the killer's true identity before the first reel unspools. The depraved will enjoy the sparse (but fairly grisly) murder sequences as well as a surprising display of full-frontal nudity, utilizing an embarrassingly obvious stand-in for the film's teen heroine. Although poked fun at by many critics of all circles, Chris George will be sorely missed (especially by fans of the horror genre) for his steadfast trooper-esque performances in so many terrible, directionless films of miniscule budget. Had he survived, perhaps he could have carved a comfortable niche for himself by inheriting the mantle of the "soon-to-kick" John Carradine, a similar celluloid scavenger who is endeared to us all.

ANGEL- New World Pictures has finally hit the big time, scoring a cross-over box office smash with this overtly saccharine, highly-preposterous fable about a 15 year-old hooker with a heart of gold. Newcomer (no pun intended) Donna Wilkes portrays the title trollup, forced into the flesh racket after being abandoned by her parents at the age of 12. Angel concerns a maniacal, necrophile killer who is carving up LA prostitutes into little pieces at a rapid rate. Angel's "co-whorts" drop like flies until she meets the psycho face-to-face at the flick's predictable finale. In the interim,



LATEX-MUGGED INDIAN DEVON SCOWLS FIERCELY IN SCALPS, A MANITOU-INSPIRED LOW BUDGETER FROM FRED GLEN RAY.

and witty banter between great character actors Rory Calhoun (an eccentric Hollywood cowboy), Nick Shawn (an overweight transvestite) and Susan Tyrell (a new-wavish lesbian slumlord). However, gorehounds seeking down and dirty exploitation fare will not find it here. Most of Angel's violence is tastefully depicted offscreen and the nymphet herself never performs any of her tricks within camera view, causing the overall punch of the picture not to be any stronger than an average "controversial" made-for-TV production. Similar releases like Vice Squad and 10 To Midnight were much more violent and better attuned to the tastes of sleazemeisters. The lack of explicitness aside, Angel is still an interesting 94 minute romp which is a good example of how grindhouse entertainment can be diluted, sweetened and packaged for Middle America acceptance.

WARRIORS OF THE WASTELAND- Enzo G. Castellari, Italian exploitationer who pasta-ized John Carpenter's Escape From New York last year with 1990: The Bronx Warriors is back once again with a new epic, a low-budget, blatantly unabashed rip-off of The Road Warrior. Starring Fred Williamson as the token American amidst a cast of hundreds of homogeneous guidos, Warriors spins the sordid tale of the Death Templars, a post-holocaust group of psychotic homosexuals out to exterminate the survivors left on earth. Fitted against them is Fred and an Italian musclehead who resembles Liberace. The bulk of the film's terse 90 minutes is jam-packed with ludicrous car chases, fire bombings and assorted spearings sprinkled with the most hilarious dialogue heard in a dubbed import in recent memory. New Line Cinema, the flick's U.S. distributors, claim that some of Warriors' more graphic violence had to be trimmed in order to cop an R-rating from the MPAA, but gorehounds should be more than satiated by the hefty amount of stabbings, mailings, dismemberments and exploding heads left intact. Warriors Of The Wasteland is first-rate, mindless throwaway fluff that should chalk up a B+ on any trash fan's scorecard.

THE POWER- Jeff Cbrown, whose debut film Pranks (aka The Porn That Dripped Blood) still remains unreleased in the New York area, returns with his second feature, a lengthily-padded quickie concerning an evil Aztec idol and its subsequent possession of its several owners. Alternately known under the production title of Evil Passage, The Power would have made a nifty 20 minute anthology piece, but its present 84 minute running time extends the thin plot premise beyond endurance. The actors (mostly UCLA students) are embarrassingly amateurish, the scripting laughable and the film devoid of any notable violence or nudity, so that by the time Matthew Bungle's grotesque air bladder special effects are displayed in The Power's last reel, bored viewers will find it difficult to muster any enthusiasm for the film. Top all of this off with the hokiest of predictable endings and The Power will interest only the most die-hard of low budget horror afficianados.



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FOR SALE: original one-sheet posters from the following films: THE BLACK CAT (new Lucio Fulci pic), Cronenberg's THEY CAME FROM WITHIN, Andy Warhol's BAD and a limited supply of Herschell Gordon Lewis' JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT!. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$8.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders c/o the G.G. offices at 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042.

RARE VIDEOS: Perfect copies of Ilsa, She-Wolf of The SS and Herschell Gordon Lewis' The Gore-Gore Girls. VHS only. Send \$19.95 (plus \$2.00 postage) to the G.G., 73 North Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Order these rare classics today! The Gore Gazette Film Fest at The Dive successfully continues with: 2/9- Brian DePalma's Sisters (uncut version), 2/16- a special event night with George Romero's Martin, featuring in-person appearance by John Amos! 1, 2/23- Romero's Code Name: Trixie (aka The Crazies) complete and uncut, and 3/2- a rare 16mm screening of The Evil Dead, 1983's runner-up for gore film of the year. All shows start promptly at 8:00 PM and feature the famous G.G. trailer reels. The Dive is located at 257 W. 29th St. (at 9th Ave.). Admission is a paltry \$3, except for special event nights which may run a bit higher.

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION &amp; SLEAZE

No. 65



A HUNGRY YOUNG REPTILE CRITTER PREPARES TO SNARF DOWN SOME POOR PEASANT'S EYEBALL THAT HAS BEEN FRESHLY PLUCKED BY THE EVIL TATTOOED WIZARD IN THIS SUCCULENT SEQUENCE FROM NEW WORLD PICTURES' DEATHSTALKER, CURRENTLY IN RELEASE IN THE NY METROPOLITAN AREA.

The holiday season box office bonanzas have finally run out of steam, leaving room for a glut of low budget one-week wonders that have hit area screens over the past three weeks. This issue, the G.G. looks at over a dozen films in all, so let's cease the rambling and jump right into the reviews:

THE HOUSE WHERE DEATH LIVES- After being previewed way back in G.G. #44, this epic quietly limped into town after playing virtually every other territory in the country. Originally filmed back in early 1980 under the title of Delusion, the film was initially picked up for distribution by the lobsteresque Samuel Goldwyn Company (Lonely Hearts, Experience Preferred) who decided that it did not exactly fit with their arty

corporate image and subsequently farmed it out to NY's own New American Films. Stylish, slickly produced and well-acted, House unfortunately falls victim to one of the tritest of all horror plot premises: someone is gorily bumping off a wealthy family and its servants amidst the background of a spooky old Victorian mansion. Director Alan Beattie points all fingers at a brooding adolescent who has recently moved into the house, but astute gorehounds will know better and should be able to deduce the killer's true identity by the second reel of the film. Veteran horror stalwart Joseph Cotten (Baron Blood, etc.) picked up a few day's pay on this vehicle, portraying the crotchety old paraplegic patriarch of the title dwelling. Gorehounds would do well to avoid this plodding whodunnit

whose brief goresplashes are not the 80-odd minutes of intermittent tedium.

**SLAYGROUND-** While not really a true horror entry (as being hawked by distributor Universal), Slayground starts off as a uniquely original adventure outing, but soon gets mired in a morass of confusing sub-plots and unnecessary continent-hopping. Small-time hood Peter Coyote masterminds a simple robbery with two other cronies. While making their getaway, they are involved in a car accident that leaves an 8 year-old millionairess dead. Her father, obsessed with bringing the criminals to justice, enlists the aid of a mysterious hooded assassin to exact some vigilante-style vengeance on the trio. Coyote's partners are quickly and brutally exterminated, with the balance of Slayground's 89 minutes made up of a cat and mouse chase between the hitman and his intended victim. The fast pace of the film soon quickly grinds to a halt as Coyote flees to an old English village to hide out with a gang friend, subsequently getting involved with various uninteresting sub-plots concerning infidelity, love triangles and narcotics sales before the predictable showdown at the film's finale. Blood mavens will find nothing of interest here, with Slayground being recommended solely for the espionage/adventure set.

**THE BLACK CAT-** Sincere apologies must be meted out to G.G. readers who flocked to see this abomination based on the lavish cover spread accorded it last issue. World Northal, Cat's American distributor, hoodwinked the G.G. staff into believing the film to be the newest offering from Lucio Fulci, Italian goremeister responsible for such past grizzly greats as The Gates Of Hell, Zombie, etc. In actuality, Cat is an early Fulci epic produced in the mid-1970's and starring 60's psych-out hippie has-been Mimsy Farmer and the long-deceased Patrick Magee (A Clockwork Orange) in a long-winded, uninteresting partially-dubbed bore concerning a murderous ebony feline who is responsible for a number of violent deaths in a rural English village. Farmer plays a visiting American photojournalist who can't convince local authorities that the crimes are being committed by the beast until the final reel of the film when the head of Scotland Yard is repeatedly mauled by the psychotic pussy. Since the flick is nearly a decade old, Cat's gore seems severely restrained by today's standards, and hard-core Fulci fans will find none of the expected entrapment spewing, maggot attacks and general carnage that they have come to expect from the director's more recent

works. Only true completists will relish The Black Cat, a crude early effort of an inexperienced young director arduously plying his trad

**MAS ALLA DEL TERROR-** Gorehounds unsatiated by domestic product should keep their eye on 42nd St. and Broadway's Cine I&II Theaters for some of the finest in Spanish-language exploitation fare. Mas Alla, a prime example, is a kind of foreign hybrid of Satan's Sadists and The Evil Dead that, while not completely understandable to non-bilingual viewers, offers a fast-paced 90 minutes of sadistic violence, zombie attacks and some surprisingly graphic sex. A motorcycle gang made up of three male punks and a lesbian roam the Spanish countryside robbing, raping, burning and pillaging everything in their way. They come upon an old villa inhabited by an elderly woman and her young grandson. The gang ransacks the house, beats the old lady and child severely and eventually torches the house, burning the two inside alive. Unbeknownst to them, the woman is a witch who unleashes the curse of the living dead on the hoods before she expires. The balance of the flick finds the gang on the defensive as they are individually rubbed out by re-animated, vengeance-seeking corpses in great gore-resplendent Euro-zombie style (i.e., intestines torn out and devoured, etc.). Mas Alla Del Terror is certainly to be enjoyed by any gorehound retaining a basic understanding of Spanish from high school. Check it out !!

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**DEATH STALKER-** The new owners of New World Pictures show no sign of deviating from Roger Corman's proven success formula with this low budget T&A sword and sorcery epic inspired by last year's Sorceress. Former Hugh Hefner playmate Barbi Benton bares all in this plot-hole ridden tale of an evil sorcerer who stages a series of gladiator combat games in hopes that all brave warriors who enter will slaughter each other, thus giving the wizard free reign to enslave the weaker folk and dominate the entire country. Director John Watson makes the most of Deathstalker's non-existent budget by filling the shaky cardboard sets with the most beautiful, suntan-oil-lubricated naked nymphets seen in recent memory and an ample amount of graphic dismemberment and bloodletting, including a nifty Alien-like reptile who gets a kick out of eating people's eyeballs which have been gouged out for him in full camera view by the sorcerer. Add to all this a blonde, muscle-bound goon hero (Richard Hill) who is actually dumber and more wooden than Arnold Schwarzenegger and Deathstalker emerges a 79 minute gorepacked Grade Z delight. Recommended.

**SWEET 16-** This epic is the first in a series of films to hit the NY area "produced" by an innovative entrepreneur named Jim Sotos. Every year, much is written in film trade journals about the large number of independent and even major studio productions that are so inferior as to be deemed unreleasable and are subsequently shelved and used for tax write-off purposes only. The wily Mr. Sotos has begun buying up many of these old unmentionables, devising catchy re-worked ad campaigns and eventually releasing these duds territorially via a network of scurrilous local independent distributors. Sweet 16 is one of these losers, a tedious stalk and slash mess filmed around 1979 starring Bo Hopkins, Susan Strasberg and Patrick Macnee amidst the backdrop of a rural western town. Virtually nothing happens during this clunker's 92 minute running time, as viewers are forced to watch various adolescents being bloodlessly dispatched by what appears to be a seductive 15 yearold teen queen. Mix in a pathos-inducing sub-plot about the plight of the modern-day American Indian, some local redneck hijinx and the constant over-acting of Strasberg, and one can easily see why Sweet 16 was wisely slated for eternal limbo.

**RUNNING HOT-** An independent production originally known as Lucky 13 before having its title changed by distributor New Line Cinema, Running spins the amusing, original tale of a slightly unbalanced hooker who falls hopelessly in love with a convicted teenage murderer. While en route to death row, the adolescent escapes and seeks out the call girl who had written him numerous passionate paeans to enlist her aid in clearing his name for the crime that he did not commit. What

follows is a light-hearted (though slightly implausible) 90 minute romp as federal agents hotly pursue the unlikely lovers. Running is almost like a black Disney-esque comedy, with sex and some gratuitous violence thrown in purely for the urban masses. Newcomer Monica Carriago as the hooker seems homely and annoying at first but soon wins the audience over by the film's finale with her quirky "whore with a heart of gold" personality as does Eric Stolte's portrayal of the persecuted, freckled teen who resembles a 17 year-old Imus In The Morning. Running Hot's shockingly downbeat finale all adds to the fresh originality of this unheralded exploitation sleeper. Try to catch it if it's still around...

**BOARDING HOUSE-** Thank west coast-based shyster Howard Willette for this dubious innovation: first gore video transferred to 35mm for theatrical release. This process has been used in porno films for quite some time now, but it only serves to make Boarding a slapdash, no-budget mess that looks like it was thrown together over a weekend for a fast buck by a group of brain-damaged drug addicts. Scenes end with no explanation, characters float in and out of the flick with no introduction and the tape to film transfer is so shoddy that the entire movie is cloaked in a blurry, peep-show haze. What the is of Boarding's shaky plot concerns an unseen force (or killer) that is rapidly snuffing out nubile at the residence of an obnoxious blonde playboy stud. Gore scenes abound, but they are executed with the same degree of hack amateurism as the Herschell Gordon Lewis epics of two decades ago, with none of the latter's campy charm intact in the translation. Willette had the further audacity to advertise that Boarding contained a gimmick called "Horror Vision", by



A BLOODY SILICONE BREAST IMPLANTATION OPERATION IS JUST ONE OF THE GRIZZLY DELIGHTS DEPICTED IN SHOCKING ASIA, A NEW "SHOCKUDRAMA" OF REAL-LIFE ATROCITIES NOW PLAYING ON 42ND ST.

the joke is on the viewer as no such process is ever explained, displayed or even mentioned throughout the film. Perhaps "Shit Vision" would have more adequately described this dud, easily the worst film to be released so far in 1984.

**FORCED ENTRY-** The amazing Jim Sotos (remember him?) strikes twice in the NY area within one month with this old 1975 "on the shelf" formerly known as The Last Victim. Memorable only for its casting of a young, pre-Hollywood Tanya Roberts and an almost pre-pubescent Nancy Allen (fraudulently billed as one of the film's stars but only glimpsed for about 3 minutes in a miniscule role), Entry is a very dated, monotonous chronicle of a schizophrenic rapist/murderer that is so similar to 1981's Maniac that one may wonder whether Bill Lustig had seen this picture and lifted its first person narrative style for his controversial gore classic. Filmed mostly in Verona, N.J., unknown Ron Max tries hard to convince as the menacing psycho, but the lack of any serious bloodletting and long exposition between attacks will leave gorehounds dozing long before Entry's 89 minutes have run through. (Deviates note: neither Roberts nor Allen display any skin in their roles, making Forced Entry useless even for some cheap thrills.)

**LEGEND OF THE BAYOU-** It is kind of sad to note that this, the umpteenth re-titling of Tobe Hooper's 1976 classic Eaten Alive (aka Death Trap, Starlight Slaughter, Horror Hotel, etc.) is by far and away the best of all genre releases unleashed these past few weeks. The late Neville Brand, as the psychotic owner of a ramshackle bayou inn and the carnivorous alligator that plagues him and his guests still packs a shocking wallop nearly a decade after it was produced in the wake of the success of Hooper's Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Many have felt that this little seen gem surpasses even Texas for sheer depravity and unrelenting terror. Younger gorehounds should jump at this chance to catch Legend Of The Bayou if they've never seen it, as the film makes the bulk of the newer horror films released today pale by comparison.

**SHOCKING ASIA-** This latest in a series of seemingly unending "shockumentaries" continues the mondo-goro style revived with 1981's Savage Man, Savage Beast. The expected repulsive, real-life animal mutilations at the outset of the film soon give way to glimpses of rotting, decaying corpses of overcrowded India slums before culminating in Asia's highlight: an on-screen graphic look at a sex change operation modern China. Patrons of 42nd St's Liberty Theater uniformly recoiled in disgust at the sight of a grimy Asian physician lopping off the penis of some guy with all the finesse of a salad girl chopping carrots. This wild doctor encores by drilling a synthetic vagina into the patient with what appears to be a modified power drill as blood seeps all over

the operating room. While not every gorer cup of tea, Shocking Asia instantly becomes state-of-the-art model for this sub-genre, surpassing the aforementioned Savage and the mostly-faked sequences of Faces Of Death for overall chunk-blowing grossness. Be warned, this is really strong stuff !!

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The GORE GAZETTE FILM FEST successfully continues at The Dive with the schedule for the next four weeks as follows:

3/22- The Sinister Urge (rare 1961 Ed W. film about a man driven to commit rape after viewing porno films.)

3/29- Caltiki, The Immortal Monster (Mario Bava's gore imitation of The Blob, scheduled from last October)

4/5- Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill! (American core showing of the popular Russ Meyer whose theme song was recently revived by The Cramps)

4/12- Street Trash (The world premiere of a new film concerning radioactive war on the loose in Manhattan; plus one full hour of the famous G.G. gore trailer reel)

All shows start promptly at 8 PM. The Dive is located at 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave.) 695-

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# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION &amp; SLEAZE

No. 66



POPULATING GHOULS FROM A NEW ITALIAN IMPORT ZOMBIE EPIC? NO, BELIEVE IT OR NOT THE ABOVE IS A STILL FROM THE 1960'S SICKNESS FROM THE HEMISPHERE CLASSIC MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND. THE FOLKS AT THE FABIAN THEATER IN PATERSON, N.J. HAVE UNEARTHED UNCUT 35MM PRINTS OF EACH INSTALLMENT OF THE RARELY-SEEN BLOOD ISLAND TRILOGY (MAD DOCTOR, BEAST OF BLOOD & BRIDES OF BLOOD) TO USE AS B-D-FEATURES DURING THE SUMMER. KEEP YOUR EYES ON LOCAL NEWSPAPERS TO CATCH THESE RARE GORE DELIGHTS!

Independent distributors have been working overtime for the past month, vying for screen space with numerous exploitation/gore quickies before they get muscled out in mid-May by the major film companies and their stable of mega-buck summer blockbusters. Unfortunately, the G.G. is late again, so let's cease the rambling and take a look at what's around:

ILLPOINT- California-based distributor Crown International serves up this lurid crime exploitationer concerning the robbery of an army munitions arsenal by a ruthless enforcer ring headed by none other than Cameron Mitchell, everybody's favorite has-been actor. Mitchell then sells the weapons on the streets of Los Angeles to various minority gangs who proceed to rob supermarkets, liquor stores and private residences by using M-16 rifles, bazookas and howitzers, mowing down and blowing to pulp dozens of innocent citizens. The FBI is called in, dispatching Agent Richard Roundtree to work with L.A.P.D. detective Lee Kong in retrieving the firearms and

smashing the Mitchell organization. Easily his most demented role since 1979's The Toolbox Murders, Cameron is great as the sadistic crime overlord who indiscreetly rapes, tortures and kills while relaxing in a pool with daisies in his hair, stroking his pet poodle and sipping mint juleps. Killpoint's only shortfall is that the producers of the film must not have been able to afford Roundtree for the duration of the shooting, as he gets inexplicably blown away by a thug about an hour into the flick, leaving us with only Fong as the surviving hero. Once then slows considerably as the middle-aged karate ace sluggishly performs various Ninja moves with all the grace of a Bruce Lee on quaaludes. This minor complaint aside, Killpoint is highly recommended for all gorehounds who enjoy low budget crime melodramas where blood flows like sap from start to finish.

CHILDREN OF THE CORN- Although fashionably chic to dump on Stephen King in horror film criticism these days, even his staunchest supporters would be hard-pressed to find anything good to say about this disaster which attempts to take a short story from the Night Shift collection and expand it into a full-length feature. What may have made a taut half hour anthology piece stretched beyond endurance at 93 minutes in its attempt to depict a pagan town in rural Nebraska populated only by children bent on snuffing all adults who unknowingly pass through their town. A promising opening (depicting the gore-drenched mass slaughter of the town's elderly three years earlier) soon segues into a predictable Wicker Man/Children Of The Damned clone replete with obvious characters, no gore, little suspense and the most ridiculous dialogue heard in months. The choice line finds the flick's hero spouting "That child was already dead when he walked in the path of my car!" Top all this off with a cop-out invisible monster finale ala Forbidden Planet and Children Of The Corn emerges a confusing, tedious mess, chalking up yet another loser for King in the transition of his work from novel to screen.

THE BLACK ROOM- Scoring an undeserved thud at area box offices, this strange mix of sadism and gore comes from the same folks who brought us last fall's dreadful Frightmare. A marked improvement highlights this sordid tale of a brother/sister bloodsucker team who lure couples to their beachfront mansion via an ad in a local sex tabloid promising kinky activities in their private "black room". When assorted swingers show up for casual sex, the pair first get off by voyeuristically viewing the action through a peephole and then randomly abducting their customers, draining their blood via a Rube Goldberg pumping system probably left over from 1972's Invasion Of The Body Snatchers. We then learn that the brother has a rare blood disease which requires complete body blood transfusions twice a week, hence the need for the strange set up. Throughout Room we are treated to numerous disturbing sequences showing him shooting up with freshly-pumped blood while, drained victims jerk spastically in the background. An unexpected twist ending highlights this grisly shocker whose sparse, yet revolting gore scenes and underlying implications of incest and S&M combine to make The Black Room one of the sickest low-budget sleepers to be released so far this year. Be sure to catch it!

ALLEY CAT- Yeow! G.G. readers should be advised that this review may be prejudiced by the fact that I found Karen Mani (the film's star) to be the finest piece of trim I've laid eyes on in a long moon. A low budget revenge drama originally filmed under the title Dragon Fly, Alley is concerned with the plight of Ms. Mani, a well-endowed, alluring mixture of Oriental and Cherokee Indian, who has had her grandmother murdered and grandfather assaulted by a gang of vicious strikers. After the killers are freed incourt on a technicality and Karen is forced to do time for attempt of court after publicly berating a judge, director Edward Victor (Fighting Mad) breaks the timeworn Deathwish plot, filling the balance of Alley's terse 88 minutes with various man vigilante revenge vignettes as Mani dispatches about a dozen different varieties of street punks with some awkwardly-staged karate assaults. Add a sub-plot concerning a bumbling rookie cop entangled with our heroine, some of the slimiest thugs ever depicted (sorry Paul Jackson), moderate, yet effective bloodletting, ample nudity from the voluptuous Mani and Alley Cat shapes up as a first-rate sexploitation classic. I'm in love...

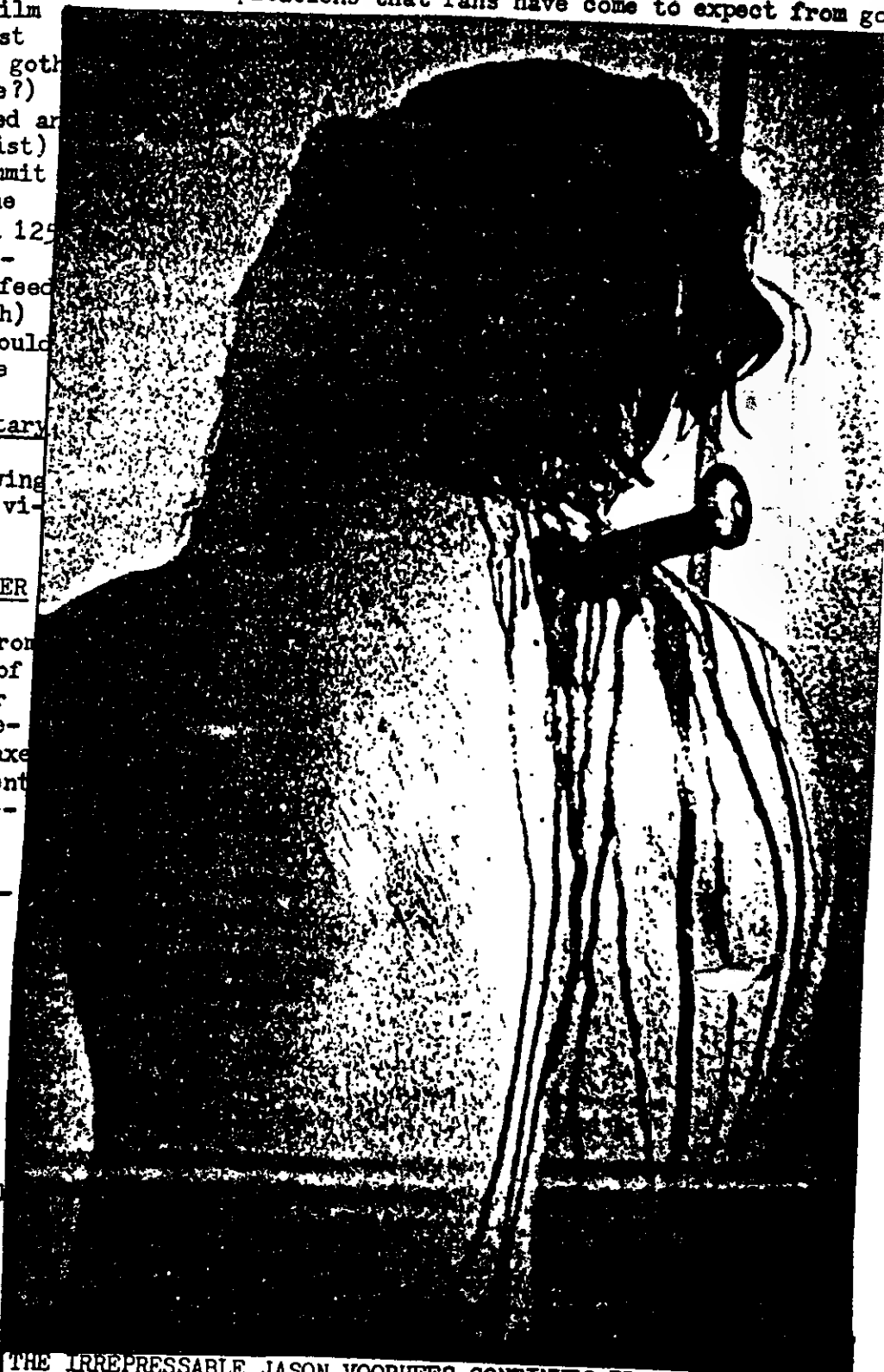
NEW YORK NIGHTS- Lobster sleaze fans will instantly recognize this travesty as an exploitation version of Max Ophuls' La Ronde, in that all of the film's nine segments contain one character common to each adjacent episode (ie., "The Debutante And The Rock Star", "The Rock Star And The Photographer", etc.). A slick idea that ultimately falters, Nights suffers from the paradox of being a glossy porno film that contains no sex. As each of the stereotyped characters (thrown together in shoestring plotlines) come close to making it in assorted different fashions, the viewer is asked to the next garishly-titled installment before any real meat is flashed. Director Simon Schtern squeezes the most from the film's miniscule budget, turning in a surprisingly expensive looking effort that unfortunately fails to hold interest on either a dramatic or grindhouse street

...chapters feature Marcia McBroom (who has not displayed her overgrown melons since she starred as one of the members of The Carrie Nations in 1969's Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls) the role of a seductive black prostitute. All others are warned to steer clear of this turke-

**THE HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY-** Lucio Fulci has got to be the most prolific horror director of the decade, churning out the most graphic of gore product unceasingly from his native Italy (Gates Of Hell, Zombie among countless others), most of which reach U.S. shores in varying degrees of dubiously edited and re-titled form. In this epic (the first of two Fulci films to be released this month), he borrows heavily from both The Shining and The Amityville Horror to bring a haunted house tale punctuated with the finest in state of the art cookie-toss grossness. Almi Picture's domestic distributor has re-shuffled scenes and cut the film's running time to a scant 70 minutes, so continuity and any semblance of a storyline take a back seat to the many blood-drenched stabbings, axings, impalements and decapitations that fans have come to expect from gothic master Fulci. Briefly, the film concerns a research psychologist and his family who move into a gothic New England mansion (in Rome?) to try and ascertain what caused an earlier tenant (another scientist) to go insane and eventually commit suicide. They soon discover the answer in one Dr. Freudstein- a 125-year-old misshapen mutant who resides in the basement and must feed on living human cells (ie. flesh) in order to live. Gorehounds would do best not to try following the choppy editing and non-existent continuity of House By The Cemetery and concentrate on the numerous grisly assaults and entrail spewing offered up by this unrated (for violence) delight.

#### FRIDAY THE 13TH: THE FINAL CHAPTER

That indestructible maniac Jason Voorhees returns again in what promises to be the last installment of the most profitable psycho killer saga in cinema history. After being cleaved in the head with an axe at the end of 1982's 3D installment, Final begins as Jason is transported to the Blairstown morgue for autopsy. Within 10 minutes of arrival, the old boy is reanimated, killing a number of prominent hospital employees before returning to his old stomping grounds (Camp Crystal Lake) in search of copulating adolescents in a triangle. Ex-porn veteran Joe (best known in gore circles as The Prowler) takes the big time to Hollywood, directing this from a Barney Cohen screenplay. Both should be credited with being able to squeeze a last ounce of interest out of a timeworn plot that should have been shelved two years ago. Final emerges enjoyable thanks to their tongue-in-cheek approach, featuring a Porkys level of crisp T&A humor missing from the 3 prior films.



THE IRREPRESSABLE JASON VOORHEES CONTINUES PRACTICING HIS FAVORITE PASTTIME (IMPALING NAKED TEENAGERS) IN THIS JUICY SEQUENCE FROM FRIDAY THE 13TH, THE FINAL CHAPTER

Compare this with the fact that more victims are slaughtered here than in any other F.T.13 and most viewers will forget the predictability of this epic and jump aboard for 91 minutes of mind-blowing fun. Diehard gorehounds may be disappointed, as the Tom Savini special effects on each day are far more restrained and abbreviated than his work on the original outing, but overall Friday The 13TH: The Final Chapter contains enough spearing, gutting, gouging and garroting to satisfy all but the truly jaded. (Note: Final brought in a whopping 25½ million dollars during its first two weeks of release, breaking the box office records of any of the three prior films, so don't count on Jason to stay dead for long!)

**5 ANGRY WOMEN** - This curio popped up for one day only at 42nd St's posh Rivoli Theater on a double bill with Don Dohler's Grade Z extravaganza The Alien Factor. Made way back in 1974, Women is a dirty-row "escape from women's prison" quickie that attempts to mimic the better-made New Wave gas (Caged Heat, Big Bust-Out) that were popular at the time. Inept acting, inaudible sound and the ugliest five cows ever committed to celluloid make 5 Angry Women a must-see for fans of good-style "so awful it's great" turdsville cinema only!

**CONQUEST** - The second of two Lucio Fulci imports to hit these shores within a month, Conquest have been alternately titled Conan The Barbarian-Gore Style as Fulci hits the sword and sorcery genre with the expected high degree of bloodletting and depravity. Apparently heavily pared down to 89 minutes for domestic release by United Film Distribution, Conquest is nearly incomprehensible and contains such an onslaught of decapitations, impalements and explicit nudity to satisfy even the most demanding sleazemonger. Briefly, the film is concerned with a young warrior (or is he a disguised lycanthropic manimal). He teams up with an exact Conan-clone to battle the evil Ocrin, a magical sorceress who spends the balance of the flick naked with her face encased in a gold mask with recreational habits including eating the brains from a freshly leaved head masturbating with pythons. Of course, she is eventually thwarted at the film's finale, but not before Fulci throws in dozens of gore-filled atrocities (one highlight depicts the film's hero breaking out in syphilitic pus-oozing sores after being wounded by a poison dart) that serve to allay the non-existent plot, poor lighting and overall flawed production of Conquest, a dog-eared delight for gorehounds.

**CAGED WOMEN** - Before being re-titled for U.S. release by L.A.-based Motion Picture Marketing, this sordid Italian sleazefest wielded the headlining monicker Emmanuelle's Reports From A Women's Prison. Laura Gemser, the sultry ebony vixen who has portrayed the Emmanuelle character since 1975's Black Emmanuelle, returns this time as a newspaper reporter who secretly infiltrates a female penitentiary to expose the brutal conditions within. What she finds will make gorehounds howl with glee as director Vincent Dawn (a pseudonym for Bruno Mattei of Night Of The Zombie) packs Caged with a non-stop onslaught of beatings, humiliation, torture, lesbian lovenaking, homosexual rape, rat attacks and other assorted carnage that make similar American entries (Concrete Jungle, Caged Heat) seem like Disney films by comparison. Leave it to those deluded Italians to dream up what has to be the sickest scene ever this year: Gemser is humiliated by being forced to empty a large urn of urine and excrement by a Nazi-esque guard. When the guard pokes her from behind with a club, Laura throws the sludge into her face and the two end in wrestling in the feces, thus giving Caged Women the dubious honor of introducing female shitwrestling to the world. Catch this sicko!

**3 VIDEOS**: Perfect copies of the unreleased Ilsa, Tigress Of Siberia (aka The Tigress), and the 95 minute Gore Gazette All-Trailer Show which features such rarities as theatrical coming attractions for Blood, Satan's Sadists and over 100 more. VHS only. Send 19.95 (plus \$2.00 postage) to the G.G., 73 North Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042.

**SALE**: Original one-sheet posters from the following films: George A. Romero's THE CRAZIES (wild day-glow!), Tobe Hooper's EATEN ALIVE (not a new issue!), ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS, David Cronenberg's BROOD and John Russo's MIDNIGHT. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$8.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money order to c/o the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042.

From this issue to list the G.G. film series which still continues at



JUST WHAT WE NEED: ANOTHER ITALIAN MADE, DUBBED, ZOMBIES-ON-THE-LOOSE EPIC FROM MPM. SEE REVIEW IN AN UPCOMING ISSUE.



**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 69



G.G. EXCLUSIVE 1: THE MANGLED, PARTIALLY-DEVOUR-  
ED BODY SHOWN ABOVE IS THE FIRST PHOTO EVER TO  
BE RELEASED FROM WES CRAVEN'S (LAST HOUSE ON  
THE LEFT, HILLS HAVE EYES) NEWEST DEMENTOID  
DRAMA, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, A NEW LINE CIN-  
EMA RELEASE SCHEDULED TO HIT THE NY AREA ON NO-  
VEMBER 16. DON'T MISS IT!

G.G. readers are no doubt tired of hearing a-  
bout the 1984 summer gore draught, as bemoaned  
in the last two editions. As autumn approach-

for the seventh or eighth time, the NY metro area  
can expect the exploitation dam to burst and flood  
area screens with such upcoming potential gems as  
The Being, Night Of The Comet, Nightmare On Elm  
Street, Night Shadows (aka Mutant), The Mutilator  
Terror In The Aisles, Silent Madness, Return Of  
The Dead, etc., all scheduled to open within the  
next two months. But for now, let's deal with the  
last remnants of this forgettable season, includ-  
ing a few borderline genre items thrown in just  
so that we could fill a complete issue...

RED DAWN- An example of redneck cinema at its fin-  
est from John Milius, "macho-film" auteur whose  
track record includes work on Dirty Harry, Uncom-  
mon Valor, Conan I, and Apocalypse Now, among  
countless other he-man epics. This time out, he  
serves up a far-fetched plot concerning the invas-  
ion of Colorado by Soviet and Cuban paratroopers.  
The nasty commies begin wiping out citizens in  
droves, while raping our women and throwing co-op-  
erative survivors into "re-education camps."  
Things look bleak for the U.S. until a high school  
football team known as the Wolverines escapes to  
Rockies to wait out the invasion, whilst training  
themselves to be cold-blooded, vengeance-seeking  
killing machines that surely has John Wayne's  
corpse grinning like Mr. Sardonicus. This teen  
paramilitary outfit begins coming down from the  
mountains for surprise guerilla attacks, wiping  
out red battalions by the dozens and leaving their  
"Wolverines" tags spray painted Graffiti-style on  
the burnt, twisted metal carnage left in their  
wake. Gorehounds will enjoy Dawn's unflinching v-  
olence, as communist after communist is blown away  
in graphic bloodsplattered fashion that must have  
pushed the PG-13 rating to its outer parameters.  
Older sleaze fans will applaud William Smith's (in-  
vasion Of The Bee Girls, Seven, The Losers) perfo-  
mance as the cold-blooded Russian general who set  
out to personally slaughter the American teens, a  
well as ex-Super Fly soul brother Ron O'Neal who  
is hopelessly mis-cast here as the Spanish-speak-  
ing leader of the Cuban assault forces. Although  
unmercifully roasted by the mainstream press, Red  
Dawn is first-rate, mindless exploitation fare that  
is sure to be enjoyed by all right-wing gorehound  
patriots. Don't miss it!

**THE PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT-** This, the second of the "new" (ex-Corman) New World releases enters the dreaded domain of "speculative fiction" and is concerned with the supposedly true National Enquirer-esque story of some U.S. naval radar experiments in 1943 which went horribly awry, causing a battleship to disappear for a few seconds and reappear with its crew burned and two men missing. Phila. picks up the tale of these two gobs who unexplicably pop up in 1984 and roam around for almost 20 minutes before they realize what has happened. Dumb anachronisms abound (i.e., the pair immediately know that phone calls are 20¢, etc.) until the handsome sailor (Michael Pare, last seen in the equally embarrassing Streets Of Fire) links up with a bloated Nancy Allen and the trio spends the balance of the flick's overlong 96 minutes fleeing from the police and a black hole electric vortex created by the time travelers. Most of Phila.'s reported \$9 million budget is spent on special effects that range from fair to poor (including an Ed Wood-inspired floating manhole cover that is supposed to represent a displaced town). Couple them with one-dimensional characters, a trite plot, blurry, painful-to-watch photography and The Philadelphia Experiment emerges as nothing more than an awful, tedious rehash of 1979's The Final Countdown, itself an overblown loser. (Note: John Carpenter was originally involved in the early stages of the film's production (at one point he was going to direct), but he wisely bowed out after realizing what a dud the project was going to be.)

- Patrick Kervan

**DREAMSCAPE-** 20th Century-Fox brings us the very first film to be rated PG-13, a rating developed by the MPAA after many complaints about the amount of violence contained in PG hits of the summer like Indiana Jones and Gremlins. This new rating permits flicks to show a fair degree of bloodletting, but disallows any displays of skin. So basically, the MPAA says that you can stab a breast with a knife and show it spurt blood and still get a PG-13, but if that breast remains unstabbed, but bared it warrants an R. Pretty sick... Anyway, Dreamscape is concerned with a group of psychics who are able to enter people's dreams and alter them. The President of the United States (played by ex-Green Acres alumnus Eddie Albert) seeks aide from one of them because his recurring nightmares of a nuclear Armageddon are causing him to crack up and seek to disarm the U.S. defense system completely. An evil, pro-nuke psychic gets wind of this and attempts to assassinate the President in his dreams, since, as every year old kid knows, if you die in your dreams, you die in real life. Taking that shaky premise as gospel, Dreamscape offers an entertaining 92 minute romp as good psychic Dennis Quaid battles evil David Patrick Kelly in a Scanners-style plot highlighted by memorable dream sequences featuring zombies on subway cars, lizard-like humanoids and a scene almost identical to Indiana Jones' controversial shot where a man's heart is graphically ripped out of his chest. Gore-sounds may be put off by Dreamscape's graphic restraint and overall Hollywood slickness, but it affords younger pups a chance to see some of the meatier violence previously restricted to the over-17 crowd.

-Sullivan/Kervan

**THE DORM THAT DRIPPED BLOOD-** After making the rounds to nearly every other

**A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!**

A VIRGINIAL ANGEL BY DAY... A NYMPHO BLOOD-SUCKING ZOMBIE BY NIGHT

SHE WAS CHEWED TO DEATH

THEY TORE HER LIMB FROM LIMB

PAIRS OF ENTRAILS

ACID BATH REVENGE

THEY RIPPED HIS GUTS OUT

SLAUGHTER AND DESTRUCTION WERE HER SPECIALTY

SAVAGE DISMEMBERMENTS

HE WAS A TERROR-CRAZED COWARD

**buried alive**

**WARNING!**  
THIS FILM CONTAINS MANY SCENES WHICH MAY BE CONSIDERED EXTREMELY VIOLENT & SHOCKING

AN AQUARIUS FILMS RELEASE

SICK, SICK AD MATTE FROM BURIED ALIVE, STILL THE STRONGEST CONTENDER FOR 1984'S G.G. GORE FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD. AQUARIUS PLANS A REGIONAL RELEASE ON THIS EPIC, SO WATCH

ing shown on local area cable stations and released on videocassette, this thrice-titled, 1981 low-budgeter finally made its way to NY early this month. Alternately known as Death Dorm and Franks, Dripped is the first feature effort from Jeff Obrow, young sleazemeister whose newest film The Power premiered in NY back in January of this year. Dripped sets up the predictable stalk and slash/body count plot of a group of college students who stay on at the end of a semester to board up an old dormitory that is to be torn down over the summer. Naturally, students begin being slaughtered individually by a mysterious unseen intruder, with possible suspects being a retarded nerd who is hanging around the campus, a cranky janitor, etc. After an hour, this Friday The 13th clone begins to wear very thin, highlighted only by the by the occasional well-done gore effects of Matthew Mungle, who stages some very realistic maimings (ie., a hand carved in half, a body squished by a car, etc.) considering the film's under \$70,000 budget. Yet when even the most patient gore stalwart is bored into oblivion, Obrow turns around and pack's Dripped's last 20 minutes with some original plot twists and an undetectable trick ending that will make you forget how tedious the first 70 minutes of the film were. While by no means a classic, The Dorm That Dripped Blood comes as a gore oasis during this anemic season. Be sure to see it!

CHUD- After the tremendous box office success of Gremlins, gorehounds can be sure to expect an influx of low-budget, monster-on-the-loose variants in the months to come. Although begun before Gremlins' release, CHUD may be considered the first of these, as its tongue-in-cheek, smart-alek approach to a Slithis-inspired tale of nuclear waste turning bums and bag ladies of NY's underground subway labyrinths into slimy, flesh-eating reptilian creatures smacks of intentional Joe Dante-ism. CHUD differentiates itself from your average low-budgeter by featuring acceptable acting from an overweight John Heard (Cutter And Bone) and a scenery-chewing Daniel Stern (Diner, Get Crazy), with a really funny, rapid-paced screenplay from writer Parnell Hall, but it fails overall because in its attempt to be amusing and interesting, the film forgets that it is supposed to be a monster movie. After a lavish spread in Fangoria magazine depicting savage maimings and dismemberments from effects wiz Ed French and endless photos of the CHUD creatures created by John Caglione (Basket Case), gorehounds will be extremely disappointed to learn that most of French's work has either been cut from the release print or reduced to split-second flashes, while Caglione's monsters are shown on-screen in total for about 2 of CHUD's total 89 minute running time. This results in CHUD being an interesting film that builds nicely but never pays off, leaving most patrons with a bewildered "I've been had" look

on their faces when the house lights come up...  
**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: CHUD, BURIED ALIVE, George Romero's THE CRAZIES, INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS, SCANNERS and H.G. Lewis' THE GORE GORE GIRLS. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$8 each (plus \$1 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address.  
**RARE VIDEOS:** Good quality copies of Cronenberg' THEY CAME FROM WITHIN, H.G. Lewis' GRUESOME TWO-SOME and THE GORE GORE GIRLS, BLACKENSTEIN and WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN (Paul Naschy). VHS only! Send \$19.95 per title (plus \$2.00 postage) to the G.G. offices c/o our masthead address.  
 The G.G. film series at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. successfully continues with: 9/20, Caged Heat (Jonathan Demmes' women in prison classic); 9/2, Alone In The Dark (w/in-person appearance by director Jack Sholder); 10/4, Carnival Of Souls (early 60's lobster classic); 10/11, MANIAC (the scourge of women's groups featuring the debonair Joe Spinell); 10/18, The Baby (uncut! very sick). All shows start at 8:00PM, admission a paltry \$1.  
 A long overdue mention of thanks to Monica Dee, who designed the swanky new G.G. logo!



NORTH CAROLINA FILMMAKER BUDDY COOPER'S EAGERLY AWAITED FALL BREAK (SEE REVIEW LAST ISSUE) HAS UNDERGONE A TITLE CHANGE. IT'S NOW KNOWN AS THE MUTILATOR, AND IS SET TO OPEN IN THE NY AREA LATE NOVEMBER

R.I.P. Chester Wiskowski- You were the granddaddy of all gorehounds and your friends at The Dive and Club 57 will sorely miss you.

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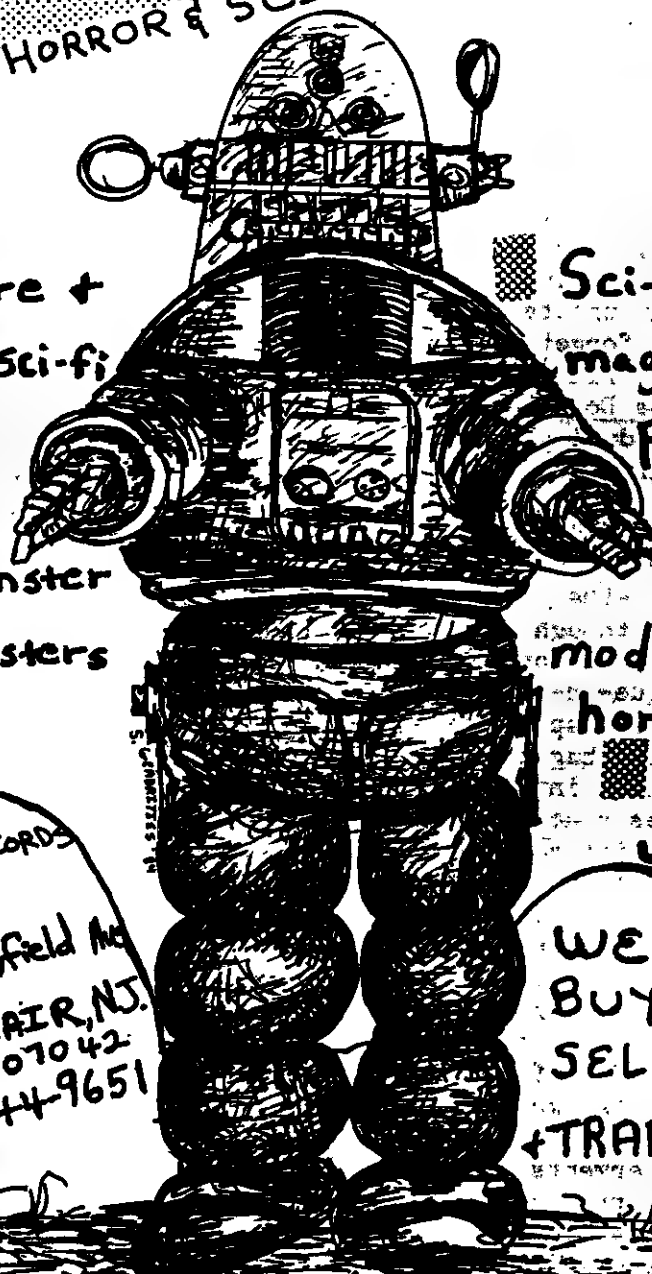
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# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 70

## SPECIAL 4th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

With this issue, the Gore Gazette has reached the grand old age of 4. An extreme longevity for a poverty-row fanzine, this edition is dedicated to the handfull of hard-core fans who have stuck with the G.G. since its inception back in October of 1980 and supported us through periods both fat and lean. This includes our 2½ year tenancy at prestigious Rockefeller Plaza to our fall from grace (and near

arrest) and subsequent establishment at our present offices in seedy, crumbling Passaic, N.J. Coincidental with our birthday, the much-lamented gore draught has lifted over the month, providing us with a full stable of fresh sleaze product for our enjoyment. Without further delay, a sincere thanks to all gorehounds new and old for making our first four years both very successful and one whole hell of a lot of fun! Here's hoping for at least a decade more!

THE BEING- William Osco, sexploitation pioneer responsible for 1972's Flesh Gordon and 1976's Alice In Wonderland returns from a self-imposed



THE SKULL-CLEAVED CUTIE DEPICTED ABOVE IS JUST ONE OF THE MANY SLAUGHTERED VICTIMS LEFT IN THE WAKE OF THE MERCILESS HARLOTS KNOWN AS THE SHE-DEVILS ON WHEELS. THIS RARE HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS CLASSIC WILL HAVE ITS NY PREMIERE AT THE DIVE (257 W. 29th St.) ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1. SEE YOU THERE !!!

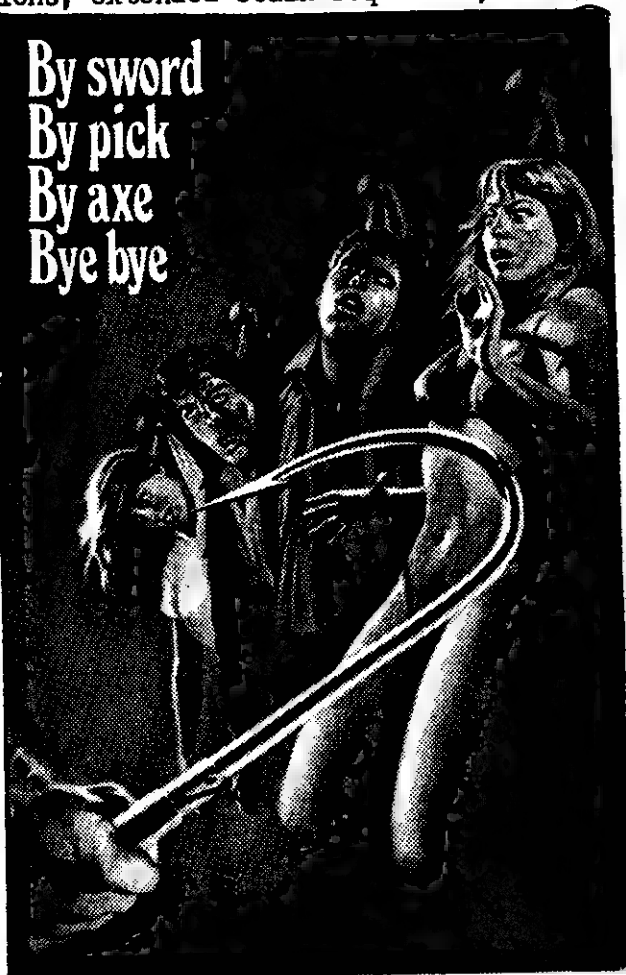
exile of nearly a decade with his first foray into the horror market. Originally saddled with the uninspired title of Easter Sunday during production, The Being spins the all-too-familiar tale of a flesh-hungry creature spawned by toxic wastes who roams a small town in search of human prey. Obviously Osco himself was unsure about this switch from naked flesh to raw sinew since he only grabs a well-buried producer's credit on the flick and acts in the lead role under the pseudonym Rxxx Coltrane while letting his wife Jackie Kong take the blame for The Being's screenwriting and direction. Quite plodding and tedious, this 82 minute low budgeter belies its brief running time by dragging out numerous shadowy monster attacks, showing nothing of the creature but green slime and implied off-screen carnage until the final reel where The Being then reveals itself to be nothing more than a poor man's Alien clone. The film reads like a Who's Who of has-been actors with Jose Ferrer, Dorothy Malone, Ruth Buzzi, Marianne Rodgers (Mrs. Kenny Rodgers) and Martin Landau all looking embarrassed as they scramble for some quick cocaine money on a few day's shooting work. Gorehounds will be disappointed, as aside from a great opening beheading sequence and Martin Landau getting gorily torn limb from limb at the flick's finale, The Being offers no consistent bloodletting and emerges as nothing more than a pale imitation of Slithis, a "radiation monster on the loose" epic that covered the same ground much better 8 years ago...

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO- Charles Bronson has always been revered by sleazemongers who can count on him to consistently deliver in any exploitation vehicle. Yet surely no one ever expected to see him in a sordid little filmed-in-Mexico low-budgeter like this whose overt sadism smacks strongly of a Jess Franco epic. A Nazi-esque torturer known only as "the Doctor" is employed by a totalitarian government to deal with peasant freedom fighters. His methods include shock treatments, beatings, rape, humiliation, excrement feeding and testicle torture. A member of the oppressed band calls upon ex-hit man Bronson to come out of retirement and rub out the slaughterer. Charlie reluctantly agrees and Evil fills its terse 90 minutes with some of the sickest killings and maimings depicted in a major Hollywood release to date. Gorehounds will howl with glee as director J. Lee Thompson (Happy Birthday To Me) offers up such delights as a man getting his gonads fried off, Bronson piercing a body guard's jugular and the mad doctor himself getting his head chopped to pulp by a group of pick-axe wielding wetbacks to name but a few. The Evil That Men Do is definitely not just another Bronson formula actioner and should be counted as a must-see for fans of truly depraved cinema.

Thanks to Steve Florilla for the new G.G. logo.

NIGHT SHADOWS- Formerly slated for NY release last March under the title of Mutant, California distributor Film Ventures, Inc. has reverted back to their original shooting title for this long-winded tale of toxic zombies on the loose in a rural Georgia town. Hopelessly miscast as a back-packing teenager, Wings Hauser (the psychotic pimp from Vice Squad) spends the lion's share of Night's overlong 95 minutes trying to figure out why locals are dropping like flies and a strange yellow pus is oozing through the ground. It's not until nearly the last reel that we discover a chemical factory has been dumping its wastes in the town, turning all those who come in contact with the sludge into hilariously fake-looking, white-faced, black-eyed zombies whose skin split and drip the same yellow mucous. Director John "Bud" Cardos (The Dark, Kingdom Of The Spiders) is largely to blame for this mess, packing the film with every time-worn horror cliché imaginable (ie., off-screen murders, air-bladder transformations, extended stalk sequences, etc.) mak-

By sword  
By pick  
By axe  
Bye bye



## THE MUTILATOR

WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY  
BUDDY COOPER

NIFTY AD SLICK FOR THE MUTILATOR (FORMERLY KNOWN AS FALL BREAK), WILDMAN BUDDY COOPER'S SICK NEW GOREFEST WHICH IS NOW SLATED FOR A JANUARY NY RELEASE.



excessive violence under the threat of an X rating, but there is still enough gore and swarm activity intact to keep the film in the front running for exploitation epic of the year!

**NINJA III: THE DOMINATION-** Although the G.G. usually shies away from the martial arts genre, this absurd hybrid of kung-fu films, The Exorcist and Flashdance was just too wild to ignore. Lucinda Dickey, last seen as the hip-hop star of Breakin', is cast as a telephone linewoman-by-day/flashdancer-by-night who becomes possessed by the spirit of an evil Ninja warrior that was gunned down by police officers after assassinating a top American scientist. This spectacle forces her to don Ninja attire at night and slay the people responsible for his death. What makes Ninja III so ludicrous is that when this possession takes place, Dickey's skin turns a pallid white and her eyes get slanty, giving the flick a perverse twinge of racism. Gorehounds will certainly dig the ample amount of bloodletting, and Ninja III's non-stop action (particularly its opening sequence) make comparable adventure epics like Indiana Jones look like an Ingmar Bergman film. For those who avoid karate films, Ninja III: The Domination may inspire desperate trash fiends to check out a few more.

**SHOCKING CANNIBALS-** Hoping to cash in on the success of Savage Man, Savage Beast, Faces Of Death, Shocking Asia and other mondo-style shocumentaries that scored profitable runs on 42nd St., scurrilous NY distributor Ivory Lee Harris has taken an old Italian film and retitled it Shocking Cannibals thinking that this new monicker would collar the Make Them Die Slowly crowd of entrail-gobbling enthusiasts. Unfortunately, there is not a cannibal seen anywhere in this grainy 99 minute turd whose sole highlights are shots of an African tribe who get the kicks sticking their faces up the butts of defecating cows and some Asian psycho surgery on eyeballs and intestines that was shown much better back in 1979's Journey Into The Beyond. Aside from that, Shocking offers up the same style reprehensible film clips of real-life animal slaughter and mutilation as the prior films, with some well-bred British narrator attempting to legitimize this trash via a prosaic sociological oratory. Grisly fast-buck hustles of this ilk border on the offensive even by G.G. standards and one would hope that the poor box office reception accorded Shocking Cannibals will put an end to the release of this crap very soon!

**ANGEL OF H.E.A.T.-** Not too much is known about this seemingly lavishly-produced 1982 sex/action/comedy tale featuring porn star Marilyn Chambers as Angel Harmony, a karate duelling secret agent for a group known as the Protectors who seek to save the world from a mysterious electronoc conglomerate. Also on hand is cult favorite Mary Woronov as a bi-sexual agent for a rival intelligence group. Nudity abounds in Angel, with enough explicit language and full-frontal shots to push the film into the realm of ultra soft-core X, yet the moronic level of comedy that permeates throughout would be best suited for pre-teen mentality. This flick was never released theatrically until now, instead being sold directly to the cable TV and video cassette market which would smack of a tax shelter manouever. Aquarius Releasing, NY's own favorite scavengers, have picked up Angel Of H.E.A.T. for a belated break, but ancilliary saturation may have already been too great to spark any box office interest. Recommended for Marilyn Chambers completists only.

**CRIMES OF PASSION-** As we go to press, there is not much room to elaborate on this erotic lit gem from schizophrenic lobster director Ken Russell (The Devils, Liztomania, etc.) but horny gorehounds will drool over this sordid tale featuring Kathleen Turner as a businesswoman who moonlights as a hooker by night and is pursued by Anthony Perkins who plays an obsessed priest armed with a razor-sharp dildo and is intent on doing some serious beaver skinning. Major MPAA cuts for an R rating leave Crimes Of Passion a bit disjointed, but it still emerges a stylish study in sexual obsession and perversion that will make your hands sweat. Catch it!

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: DAWN OF THE DEAD, CRIMES OF PASSION, TERROR IN THE AISLES, TIGHTROPE, ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD AND THE DEADLY SPAWN.

All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$8 each (plus \$1 postage). Send checks or money orders to the Gore Gazette c/o Sullivan, 73 North Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042. Supplies are very limited, so place your order today!

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JOLLY OLD SANTA DEALS WITH A BITCHY OLD NUN WHILE PAROCHIAL STUDENTS NOD THEIR APPROVAL IN THIS SCENE FROM SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT, A HEART-WARMING YULETIDE TALE FROM TRI-STAR PICTURES WHICH OPENS IN THE NY METRO AREA ON NOVEMBER 2.

#### NIGHT SHADOWS (cont.)

ing Night Shadows a goreless, sexless, scareless bore that could air on free T.V. with virtually no cuts. Could the wily guys at Film Ventures have rated it R themselves in hopes of suckering in we horror enthusiasts?

SAVAGE STREETS- Linda Blair, whose high-class Hollywood actress image has become increasingly tarnished through the years with appearances in such exploitation epics as Hell Night and Chained Heat reaches a new low with Savage Streets, a great female Deathwish-inspired revenge classic which opened to the NY area this month. The first in-house production from MPM Releasing (primarily known for their retitled Italian zombie horror imports), Savage depicts Linda Blair as the leader of a female gang of sluts-with-hearts-of-gold. They have a good time drinking, smoking and discussing male genitalia as they walk along Hollywood Boulevard until they run afoul of a group of drug-dealing punks headed up by a psycho named Jake. These thugs eventually end up brutally raping and beating Blair's deaf-mute younger sister, as well as tossing her boyfriend off a bridge the day before her wedding, thus forcing the portly Linda to take up the Charles Bronson mantle and single-handedly exact revenge. Comparisons to films like Ms. and Alley Cat are inevitable, but Savage overcomes its trite, predictable plot through the use of great amounts of nudity, some of the lewdest language ever committed to film and the casting of newcomer Robert Dryer as the sadistic male gang leader. When he utters such classic lines to Blair as "I'm going to cut your cunt into little pieces" and "I'll tear your heart out and eat it!" while flashing a twisted maniacal leer, one wonders whether this sicko is really acting. Suffice to say, Dryer steals the show, with urban audiences cheering him on every time he confronts the overhearing, scenery-chewing Blair. Savage Streets was forced to trim some of its

# GORE GAZETTE

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YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 71



A PSYCHOTIC SANTA CLAUS BURIES HIS AXE DEEP INTO THE GUT OF A PURSUING LAWMAN IN THIS CHEERFUL YULETIDE SEQUENCE FROM SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT AN XMAS GOREFEST THAT HAS BEEN DRAWING TORRENTS OF PROTEST FROM PARENTS AND TEACHERS GROUPS. THE G.G. WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WISH ITS READERS A HEALTHY AND HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON WITH THE HOPES THAT FILMS WILL EVEN BE SICKER AND MORE VIOLENT IN 1985!

As the Christmas season approaches rapidly, independent distributors have taken full advantage of the pre-holiday screen lull to pack the past month with an ample supply of low-budget and exploitation product, with about 10 genre releases popping up in the NY metro area. Concurrent with this rash of product, the G.G. has entered into film production, working diligently on a screen treatment for a project that will be divulged in a later issue. Because of these time constraints, the lion's share of this issue was written by Patrick Kervran, a long-time sleaze

buff and G.G. reader who has bailed us out of a deadline jam and without whose help this edition would have been extremely late. Of course, your egotistical editor has taken extreme liberties with Pat's prose to whip it into the high<sup>g</sup> journalistic standards for which a formal apology is now given. Anyway, let's cut the rambling and take a look at what's been around!

DADDY'S DEADLY DARLING- NY's own Aquarius (we'll put out anything) Releasing are really pushing it by retitling an old 1972 obscurity and at-

tempting to pass it off as a new release to unsuspecting 42nd St. patrons. Originally known as both The Pigs and Daddy's Girl, Darling is concerned with a young girl who breaks out of a mental hospital from which she was placed for savagely carving up her father after he raped her. The lass seeks solace at a backwoods diner where she teams up with its psychotic owner who houses a brood of flesh-eating pigs. The pair get along fine, with the girl murdering passing truckers and rednecks who make sexual advances to her and giving the corpses to the proprietor to feed to the swine, until the local sheriff (played by exploitation stalwart Jesse Vint) gets wise and brings the comfortable arrangement to an abrupt end. Don't let this sick little plot rope you in for a viewing, as Darling is merely 83 dated minutes of plodding, cretin-like filmmaking highlighted only occasionally by brief snippets of bloodletting. Even the many shots of pigs grunting with blood dripping from their snouts lose their novelty after a while, and as such Daddy's Deadly Darling can only be recommended as a rarity for fanatic gore completists or to those select few who got off on The Pig-Fucking Movie and are desperately searching for some new pork hijinx.... (RS)

BODY DOUBLE- Brian "I'm no imitator" DePalma once again hits the well-worn Hitchcock trail with this excellent hybrid of Rear Window and Vertigo. Body's plot is extremely derivative and totally illogical, but sleaze and surprises abound as Craig Wasson (Ghost Story) portrays a down-and-out actor who becomes obsessed with a sultry neighbor who performs a nightly striptease/masturbation show for his peeping eyes, but eventually gets reamed by a 3ft. long power drill as he stands by helpless. Hot on the trail of the mystery woman's killer, Wasson falls for rising porno star Holly Body (played by the alluring Melanie Griffith) and enters the world of X-rated films to court her and learn more about the complex murder. Body Double doesn't contain the high-gore quota of, say, The Slumber Party Massacre or other similar driller-killer epics, but the scowering is quite nerve-wracking, clocking right up there with the demented razor-slash killing of Dressed To Kill and the sick chain-saw carnage of Scarface. Couple this classic slaughter with a heavy dose of nudity, soft-core sex bordering on X material and Body Double emerges a sleaze triumph for DePalma that is certain to have feminists up in arms and be relished with delight by sexist gorehounds everywhere! (PK)

NIGHT OF THE COMET- Being promoted with a quirky, unsuitable "teens take over the Earth" ad campaign, this jumbled sci-fi epic originally known as Comet Zombies puts our planet in the tail of a speeding comet that causes everyone watching it to disintegrate into red dust, ala Day Of The Triffids. Thus all Earth is wiped out with the only survivors being those who

These include Catharine Mary Stewart (The Last Starfighter) and her sexy little gum-snapping Valley Girl sister Kelly Maronie, who spend the balance of Comet's 94 minutes searching for other survivors, going on looting sprees at posh LA malls and attempting to hide from partially exposed humans who are now cannibalistic zombies and a mysterious hi-tech government survivalist group (headed up by cult favorite Mary Woronov) who are out to get the girls' blood so they can develop an anti-disintegration serum. Not the usual lurid G.G. fare, Comet suffers from its makers being unable to decide if the film is to be a zombie horror film, a comedy, a gang drama, or a rock musical. By adding elements of each, Night Of The Comet becomes a confusingly mediocre piece of escapist fluff, its only attributes being some extremely great production values for the flick's reported \$650,000 budget. (PK)

TERROR IN THE AISLES- The monicker Boredom In The Seats would more accurately describe this slapdash anthology mess that resembles more a TV special than a feature film. Scenes from over 75 genre films are thrown together without



HEATHER LANGENCAMP IS DELT A VEAL CUTLET BY PHONE FROM VILE CHILD MOLESTER FRED KRUGER IN THIS SCENE FROM NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.



MARJOE GORTNER IS SLAUGHTERED BY SPEAR-CHUCKING LATINO COCAINE SMUGGLERS AS HIS COMPANION RE-COILS IN HORROR IN JUNGLE WARRIORS.

rhyme or reason and all punches are pulled through editing so as not to offend delicate sensibilities. The only real highlights in this clunker include the Scanners head explosion, the Exorcist puke scene, the creature from The Thing and the Alien chest-burster, gorehound favorites all. Most of the really gory scenes have been cut after Terror was initially slapped with an X-rating by the MPAA, resulting in its relatively scant 83 minute running time seeming like an anemic eternity. Donald Pleasance and an ever-more-bloated Nancy Allen provide non-sensical verbal diarrhea about the horror genre and its many conventions, aimed mostly for any retarded viewers in the audience. Gore fans seeking an anthology should order the Best Of G.G. Violence tape instead of going to see this turd so that they can see gruesome scenes the way they were meant to be presented ! (PK)

(Ed. note: G.G.V. is still available for only a paltry \$19.95 and makes a great stocking stuffer)

THE TERMINATOR- For all of you who thought Arnold Schwarzenegger was merely a stupid, untalented muscle boy in the Conan films, Terminator may change your mind. Arnold plays a ruthless killing machine sent from the future by a totalitarian government to murder the woman who will

gets in his way as he cuts down an entire disco and a police station in an attempt to snuff her, brandishing an Uzi one hand and a laser-sighting magnum in the other. Shotgun blasts only knock Arnold off balance, and he survives fires, numerous car and motorcycle wrecks and being hit by an 18 wheel diesel truck with only a mangled wrist and the loss of one eye. Gorehounds will dig when Arnold does a bit of internal repair on these wounds with an X-acto knife, cutting the flesh open on his arm and yanking out his pierced eyeball in full graphic view. The last 20 minutes of the Terminator had urban audiences going nuts, featuring some fascinating stop-motion animation and the skeletal remains of Arnold which just refuses to die. Director James Cameron (Piranha II) is to be commended for this wild epic which was reportedly made for under \$5 million, a shoestring budget for a Hollywood release. While silly and preposterous as hell, The Terminator is an action-packed must!

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET- Wes Craven has finally returned to the low-budget exploitation fold after an unsuccessful attempt at "going Hollywood" with 1982's flop Swamp Thing. Back on the familiar turf of past gore classics like The Hills Have Eyes and Last House On The Left, Craven serves up a tale about a bunch of WASP-y kids who are all having the same nightmare about a burned-up psycho named Fred Kruger who has long, slashing stillettos for fingers. We later learn that Kruger was a mass child murderer who was fried by a vigilante group of parents after he was released by police on a technicality. Now he is back in dream form to exact revenge on the kids of the killing parents. Unlike your conventional dream boogeyman, this guy can mangle and maim if he gets to you before you wake up. A couple of kids are snuffed in interesting ways in their sleep, including a girl who sprouts a series of lethal gashes or a guy who is sucked down into the center of his bed only to be puked back out in a geyser of blood. After some deaths, Nancy, Nightmare's unattractive heroine, spends most of the film trying not to fall asleep and later decides to get Kruger by pulling him out of her dreams into real life. Low budget staple John Saxon is on hand as Nancy's police chief father, being reduced to such idiotic behavior as watching idly while his daughter breaks every window in his house trying to escape the killer. Ex-Robert Altman lobster queen Ronee Blakely is sadly reduced to playing the bloated, drunken mother of the fear-stricken Nancy. Nightmare continues to float in and out of reality, remaining mildly entertaining until a stupid Twilight Zone-esque ending ruins the film. The flick is really just a slick whitewashing of the Hills and Last House violence/revenge themes, with a bunch of Poltergeist and Dreamscape pyrotechnics thrown in for a supernatural twist. The result is a basically low-gore mediocrity with cheap scares and silly gross-outs (ie, a phone receiver that grows an obscene, licking tongue, etc.) well-cal-

rather unwarranted since aside from the opening killing, most of the gore hinted at in pre-release publicity has not made it to the final cut. Sad to say, A Nightmare On Elm Street is a major disappointment that can only be recommended for staunch Craven fans only. (PK)

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT- This Tri-Star release, which initially opened to box office indifference, got a lot of free publicity courtesy of concerned parents protesting the demented TV ads which depicted a bloodied, axe-wielding Santa stalking kids on Christmas Eve. The ads were soon yanked due to the complaints, but then Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert plugged Silent even more by telling viewers of their lame movie review show that the film is more reprehensible than I Spit On Your Grave, their yardstick for poor-taste filmmaking. Had everyone left it alone, this epic would have disappeared within a week, but the controversy has given the flick a box office jolt and it looks as if it will be around for awhile. Originally shot under the title of Slayride, this sick little low-budgeter concerns a young boy who sees his Mom and Dad sadistically slaughtered by a psycho dressed as Santa and who subsequently grows up with a severe case of "Claus"trophobia. Admitted to a Catholic orphanage, a tyrannical Mother Superior constantly torments the boy, teaching him that above all else, sex is naughty and must be dealt with severely. Good Christian that he is, the boy grows into a twisted adolescent, culminating in his being forced to dress up as a department store Santa which makes him flip out, grab an axe and go out searching for copulating teens on Christmas Eve. Silent reaches a climax with an unsatisfying showdown between Santa and the Mother Superior that weakens the entire film's overall impact and a painfully predictable ending. Ample nudity abounds throughout the film, and the bloodletting is surprisingly graphic for a Hollywood release. In total, although Silent Night Deadly Night is merely a slightly-above-average slasher saga that borrows liberally from past Christmas horror films like Tales From The Crypt and Christmas Evil, its total irreverence toward a beloved institution (Santa) that was heretofore considered taboo to tarnish makes it an excellent example of entertaining, bad-taste filmmaking at its finest that is sure to please all sick gorehounds! Merry Christmas! (RS/PK) (Ed. note: Mr. Kervran would like it to be known that he hated this film.)

JUNGLE WARRIORS- Aquarius Releasing brings us this new, filmed-in-Mexico actioner that reads like a veritable Who's Who of exploitation veterans. Sybil Danning, Paul Smith, John Vernon, Woody Strode, Alex Cord and Marjoe Gortner all team up for some fast bucks in this quick-paced, complex suspenser concerning a plane full of American fashion models who are shot down over Colombian jungles by a cocaine warlord (Smith) who mistakes them for enemies. Realizing his error,

relationship with his sister (Danning), does not free the girls, but opts instead to give them to his native mercenaries to beat and rape. Add a subplot concerning American Mafia goons (Vernon, Cord) who visit the jungle stronghold to firm up a \$5 million dollar coke deal, some F.B.I. agents bent on stopping it, the surviving girls plan to escape and Warriors checks in as a fast-paced, well-made action gem that never relents throughout its taut 95 minutes. Director Ernst vonTheumer (Concrete Jungle) packs the flick with enough violence (ie., decapitation, arrow piercings, stabbings, spear skewering, etc.) to keep gorehounds satiated, yet never loses control of the intricate plot. A poor ad campaign might cause you to overlook this gem, but be sure to catch Jungle Warriors, a fine example of well-crafted, first-rate exploitation. (RS)

DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS- Not much room to elaborate as we go to press, but this depraved, ultra-sick British import concerns a killer who is stalking Santas in London, killing over a dozen throughout the course of the film in highly graphic H.G. Lewis style. Produced by Dick Randall and other sleazemeisters responsible for 1983's Pieces, Open is unrated for violence and contains such juicy scenes as Santa getting his eye gouged out with a knife and another getting his penis cut off while he urinates, etc. Parents who protested Silent Night, Deadly Night should have a field day with this, as SNDN looks like a Disney outing by comparison. Caroline Munro (Maniac, Last Horror Film), billed as a star in the film, is glimpsed for all of 2 minutes as a new wave singer. Look for more info next issue, but Do Not Open Until Christmas may be the last minute usurper of the coveted G.G. gore film of the year award. Opens in NY on Dec. 7. Don't miss it! (RS)

ALL MERCHANDISE ORDERED BELOW WILL ARRIVE BY CHRISTMAS IF ORDERED BY DECEMBER 10.

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POSTERS: Original one-sheet posters from the following films: SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT, BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRAVIXENS, NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES, GATES OF HELL and THE HILLS HAVE EYES. \$9 each, plus \$1 postage. Send checks or money orders to the G.G., c/o the T-shirt offer address.

RARE VIDEOS: Excellent quality, VHS only copies of the following: G.G. INTERVIEWS- a special tape featuring live speeches from the following performers who have appeared at the DIVE: Herschell Gordon Lewis, John Amplas (Martin), Fred Lincoln (Last House/Left); THE TINGLER, rare theatrical version featuring the color bloodbath sequence, THE MASK (in real video 3D) and GORE-GORE GIRLS.



# GORE GAZETTE

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YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 72

**BEST GORE FILM OF 1984 !!**



Although oft-chastised in the pages of the G.G., the folks down at NY's own Aquarius Releasing have taken the coveted award of G.G. Gore Film Of The Year for the third consecutive time with Buried Alive, a depraved 1980 Italian release from the immortal Joe D'Amato (Caged Women, Trap Them And Kill Them) that was originally titled Beyond The Darkness. Although given an extremely limited release in the NY metro area (playing for a scant 2 weeks in mid-June on 42nd St. only), Buried is chock full of incestuous sex, graphic heart and entrail munchings, meat cleaver chop-pings, eyeball gougings, brain eating, throat biting and large doses of explicit nudity that will send even the most prudent gorehound into shrieks of wild ecstasy. Nothing released in 1984 came even close to the depravity level of this one, so all horror mavens are urged to cajole your local grindhouse into booking this masterpiece!

On a more somber note, the Christmas of 1984 will go down as one of the most anemic of the horror genre. Egghead sci-fi operas and sappy E.T. rip-offs hogged the screens, forcing virtually all of the independent distributors to hold back their newest sleaze releases until the chilly months of 1985. As mentioned last issue, the G.G. is still hard at work on a feature film project that will begin shooting in March of 1985, so poor Pat Kervran was once again given the thankless job of sitting through these marginal entries so that the G.G. would have a reason for publishing this month..... Thanks!

**STARMAN**- After last year's king-sized flop Chris line, mainstream critics seem to be tripping over themselves in their rush to compliment John Carpenter's latest dud, a combination sci-fi/love story in the sappiest sense. Actually, most of the sci-fi elements are used up within the first 15 minutes of the flick when an alien ball of light transforms itself into the image of a woman's dead husband by cloning a strand of his hair. Karen Allen is this woman, reprising the same ugly, anorexic heroine role she played in Raiders Of The Lost Ark. Gore completists may appreciate this transformation scene, which takes us on a tour of a DNA cell transforming into an adult male, with in-between stages resembling the baby you never got to see enough in It's Alive!. After this one diversion, Starman becomes an overlong, boring "road" movie, with Allen and Bridges on the run from evil government cum scientist types who seek to capture and vivisection the alien. Comparisons to E.T. are inevitable, even though Carpenter and his press agents have gone to great lengths to promote the fact that Starman was in the works long before the Spielberg blockbuster. A moot argument, since either flick is sugary enough to send a diabetic into a coma and is of no real interest to exploitation enthusiasts. Gorehounds will have to accept the fact that their former idol Carpenter, the renegade sleazemeister of the 1970's, has accepted assimilation into the echelons of MOR Hollywood cinema and can no longer be counted on to deliver to his long-time supporters. R.I.P.

**DUNE**- After realizing that they had a bomb on their hands at the box office, Universal Pictures is claiming that this convoluted, unintelligible mess cost them about \$40 million, but inside sources are placing it closer to \$70 million. Either way, producer Raffaella DeLaurentiis and her nepotistic dad Dino look like they're stuck with a real expensive dog on their hands. Giving the job of filming Frank Herbert's classic sci-fi tale to eccentric lobster director David Lynch (Eraserhead) may have seemed like a bad move initially, but he really has done the best job humanly possible with a nearly unfilmable literary property. Herbert's story is essentially about the fight for control of the desert planet Dune, and the coming of age of a young messiah during the ensuing struggle. While Lynch succeeded in packing an amazing amount of detail into the flick's 2½ hours while still maintaining his patented bizarre style, the film fails on amny levels. Those unfamiliar with the novel stand almost no chance of catching the rapid-fire series of eccentric names, places and events crucial to the story and will probably be put to sleep by the film's heavy-handed, somber tone. Conversely, fans of the book will undoubtedly despise the ridiculous changes made in the story to streamline the complicated plot. The dismal acting puts a further nail in the Dune coffin, with dismal sound-

death blow. Comic relief from the tedium is provided by the heretofore respected FX wizard Carlo Rambaldi (E.T.) who packs the feature with assorted rubbery creations such as an amphibious fetus swimming in a slimy womb, a human grasshopper and some gnarly 1000 meter-long sandworms, all spectacularly phony enough to have been stolen off a Toho back lot or from Bert I. Gordon's garage. Gorehounds with long attention spans may get a kick out of the villainous Harkonnen family, an ancestry raised on decadence that includes a fat, bloated homosexual as the patriarch who is so full of sexually-related diseases that he commissions a doctor to work full time draining the many pus sores and chankers that riddle his face. The gent's equally delightful kin include Police hearthrob Sting as a young man who likes to torture cats and Paul Smith (Midnight Express, Pieces) in the role of a sickie who eats raw cow entrails and drinks squished mouse juice. These fleeting perversions aside, Dune emerges a confusing loser of epic proportions that will end up taking a severe toll on the DeLaurentiis bankroll (PK/RS)

**THE MUTILATOR**-(reprinted from G.G. #68 formerly known as Fall Break). North Carolina's resident sicko Buddy Cooper brings us this expertly crafted, but slightly plodding "stalk and slash/teens in peril" tale concerning a group of adolescents menaced by a battle-axe wielding psycho at a deserted beach house. Friday the 13th rip-offs abound and Cooper takes a full 50 minutes in setting up the first slaughter, but the last half-hour of The Mutilator alleviates these flaws with a slam-bang display of graphic bloodshed and carnage that has landed the film an X rating for violence and will send gorehounds into spasms of ecstasy. Special effects wizards Mark Shostrom and Anthony Showe pull out all the stops here and feature such disgusting delights as a machete through a face, a grisly beheading, a man cleaved in half at the torso and a woman pierced through the vagina and out the stomach with a fishing gaff that make most of the murders in the FTT films seem pale by comparison. The Mutilator is Cooper's first directoral feature, and he gets a surprisingly professional big-budget look from a well under \$1 million expenditure. Herschell G. Lewis completists will get a kick out of the special appearance by Ben Moore (last seen well over 15 years ago as one of the crazed Yankee butchers in 2000 Maniacs as well as the split-level stud of Suburban Roulette) who plays a sheriff who loses his head to the mutilator in one of the film's gore highlights. The Mutilator does have its share of tedium problems and contains some really inane banter from the obnoxious juveniles, but still emerges a promising, gut-spewing winner from a man who may just be the best up and coming low-budget director around. Films of this ilk were shoe-ins for box office gold about 3 years ago when the slasher cycle was at its peak so it will be interesting to see if a well-made body counter can still succeed when The Mutilator

**RARE VIDEOS:** Excellent quality copies of THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT (uncut), BICODEATERS, GIRL ON A CHAIN GANG, FREAKS, Ed Wood, Jr.'s. THE SINISTER URGE and the immensely popular G.G. INTERVIEWS tape featuring live speeches from such great pore luminaries as Herschell Gordon Lewis, Fred Lincoln (base villian who gets his dick bitten off in Last House On the Left), John Amplas (Martin), and Joe Spinell, everyone's favorite Maniac! all recorded live at NY's infamous Dive during appearances at the G.G. film festival. VHS ONLY. Send \$19.95 for each tape (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Order today!

This issue is dedicated to the memory of the late Ed Gein, a true porehound....

**FOR SALE:** (Original one-sheet posters from the following films: THE MUTILATOR, TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, BURIED ALIVE (great), DEAD PEOPLE, BLOODSUCKING FREAKS, STARMAN, 2010: THE YEAR WE MAKE CONTACT, DUNE, THE SLAYER and H.G. Lewis' THE BLAST-OFF GIRLS. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042.

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 1/10: THE MASK-(Canadian vintage in real 3D  
 1/17: BLOOD AND BLACK LACE- (Cameron Mitchell's stellar psycho portrayal)  
 1/24: MANSION OF THE DOOMED- (sadistic eye gouging with Richard Baseheart)



ORIGINALLY SHOT UNDER THE MORE APPROPRIATE TITLE OF ATTACK OF THE BEAVER CLEAVER, THIS SADISTIC LESBIAN MOTHER HACKS OFF THE HEAD OF HER SON'S LOVER IN THIS SHOT FROM 1984'S G.G. GORE FILM OF THE YEAR, BURIED ALIVE.

# YOU SAW IT IN THE G.G.!

## GET READY FOR 1985. THE FIRST BLOOD AND GUTS THRILLER OF THE YEAR.

By sword  
By pick  
By axe  
Bye bye



# THE MUTILATOR

WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY  
**BUDDY COOPER**

STARRING: MATT MITLER, FRANCES RAINES, BILL HITCHCOCK, PAMELA WEDDLE COOPER, RUTH MARTINEZ, MOREY LAMPLEY, CONNIE ROGERS, TRACE COOPER  
ALSO STARRING: JACK CHATHAM  
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: PETER SCHNALL  
SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS BY: MARK SHOSTROM, ANTHONY SHOWE, ED FERRELL  
COSTUME DESIGNER: MICHAEL MINARD  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JOHN DOUGLASS, NEIL WHITFORD  
PRODUCED BY: BEN MOORE  
DUE TO THE VIOLENT NATURE OF CERTAIN SCENES, THIS MOTION PICTURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR VIEWING BY THOSE UNDER 17 UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY A PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN.  
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RUNNING TIME: 87 MINUTES  
ACCESSORIES: CONSOLIDATED

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 73



NEVER IN THE 4½ YEAR HISTORY OF THE G.G. HAS READER RESPONSE BEEN AS HEAVY AS IT HAS BEEN FOR BURIED ALIVE, 1984'S HANDS-DOWN WINNER OF THE COVETED "GORE FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD". BY POPULAR DEMAND, ABOVE IS AN ENCORE SHOT OF THE HANDSOME YOUNG PSYCHOTIC NECROPHILE BRUSHING UP ON HIS GYNECOLOGY HOMEWORK. GOREHOUNDS SHOULD BUG THEIR LOCAL THEATRE TO BOOK THIS CLASSIC!

Save for the earth-shattering box office phenomenon of Eddie "Heh, Motherfucker" Murphy's Beverly Hills Cop which, in mid-February still shows no sign of falling off. NY area screens are cur

mentally devoid of any large amount of big-budget Hollywood releases, leaving a clear shot for independent distributors to flood the market with a rash of "one week only" quickies. As such, it has at least been a busy, if not altogether promising month for sleaze fans, with 8 genre releases in all:

**SUPERSTITION**- Before hitting the big time with 1983's smash First Blood, then-fledgling producer Mario Kassar and Andrew Vajna (bet he had it rough in high school with that name) scraped together the barest of budgets for this skid row imitation of the Amityville Horror series. Originally filmed back in 1981 under the title The Witch, Superstition is a bizarrely disjointed entry that uses the "kitchen sink" approach in an attempt at successful exploitation moneymaking. Director James Robertson covers all bases by throwing together a possessed house, a haunted pond, ghosts, witches, exorcisms, an escaped lunatic, missing cadavers, an alcoholic priest and two young nubile in a drastic attempt to hit some sort of winning combination. Sadly, these all only add up to a threadbare plot that serves merely to link a handful of well-executed gore slaughters from fx wizards Bill Munns (The Boogens), Dave Miller and Steve LaPorte (The Howling) that are a joy to behold but unfortunately do not alleviate the tedium of this 85 minute clunker. Die-hard gore fans will dig such scenes as a graphic decapitation, a Gremlins-esque exploding head in a microwave and a nifty little segment where a runaway circular saw blade bloodily enters a priest's chest and keeps on spinning until it cleaves through his back, but most will find it hard to stay awake through Superstition's meandering exposition. Look for the great theatrical trailer which contains nearly all the grisly killings and will save you about 81 minutes and 5 bucks to boot!

**AVENGING ANGEL**- New World Pictures wasted no time in pumping out a sequel to 1984's "hooker with a heart of gold" smash Angel, reuniting the colorful cast of veteran character actors (Rory Calhoun, Susan Tyrrell, etc.) amidst the sordid background of Hollywood Blvd.'s vice community. Unfortunately, penny-pinching producer Sandy Howard (Devil's Rain, Death Ship) refused to spring for the extra salary requested by original Angel Donna Wilkes to return to the fold, so he replaced her with top-heavy valley girl Betsy Russell, last cast as a voluptuous nubile in Fast Times At Ridgemont High. It is now four years in the future and Angel is an aspiring law student who returns to the streets of L.A., reprising her former prostitute persona to seek vengeance on a group of thugs who ruthlessly murdered the cop guardian who had weaned her off the streets and back on the straight and narrow in the first film. This interesting sequel premise is quickly demolished in the hands of writer/director Robert Vincent O'Neal who adopts a juvenile, idiotic cartoon-strip tone which runs throughout the entire film. Gripping action and explosive violence sequences are subverted by lame humor attempts that come off so stupid that they make a film like Ghostbusters seem like sophisticated humor in comparison. Russell is not the "alluring yet innocent" nymphet Wilkes was, and Avenging contains none of the gritty, sleaze feel of the former film. In fact, save for some brief nudity (courtesy of G.G. heartthrob Karin "Alleycat" Mani) and some bloody gun murders, Avenging Angel could easily pass as a made-for-TV family action extravaganza.

**WALKING THE EDGE**- Despite a new ad campaign craftily devised to capitalize on the Bernhard Goetz vigilante controversy, this low budget exploitationer scored a resounding thud at the box office when released in late January. Originally known as A Deadly Chase, action stalwart Robert Forster (Alligator, Vigilante) tries his best to breathe life into an uninspired plot concerning a cab driver who unwittingly picks up the wife of a recently-murdered drug king pin and watches in shock as she blows away one of his killers with a .45 magnum revolver. The balance of Edge is made up of the three surviving killers (headed up by the superbly sick Joe Spinell) chasing Forster and the wife around Chicago, leading up to the predictable finale where Robert decides to

stop running and stand his ground. Gorehounds will enjoy the few torture segments violently executed by Spinell & Co. (including a particularly gut-wrenching segment involving a power drill and a Chicano gas station attendant who has been covering up for Forster), but Walking The Edge never delivers the expected bloodbath climax and its weak, unresolved ending is totally unsatisfying. Recommended for members of the Joe Spinell Fan Club only!

**ESCAPE FROM THE BRONX**- Domestic distributors New Line Cinema have decided not to put this, the sequel to 1983's unsuccessful 1990: The Bronx Warriors into wide release, opting instead to bicycle one dubbed print around the NY area for one-off runs on 42nd St., Brooklyn, Paterson, N.J., etc. before putting it



On March 8, this tantalizing entry blows into NYC. Will it be some first-rate sleaze or the usual



**DAVID HESS...star of**  
**LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** is loose again...  
**DON'T GO IN THE PARK!**



# HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK



Due to the shocking nature of this film  
 no one under 17 will be admitted.

Starring David Hess • Annie Belle  
 Directed by Roger D. Franklin • Produced by Franco DiAnnunzio • Music by Riz Ortolani  
 A Bedford Entertainment / Trio Entertainment Release

Even after 13 years, ol' Hess has got to be the  
 ickest pervert in the world! HOTEOTP proves why!

When it is shown (i.e., a helmeted government soldier receives the butt end of a rifle full in the  
 face, causing his glass faceguard to shatter and turn his mug into a mass of bloody pulp) it  
 commands maximum shock impact. As with 1990, the dubbing is atrocious and dialogue awkward, but  
Escape From The Bronx is first-rate, mindless exploitation of the highest order. See it!

EXTERMINATORS OF THE YEAR 3000- Co-billed with Escape From The Bronx in many situations, this  
 Italian import is yet another third-rate Mad Max imitation that goes so far as to steal the en-  
 tire plot of the Road Warrior film verbatim! Those Italians do know how to direct action flicks  
 though, so if you can overlook the blatant plagiarism, 3000 is a rather diverting 95 minutes packed  
 with car chases, titan clashes and assorted barbarian hijinx that may serve to satisfy those  
 George Miller fans anxiously awaiting this summer's Road Warrior II (a/k/a Mad Max 3). Violence  
 is kept to a bare minimum, so except for a few head bashings and a curiously out of place scene  
 involving a young boy having his arm torn off, Exterminators Of The Year 3000 could easily clas-  
 sify as PG-13 matinee fare.

TUFF TURF- New World Pictures brings us this overlong 113 minute teen soap opera which seems to  
 change its direction with every reel. Opening as a kind of new wave update of Rebel Without A  
 Cause with obvious homo James Spader essaying the James Dean role, Tuff then shifts into a Flash-  
 dance/Footloose hybrid with an accent on dancing, on again to a brief reprise of last summer's  
Private Kid, culminating in a strong climax highlighted by the brand of ultraviolence displayed  
 in films like Last House On The Left and other unrated classics. Gorehounds will cheer this un-  
 expected bloodsplattered 20 minute ending, but director Fritz Kiersch (Children Of The Corn) has  
 some major continuity problems with the first 93 minutes of this epic. In his attempt to appeal  
 to distinctly different filmgoing markets, Kiersch is likely to alienate everyone: teens who  
 flock to see Tuff because of its much-touted Southside Johnny/Jim Carrol soundtrack will no doubt  
 be shocked to see leading lady Kim Richards get her teeth bloodily bashed in later on. Converse-  
 ly, blood mavens who will cheer Spader on for knocking an hispanic punk full in the back of the  
 head with a 2 X 4 full of nails will hiss at the extended choreography padding featuring musical  
 numbers from a band that is actually even worse than Huey Lewis and the News. Gorehounds are  
 best advised to arrive mid-way through Tuff Turf for maximum enjoyment, while mainstream theatre-  
 goers should exit after around an hour and a half. Come on, Fritz, quit splitting your loyalties.

THE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK- Ruggero Deodato, Italian goremeister responsible for canni-  
 al atrocity gems such as The Last Survivor (among countless others) stretches the parameters of  
 bad taste to new dimensions with this gritty little exercise in torture and sadism filmed in  
 color. It came back in 1979. House features token American David Hess in a role extremely similar to that  
 which he played in 1972's classic Last House On The Left. Here he again is an amoral, ruthless  
 rapist/killer who crashes a suburban weekend party and forces the guests to submit to various  
 acts of sexual humiliation, savage beatings and unrelenting brutality. Gorehounds will instant-  
 ly recognize most of the cast of Make Them Die Slowly in supporting roles as the victims of Hess  
 onslaught. The bloodletting is sparse compared to the average Italo entrail offering, but it is  
 realistic and perversely upsetting enough to hit far harder than any of those films. House

out on video this summer. Unfortunately,  
Escape could have sustained a big release  
 as the Italian import is far superior to its  
 parent film. Heavy metal pastaman Mark  
 Gregory returns as Trash, the sinewy card-  
 board biker who is pitted against a future  
 totalitarian government bent on exterminat-  
 ing all the gangs and minorities in the  
 Bronx to make way for a high-income, luxury  
 redevelopment program. Gone from the first  
 film are token Americans Fred Williamson and  
 Vic Morrow (who was decapitated at the end  
 of 1990 only to have the deed done for real  
 a few months later on the set of The Twilight  
 Zone) and in their place is Henry Silva, su-  
 perb as the cold-blooded, racist head of the  
 extermination squad. Once the plot is set  
 up, Escape is 93 minutes of non-stop action,  
 with director Enzo G. Castellani packing en-  
 ough shootings, burnings, explosions, car  
 chases and crashes to keep the film moving at  
 a breakneck pace. The bloodletting is cle-  
 verly restrained throughout the film so that

offers what has to be one of the sickest scenes ever committed to celluloid: Hess rips the panties off one of the party guests and is about to rape her when he notices that a white string is dangling from between her legs. He crudely shouts "Hey, look what I found" and pulls out a bloody tampon for all to see while the humiliated girl sobs with embarrassment. This and other skid row sex and violence pervasions will have sleaze fans howling with delight, making The House By The Edge Of The Park the best film to be released so far in 1985!

**QUICK BITS:** Too late to screen at press time, but fans of Anjelique Pettijohn (Mad Doctor Of Blood Island) should rush down to 42nd St. to catch her newest epic The Lost Empire as well as one of her forgotten classics, Dragon Lady (a/k/a Wit's End), a 1971 no-budgeter packed with nudity and gore that is currently being passed off as a new release under the title G.I. Executioner by the nefarious Troma Releasing.

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: THE HOUSE BY THE EDGE OF THE PARK, Orion's upcoming RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, BURIED ALIVE, Fulci's HOUSE BY THE CEMETARY, ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS, ZOMBIE, CROCODILE AND I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE.

All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Thanks again to Pat Kervran for some truly inspired contributions to this issue.

**RARE VIDEOS:** Excellent quality copies of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON in 3D with glasses, TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD, LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT (uncut), STIGMA (70's venereal horror) and THE GORE GAZETTE ALL-TRAILER SHOW, VOL. 2. This new trailer tape was compiled by FANGORIA contributor Tim Ferrante and features such great coming attractions as MARK OF THE DEVIL, DERANGE SATAN'S SADISTS and HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS VHS ONLY! Send \$19.95 for each tape (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042. Order today!

Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$3 for a copy of the G.G. private library listing. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre titles. Plus- your three bucks for the listing will be refunded with your first order. How can you lose? Send off your order now!

The G.G. film series continues successfully at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave). All shows begin at 8:00 PM sharp and feature the famous G.G. trailer reels. Upcoming shows include

2/21: SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT- Mary Waronov and some Andy Warhol lobsters star in this sordid tale of murder and sexual decadence in upstate NY. UNCUT!

2/28: THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN- A space-man turns into pus before your very eyes!

3/7: CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (3D)

3/15: SHE DEMONS- Big-titted Nazi mutants run amok. Special guest host: ZACHERLE - this time its for real!

All admissions are a paltry \$4. Call 695-4516.

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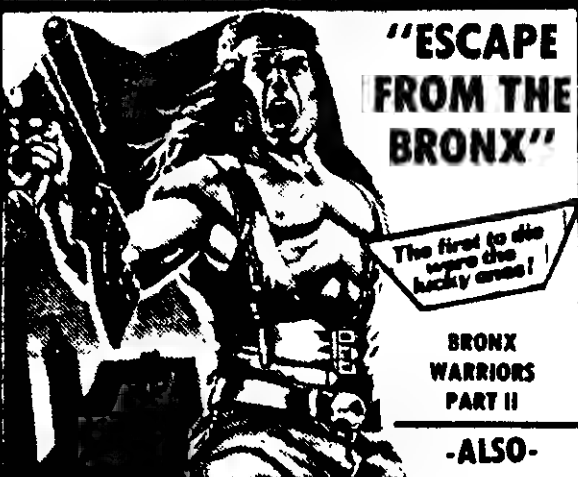
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EXTERMINATORS OF THE YEAR 3000

BEVERLY HILLS COP (R)

TRADING PLACES (R)

A.T.M. II

QUE TE HA DADO ESA MUJER

THE FABIAN THEATRE IN PATERSON, N.J. PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT IT IS ONE OF THE HOTTEST HAVENS FOR GOREHOUSES WITH THIS TANTALIZING PROGRAM. (NOTE WHAT THEY QUOTE!)

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 74



ANOTHER G.G. EXCLUSIVE! : BLOOD-DRENCHED ZOMBIE HOUSEWIFE CHOMPS OUT THE THROAT OF AN UNSUSPECTING SOLDIER IN THIS JUICY SHOT FROM GEORGE ROMERO'S LONG AWAITED CONCLUSION TO THE LIVING DEAD TRILOGY, DAY OF THE DEAD, WHICH OPENS TO AREA THEATRES THIS JULY. (photo: Golomb)

Apologies for tardiness abound once again as the G.G. moves into its sixth week between issues. The major excuse this time out is the large amount of time being spent on pre-production for the G.G.'s first feature film as announced last issue. Angry gorehounds tired of the

violent, depraved flicks ever made and will be well-worth this small inconvenience. Thanks!

**FEAR CITY-** Back in 1982, sleaze fans were delighted to hear that Abel Ferrara, exploitation director extraordinaire, had moved into the big leagues and was signed by 20th Century-Fox to direct a crime drama called Fear City based on his impressive work with two prior low-budget gore gems, Driller Killer and Ms. 45. When Ferrara delivered his finished product to the corporate executives in early '84, they recoiled in shock when they saw what the talented young director did with nearly \$4 million dollars and refused to release it under the Fox banner, citing the flick's gritty ultra-violence and non-stop barrage of jiggling breasts and buttocks as unsuitable for the company's revered image. Fox's problem proved a windfall for NY's Aquarius Releasing who snapped up distribution rights to Fear, a film whose single budget exceeded the sum of the company's entire annual release schedule! Fear is a glossy, non-stop actioner concerning a psychotic killer who is stalking Times Square strippers, horribly mutilating and mangling them and recording the deeds in a large, blood-spattered diary he has named "fear city". Melanie Griffith is on hand as an ex-junkie dancer and eventual target of the maniac. Her terrible acting is belied by the fact that she is naked for nearly 70% of her scenes. Billy Dee Williams eschews no skin in his role as a macho homicide cop, but he easily steals the show with torrents of awful, cliched dialogue and hysterical anti-Italian remarks. Add veteran has-beens Rossano Brazzi and Jan Murray as greasy strip-joint owners who convince ex-boxer Tom Berenger to track down the killer and Fear City emerges as 94 minutes of non-stop (albeit jumbled) excitement containing enough scalp slashings, appendage severings, tendon slicing and decapitation to satisfy any gorehound, culminating with a unique, bloody showdown between the street-fighting boxer and karate psycho that is so well executed by Ferrara that it will keep you teetering on the edge of your seat. It is sincerely hoped that Ferrara's faux pax in delivering such a rough picture to Fox will not blacklist him from the major industry as he remains one of the most promising directors working today.

**GHOULIES-** Charles Band, rapidly becoming this generation's Roger Corman, has attempted to horn in on the box office success of last summer's Gremlins with this low-budget 78 minute quickie concerning a young man who inherits his deceased devil-worshipping dad's mansion and slowly becomes possessed by his evil spirit. Originally filmed under the title The Effects Picture, Band padded his film with the title creatures as an afterthought once the Joe Dante epic struck paydirt, hence the little demons' appearances are only tenuously linked to the film's plot, making Ghoulies a somewhat disjointed effort. Consid-

ering these limitations, the flick is highly entertaining, featuring washed-up former rock icon Michael Des Barres chewing the scenery as the rotting, satanic magician and Jack Na (Eraserhead) equally overblown as the kindly "good" wizard. Add two repulsive midgets, hilariously campy dialogue and the excellent "ghoulie" creations of John Buechler (who should be commended for his fine work in spite of severe budgetary limitations) and Ghoulies add up to being first-rate, mindless kiddie matinee fare. Gorehounds may be disappointed as the flick bears many telltale signs of having been trimmed of excessive violence to land a PG-13 rating (especially a truncated sequence in which a woman is being eaten from the inside out by the creatures), but there certainly is enough mayhem left intact to maintain interest throughout and scare the hell out of your little brother to boot!

**ZOMBIE ISLAND MASSACRE-** NY's Troma Releasing scourge of the G.G. for their embarrassing be-



AMERICA'S EXPLOITATION QUEEN/#1 BONER IDOL EDY WILLIAMS DISPLAYS HER THESEIAN ASSETS IN THIS TITILLATING SCENE FROM HELLHOLE, A NEW RELEASE FROM OLD A. I. P. STALWART SAM ARKOFF.



THE ABOVE CADAVERS REPRESENT ONLY A SMALL PORTION OF THE NEARLY 20 PEOPLE BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED THROUGHOUT FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 5: A NEW BEGINNING, THE NEWEST INSTALLMENT OF THE JASON VOORHEES STALK & SLASH SAGA THAT OPENED ACROSS THE COUNTRY ON MARCH 22.

gus quote in last year's Splatter University advertising scam are up to their scurrilous tricks once again with this 85 minute non-genre abomination that is being passed off as a new zombie horror epic in all posters and news ads in the area. Filmed back in 1982 under the title The Last Picnic, Zombie is nothing more than a low budget, convoluted cocaine-smuggling adventure yarn serving merely as a vehicle for ex-White House slut Rita Jenrette to doff her blouse and fill up the screen with 38 D's at every possible opportunity. Sure, some cheesy gore murders are thrown in (including an amateur beheading that would even embarrass Herschell Gordon Lewis!) to keep the tedious plot crawling, but no where in the entire picture are any killer zombies even glimpsed! Gorehounds bilked into plunking down 5 bucks for this excrement are urged to write Troma and demand a refund, while at the same time making a solemn vow to stay away from this company's future deceptive drivel!

BLOOD SIMPLE- The sibling writer/directorial team of Ethan and Joel Coen are getting mucho praise from lobster critics for this low budget independent first effort that is being likened to the works of early Hitchcock, DePalma, Spielberg, et. al. Filmed deep in the heart of Texas, Simple is styled in the fashion of a Dash-

iel Hammett detective novel with a lover's tangle, a soon-to-be-dead husband and a sleazy mercenary all thrown together in a lurid whodunit. Tension is maintained throughout the film, but gorehounds will only truly appreciate the final reel which explodes in a paroxysm of unexpected violence that gets many of the arthouse patrons heading quickly for the exit door and shows that Joel Coen, who worked on both The Evil Dead and Fear No Evil has not forsaken his sleaze roots. Blood Simple is oft-plagued by a grainy look, occasional bad acting and pretentious camerawork that screams of formal film school training, but gore fans will enjoy the undercurrent of depravity that carries the film along as well as laughing at the weak-smached audience members who are outraged by the climax. Well worth venturing into the art circuit to catch!

HELLHOLE- Producer Billy Fine (Concrete Jung, Chained Heat) brings us yet another "girls in jail" sexploitationer from the sunny climes of California. This time out, Fine changes the locale from a woman's prison to a woman's mental asylum where the sultry Judy Landers (ex-Playboy centerfold twin) is unjustly committed because she knows the facts behind an extortion operation being run by a few members of the state board of medical examiners. Once inside, the innocent

lass is forced to submit to the usual cat-fighting, lesbianism, rape, drug abuse and torture that are all mainstays of a "Fine" epic. The cast reads like an exploitation fan's dream featuring such sleaze luminaries as Mary Woronov, Marjoe Gortner, the luscious Edy Williams and even Dyanne (Ilsa) Thorne (in a bit role as one of the hospital's more disturbed patients) as well as coked-out Hollywood "also-rans" Ray Sharkey and Terry Moore (Mrs. Howard Hughes!). Woronov particularly shines as the Nazi-esque dyke doctor who runs "hellhole", an experimental wing of the hospital where she is trying to perfect chemical lobotomies by injecting noxious liquids into the brains of unwilling patients. Unfortunately, bloodletting is held to a minimum but Hellhole contains enough full-frontal nudity, debauchery and implied sadism to keep sleaze mavens minds off the crimson and more occupied with working their johnsons. Don't miss it!

FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 5- Although it seems unfashionable around gore snobs these days to praise the series, Paramount's newest installment in the unending Jason Voorhees saga is easily the best since the original film with director Danny Steinmann, fresh from directing last year's superb Savage Streets, bringing new zest and originality to a timeworn plot that should have rolled over and died years ago. Wisely shifting the locale from Camp Crystal Lake to a minimum security asylum for psychotic teens, 5 picks up six years after the last film with Tommy, the little boy who finally killed Jason, now a troubled adolescent and newest member of the sanitarium. Predictably, the expected slice and dice killings soon occur, but it remains unknown whether it is Tommy, another inmate, or even Jason himself doing the killings until the flick's wild twist ending finale. Until then, Steinmann packs 5's 92 minutes with more savage murders than any other film in the series, with no less than 20 people being slashed, gouged, garrotted, cleaved, speared or mangled by the unseen assailant. Raunchy humor and nudity abound as well, highlighted by a plucky young black protagonist (Shavar Ross) who pulls a Buckwheat eye-roll every time he spots a mutilated cadaver or two teens going at it in the fields. Unfortunately, the MPAA forced some cuts on 5's violence to avoid an X rating, so many of the grislier slayings are glimpsed for only a few frames. But if gorehounds are carefull not to blink, they'll be more than satisfied with Friday the 13th Part 5, an excellent effort that should certainly keep the market open for at least one more successful sequel.

Special thanks to Jack Barth at Film Comment for the lavish praise heaped upon the G.G. in their March '85 fanzine retrospective,

Thanks once again to Pat Kervran for his contributions and for not bitching too loudly when his reviews are not used....

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN, C.H.U.D., HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES (Blind Dead), Russ Meyer's BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRAVIXENS, MOTHER'S DAY, THE HONEYMOON KILLERS & SCALPS. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

**RARE VIDEOS:** Excellent quality VHS ONLY copies of THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN, SHE DEMONS, Herschell Gordon Lewis' ultra-rare SOMETHING WENT WRONG, THE UNDERTAKER AND HIS PALS, INVASION OF THE IMAL PEOPLE, LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT (uncut) & THE GORE GAZETTE ALL-TRAILER SHOW, VOL 2 which is an all-new 90 minute coming attraction compilation edited by FANGORIA contributor Tim Ferrara and featuring clips from THE BLOODSPATTERED EARTH, SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS, DRACULA VS FRANKENSTEIN, HORROR OF THE ZOMBIES, LUCIFER'S WOMEN, etc. Send \$19.95 for each tape (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Remember, VHS orders. Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send \$3 for a copy of the G.G. Private Library List. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre curios. Plus- you three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send your order now to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042.

The G.G. film series continues successfully at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave), New York, N.Y. All shows begin at 8:00 PM sharp and feature new gore trailers every week. The exact schedule was not available at press time, but look for us to jump into 35mm during April, with programs to include Buried Alive, Make Them Die Slowly, The Gore Gore Girls and I Drink Your Blood. Call (212) 695-4516 during evening hours for the exact dates.



## CAZADOR DE DEMONIOS

Las puertas del infierno han sido abiertas. Algo diabólico y sanguinario está en libertad... y solo hay un hombre que puede destruirlo.

BILINGUAL GOREHOUNDS SHOULD CHECK OUT THIS WILSONIAN HISPANIC WEREWOLF EPIC NOW PLAYING AT THE CINEMA THEATRE, B'DWAY & 47TH ST, NY (review next ed



# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION &amp; SLEAZE

No. 75



**G.G. MYSTERY PHOTO-** Can you identify the movie in which the above carved-up cadaver was seen very briefly? If so, you may be one of 12 lucky winners who will receive a pair of tickets each to the world premiere screening of George Romero's final installment of the living dead trilogy, Day Of The Dead, which opens to the NY metropolitan area on July 19. Each winner will also receive an official Day T-shirt. Send your entries in by postcard to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo. The first dozen correct entries will be the prize winners. (Hint: The above still is not from any Romero film, but from a movie featured prominently in the G.G. within the past 18 months)

Nearly one dozen genre related low budgeters have hit area screens over the past months as independent distributors rush to get their pictures played off before the advent of summer

when Spielberg's GOONIES, Dante's THE EXPLORERS, and the mega-budget western, SILVERADO, will glut most of the theatres causing the expected summer gore drought. Here's a look at what's currently around:

**STREET LOVE**- Unfortunately this raw, gritty, sexploitationer concerning a fifteen year old runaway who works the streets as a prostitute in order to support her illegitimate black baby was given a micro-release of less than ten dates in the N.Y. area and remained virtually unseen by all but the most fanatic sleaze stalwarts. Filmed back in 1982 under the title **SCARRED**, **STREET LOVE** is a hard hitting pseudo-documentary style winner from young director Rosemarie Turko that takes the basic premise of New World's **ANGEL** series and casts off all of that comic book glossiness and shows soberly what it really would be like to be a frightened young kid working as a whore. The result is a stark, compelling 83 minute view of L.A. vice life containing little plot, almost no action but emerges as inexplicably compelling with unknown actress Jennifer Mayo shining in the lead role of Ruby.

**STREET LOVE** would probably have been more successful if its title were changed again and it was spoon-fed to the art-house crowd where its cinema-verite style and subject matter (a similar film **STREET WISE** is currently doing well at N.Y.'s posh Cinema II Theatre in Lincoln Center) would attract feminists and bleeding-heart lobster liberals in droves. Don't let this scare you off- **STREET LOVE** is a sleaze sleeper of the highest order. Look for it at your video store!

**CAT'S EYE** - Much maligned in the pages of the **G.G.** for being an untalented douche bag, Stephen King retains his status with this slapdash, uninspired anthology trio that could easily have been released as a made-for-TV quickie. Loosely linked together by a plucky feline who works his way into each story, **CAT'S EYE** attempts to ape the style of the 1970's Amicus EC Films **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** and **THE VAULT OF HORROR**, but ultimately fails as a result of King's silly, inept screenplay. Horror fans will groan as they watch James Woods try to stop smoking by joining a torturing therapy group called "Quitter's, Inc.", yawn as Robert Hayes is forced to crawl along a hotel tower precipice by a psychotic Mafia honcho, and howl as Drew Barrymore is attacked by a **GREMLIN**-esque creation of Carlo Rambaldi that is attempting to steal her breath while she sleeps; all different episodes that make up this tired vehicle. Director

certain as Hollywood's "animal director" after **ALLIGATOR**, **CUJO**, and no this) does the best he can with the devastatingly weak material, but **CAT'S EYE** is just another in an endless line of Stephen King's inane filmic abominations.

**THE COMPANY OF WOLVES**- Although Cannon Releasing is hawking this film as a werewolf transformation/horror quickie, **COMPANY** is better suited to the tastes of art-house legions than gorehounds. A surreal, haunting flick that uses the Little Red Riding Hood fairy tale as a metaphor to explain a young girl's sexual awakening, horror fans will be left cold by **COMPANY'S** pretentiousness and near unintelligability that is only occasionally broken by a nifty werewolf transformation or attack sequence. Director Neil Jordan gets an ultra-lavish, mega-bucks look for the production, but its tedious plot and drawn-out exposition make **COMPANY** seem like a quirky hybrid of a Hammer Film and **ERASERHEAD**. Gorehounds who can actually say that they liked **THE COMPANY OF WOLVES** should trade in their **G.G.** collection for back issues of **Cashiers** Du Cinema.

**DEF CON 4**- From the frozen tundra of Canada comes yet another low-budget **ROAD WARRIOR** rip-off concerning post-nuclear survival in the not-too-distant future. Filmed back in 1983 and alternately titled both **DARK EYES** and **GROUND ZERO**, **DEF CON 4** (computer lingo for "defense condition 4") overcomes its budgetary limitations and plagiaristic origins thanks to a witty little screenplay from director Paul Donovan that is rife with sexual innuendos and subtle cliches that keep the flick moving quickly through its terse 8 minutes. Gorehounds who can't live by camp alone should be satisfied as well, as **DEF CON** contains enough gunshot violence, dismemberment and brutality to make them forget that they've seen this movie a dozen times before. By no means a classic, **DEF CON 4** is an entertaining diversion well worth catching!

**G.I. EXECUTIONER**- The nefarious snake at Troma Releasing have unwittingly unearthed a gem with their newest "let's retitling" scam. Filmed on location in Singapore way back in 1971 by youthful Joel Reed (**BLOODSUCKIN' FREAKS**, **NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES**), **G.I.** wa

under the titles WIT'S END and DRAGON LADY. Clocking in at a wild 80 minutes, the flick has nothing to do with either G.I.s or executioners, but is concerned with a defecting Red Chinese scientist who has atomic defense secrets to sell to the highest bidder. Mercenaries and double agents gather en masse to either buy or steal the info and the flick is chock full of naked oriental nubile scattered amongst the confusing action plot. Hallowed sleaze queen Angelique Pettyjohn (MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and many recent hardcore porno outings) adds greatly to the scenery as a slightly burnt-out hooker who bears her luscious 42D melons for over 80% of her on-screen time, thus making G.I. a must-see for sexploitation mavens. It's rare indeed for the G.G. to endorse any Troma product, but G.I. EXECUTIONER is a rare sleaze curio well worth seeking out.

THE NEW KIDS- Though failing miserably at the box office in the NY area, this Sean Cunningham (LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, FRIDAY THE 13TH) sleeper is a flawed but compelling hybrid of STRAW DOGS and DELIVERANCE that will be welcomed warmly by all gorehounds. After their parents are killed in a freak car accident, two Northern military brats are forced to move to the Florida Everglades to live with their eccentric uncle who runs a ramshackle amusement park. A gang of dope-dealing rednecks (led by TUFF TURF's James Spader) instantly takes a shine to the female orphan and bet amongst themselves who will be the first to rape her. Vandalous pranks soon escalate to sadistic cruelty as the groups' romantic advances are spurned, and KIDS culminates in a flurry of violence as the pair fight back in a bloody revenge confrontation. Impatient gorehounds may criticize the flick for its long build-up to any real bloodletting, but Cunningham packs THE NEW KIDS early on with enough claustrophobic Southern sleaze (blood-hungry pit bulldogs, grotesque in-bred children, etc.) to elevate it above the run-of-the-mill slasher/revenge formula quickie, making it emerge an original, highly-underrated classic. Don't miss it!

THE INITIATION- Arriving in NY too late for a theatrical release since it has been out on video for several months now, this 1983 New World release has

various area double-bill venues. A predictable stalk and slash saga in the FRIDAY THE 13TH mold, INITIATION telegraphs its "surprise" ending 20 minutes into the film and its timeworn plot about a group of sorority pledges who must spend an entire night in a shopping mall should leave horrorfans snoozing in their seats long before the flick's 98 minutes have elapsed. Not even some surprisingly effective gore effects or the abundance of lots of nudity can rescue THE INITIATION from the doldrums of complete boredom. For insomniac gorehounds only!

JULIE DARLING- From the producers of CONCRETE JUNGLE and JUNGLE WARRIORS comes a new twist in the genre: the first incest/gore film. Julie is an unusual 13 year old who has a pet boa constrictor, no friends and--- well, panties for her father (Tony Franciosa). She allows her mother to be raped and murdered before her eyes by a burglar in hopes that she can finally get dad for herself. When Tony takes up with the sultry Sybil Danning shortly after the death, little Julie is driven mad by the sound of their frenzied lovemaking and plots the death of this new mommy. A sick, sick epic that even shocked 42nd St. patrons, JULIE is low on gore but heavy on shocking sleaze (i.e., fantasy sequences where Franciosa is fondling his daughter's pre-pubescent naked body) that may be too much for even slightly moralistic horror fans. If you ever peeked at your little sister while she was getting dressed or taking a shower, JULIE DARLING may lay too much of a guilt trip on you. For pedophiles only!

THE DUNGEONMASTER- Schlockmeister Charles Band (METALSTORM, GHOULIES) will certainly make the Guinness Book of Records with this this epic- the first 67 minute film to have seven credited directors! Filmed in 1983 under the title RAGEWAR, this confusing low budgeter concerns a computer whiz and his fiance who are whisked to the underworld by an evil demon named Mestema and are forced to face different cliff-hanging challenges for their lives. Each of the challenges are directed by different people with Rosemarie Turko (STREET LOVE) John Buechler and David Allen among the luminaries. This exploitation brain trust yields a disjointed, incongruous boring mess that belies its scant

running time in sheer tedium. DUNGEON-MASTER'S lack of gore, 1940's serial tone, shoddy stop-motion animation, ludicrous cartoony special effects and monster creations (from Buechler) that look like rejected models from GHOULIES leave the flick suited for pre-adolescent fans of Saturday morning TV programming only.

NIGHT TRAIN TO TERROR- NY's Aquarius Releasing brings us this truly off the wall anthology no-budgeter that must have been directed with the cast and crew on acid. The framing device for the flick's three stories is God and Satan travelling on a rock n' roll party train, each fighting for the souls of the central characters of each episode. John Phillip Law (BARBARELLA) is on hand as a newlywed who becomes an unwitting pawn for an abduction/cannibal laboratory; porn star Mark Lawrence plays a man who joins a kinky S&M death club; and perennial burn-out Cameron Mitchell appears as a detective hot on the trail of a Nazi vampire, all in separate installments of the flick. Graphic gore and explicit nudity abound throughout, but NIGHT TRAIN has one large problem: most of it makes no sense! Caution to continuity was abandoned and gorehounds will wonder just what the hell is going on as new characters inexplicably pop in and out of the film and established ones change their appearance notably, only to re-appear as they originally were in the next scene. Perhaps director Jay Cohen named his effort after the favorite beverage of his post production crew as NIGHT TRAIN TO TERROR, though delightfully demented, resembles an 80's update of the old Jerry Warren (MAN BEAST, etc.) slapdash, incomprehensible quickies of 25 years ago.

RARE VIDEOS- Excellent quality copies of BURIED ALIVE (G.G. film of the year in 1984), ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE OIL SHEIKS, Paul Naschy's rare INQUISITION (a Spanish MARK OF THE DEVIL remake), FACES OF DEATH, PT.2 and BLOOD OF

GHASTLY HORROR (uncut). VHS ONLY!! Send \$19.95 for each tape (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Order today!

FOR SALE: Original one-sheet posters from the following films: DAY OF THE DEAD, LIFEFORCE, HOUSE BY THE EDGE OF

THE PARK, ATOM AGE VAMPIRE, THE TIGER (the third Ilsa film) and Fulci's DOORS OF DEATH. All posters are mint condition and cost only \$9.00 ea (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks money orders to the G.G., c/o Sullivan 73 North Fullerton Ave., Montclair N.J. 07042.

GORE GAZETTE T-SHIRTS- The scalding days of summer are here and what better way to look your coolest than with 100% cotton T-shirt emblazoned with a masthead logo in dripping crimson Gorehounds from all over the count report getting more pussy than Fra Sinatra just by wearing this stunning fashion. Don't delay- send off \$8. today (plus \$1 postage) and tell the world that you're a pervert. Send checks or money orders c/o the address above. Shirts specially designed for our readers by Greg Strange.

*she'll blow you -  
then blow you away*



## JULIE DARLING

*She's getting rid of Mommy/  
To have Daddy all to herself!*

ARNOLD KOPELSON Presents  
A T.A.T. and CINEQUITY CORPORATION Production  
JULIE DARLING.

Starring  
ANTHONY FRANCIOSA SYBIL DANNING  
ISABELLE MENAS

Directed by PAUL NICHOLAS  
An AQUARIUS FILMS Release



RARE AD SLICK FOR JULIE DARLING  
DESIGNED FOR USE IN PORN TRADES.

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

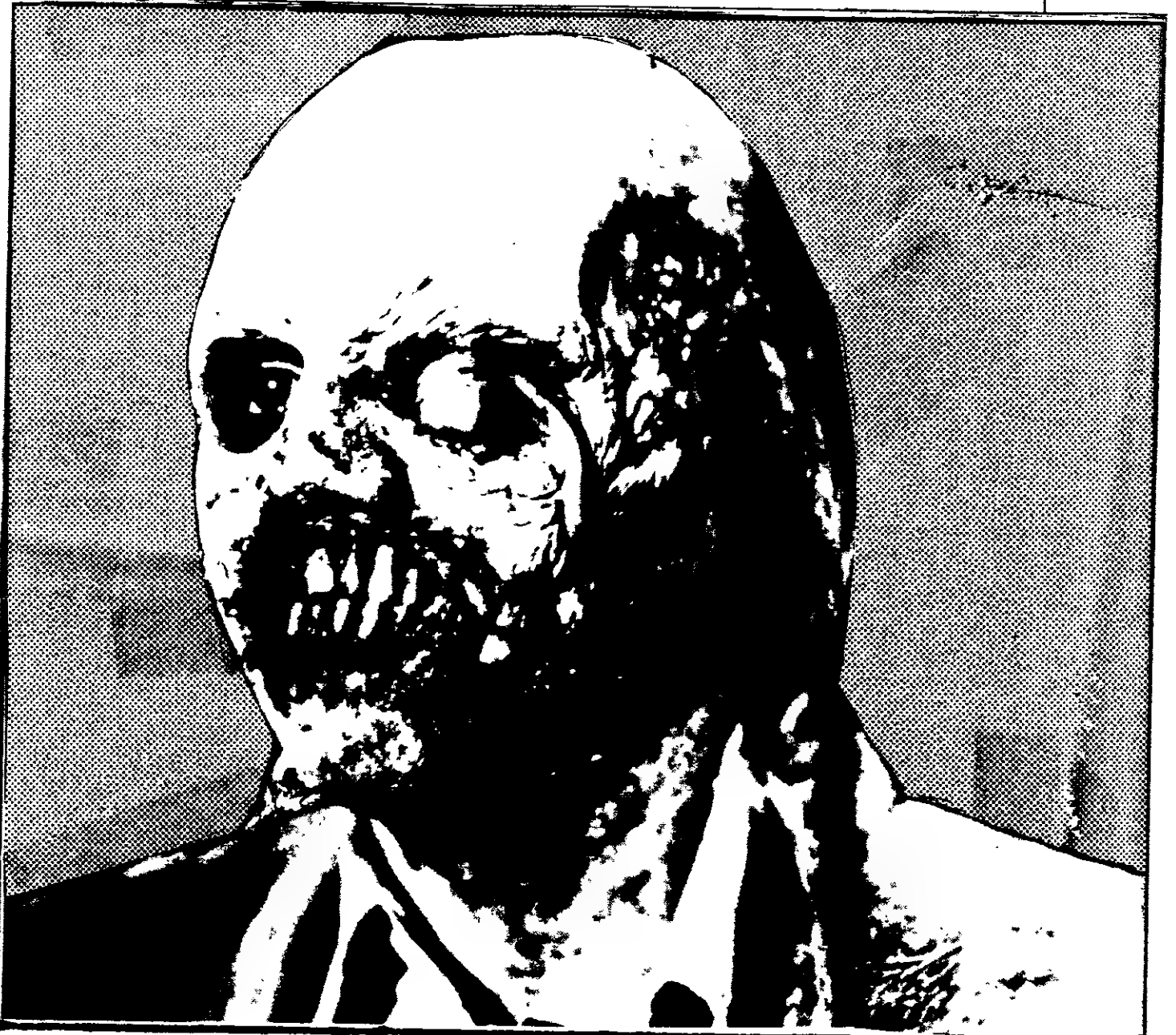
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# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 76



THE GHOULISH GENTLEMAN DISPLAYED ABOVE IS JUST ONE OF THE MINIONS OF LATINO ZOMBIES FEATURED IN CEMENTARIO DEL TERROR, A MEXICAN-MADE BLOODBATH THAT OPENS TO ALL SPANISH LANGUAGE THEATRES IN THE NEW YORK AREA ON JULY 12. GOREHOUNDS SHOULD BRUSH UP ON THEIR SPANISH OR TRY TO LAND A PUERTO RICAN DATE FOR THE EVENING AS THIS FOREIGN TREAT SEEMS ONE NOT TO MISS! VAMANOS!

Surprisingly, the anticipated gore draught for the summer of '85 has not materialized. Except for that patriotic pastaman RAMBO, no big Hollywood pictures are making notable box office splashes, leaving independent distributors many opportunities to fill in release schedules with one-week exploitation quickies. Some pretty good stuff has come out of this situation, including what has to be the winner of the coveted G.G. Gore Flick Of The Year Award.

Let's look at what's been around:

**CERTAIN FURY** - what can two young former Oscar contenders do when they begin aging and need some quick bucks for their coke habits? Act in a New World exploitation, of course! **FAME** superstar Irene Cara and Hollywood brat Tatum O'Neal irreparably damage their reputations in this low-budget, fast-paced Canadian made sleaze quickie that is a pseudo re-make of AIP's old classic of 1973. Thrown together in juvenile court for misdemeanors, the pair are accidentally involved in a brutal courtroom slaughter and are forced to flee from police who believe them to be the murderers. While spouting hilariously stupid epithets at each other (i.e., "you stupid nigger", "shut up, you illiterate white slut", etc.), the pair run through sewers, ghettos, junkie dens and woodlands creating havoc wherever they go. The venerable Peter Fonda adds to the class of this picture as a sex-hungry pimp/drug dealer also intent on catching up with the pair. Gorehounds will laud **FURY** as it explodes from the very beginning with grisly violence and features some surprisingly explicit nudity from Irene Cara during a depraved shower rape scene. Porky Tatum wisely keeps her clothes on throughout, however, and the flicks begins to plod to a moralistic, talky finale, marred slightly what could have been a perfect sleazemonger classic. These flaws aside, **CERTAIN FURY** remains a very good effort from first time director Steve Gyllenhaal that should be actively sought out by all.

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**FUTURE COP** - Charles Band is rapidly becoming to the 1980's what Roger Corman was to the 50's with yet another no-budget sci-fi quickie that clocks in at scarcely over 75 minutes, ideal for action house "herd 'em in and out" rapid audience turnover. Originally filmed under the title **TRANCERS**, **FUTURE** spins a predictable plot concerning a

23rd century cop named Jack Death. Is sent back in time to 1985. Los Angeles to exterminate a madman who will later cause the destruction of the world via an atomic war. The kink in his mission is that the maniac is presently the LAPD police commissioner, so Jack has a rough time getting folks to believe his wild tale of armageddon. Actor Tim Thomerson as Jack Death elicits a few laughs with his Grade Z Harrison Ford imitations, but the rest of the acting is far below even camp standards. Band's in-house fx drone John Buechler (GHOULES, DUNGEONMASTER, etc.) keeps the violence well within the film's PG-13 parameter, leaving **FUTURE COP** scarcely more than kiddie matinee fodder of no interest to gore fans.

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**CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** - Ruggero Deodato, Italian goremeister who pioneered the cannibal atrocity school of filmmaking back in 1972 with **THE LAST SURVIVOR** (a/k/a **CARNIVOROUS**) returns with another tale of offal and entrails set deep in the Amazon jungle. Filmed back in 1979, **CANNIBAL** is a confusing "film within a film" concerning an NYU professor (played by hefty Italian porno star R. Bolla) and his search for a documentary film crew who never returned from cannibal land. The professor eventually finds the uneaten remains of the crew and their film cans in a primal native village. Barely escaping with his life, Bolla returns with the footage which he screens for some television executives. The balance of **HOLOCAUST** is comprised of this "rescued" footage which reveals the filmmakers to have been a nasty bunch of creeps from the **MAKE THEM DIR SLOWLY** college of wanton plunder who make their mondo shockumentaries by staging their own massacres and rapes and then re-cutting the footage to make it seem as though the natives had committed the heinous atrocities. As in **SLOWLY**, the natives get fed up with being killed and violated, so they attack the crew and eat them, with the cameraman's "fallen" camera preposterously filming the revenge carnage. Along the way Deodato packs **HOLOCAUST** with the expected explicit degree of nudity and violence, including some truly offensive sequences of actual animal mutilations, but the deception of the film's purporting to be an actual "snuff" movie when its murders are obviously faked may leave gore-hounds with an overall negative feeling



the ruse. While no where nearly effective as SLOWLY, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST still emerges a passable entry for hard core gore fans only.

SILENT MADNESS- Filmed in 1983 in 3D to capitalize on the then-current optical craze, SILENT contains nothing to differentiate it from the rash of homogeneous stalk and slash epics that sprang up around the turn of the decade in the wake of the popularity of HALLOWEEN. A convicted sorority house mass murderer is mistakenly released from a mental asylum and returns to his old stomping grounds to continue the slaughter. Afraid of being publicly denounced for this gross error, the hospital administrators fake the killer's death and do not warn the public of the imminent danger. Maverick psychologist Belinda J. Montgomery (BLACKOUT, THE HOWLING) refuses to go along with the cover-up and embarks on a one-woman crusade to re-capture the psycho and warn the sorority sisters. Unbeknownst to her, the corrupt staff heads have sent a team of goons after her to stop their secret from being leaked. This somewhat interesting plot premise is bogged down by director Simon Nuchtern's (NEW YORK NIGHTS) plodding exposition and lame attempt at love interest that never really pays off with any explicit violence or action. A flick like SILENT MADNESS may have been considered the cat's nuts circa 1979 or 80, but by today's standards it is merely an uninspired old chestnut best left forgotten.

LIFEFORCE- With this \$22 million dollar abomination, Tobe Hooper proves unequivocally that his classic TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE was a directoral fluke and he really isn't talented enough to handle any project bigger than a Billy Idol video. Originally filmed under the much-better title of SPACE VAMPIRES, LIFEFORCE is a confusing, convoluted sci-fi/horror hybrid featuring Steve Railsback (ESCAPE 2000, HELTER SKELTER) as the sole survivor of a space mission sent to probe weird transmissions being received from Haley's Comet. The messages are sent from three entombed, naked bodies who are really energy vampires on the prowl for the human life essence. Upon returning to London, the trio break free and begin sucking energy, leaving their victims as shrivelled cadavers that look as dried up as a nun's punky. The epidemic spreads as these

victims later re-animate into rabid, desiccated zombies who in turn seek to drain energy for themselves lest they explode into clouds of grey dust. Soon the streets are overrun with these vampires, but Hooper bogs down the potentially interesting story with rambling, unconnected subplots and talky exposition until Railsback saves the day in a hokey, unexplained finale lifted straight from the first STAR TREK movie. Gorehounds will dig John Dykstra's ghastly special effects which feature some great blood-sputting and flesh-gnawing and should also howl at femme vampiress Mathilda May who spends 95% of the flick completely nude, sporting the most mouth-watering breasts this side of Edy Williams, but in total LIFEFORCE is an uninteresting, overlong, disjointed disaster. Skip it!

DAY OF THE DEAD- George Romero's long awaited final chapter in the living dead trilogy is a gore masterpiece that far surpasses the standards of excellence set six years ago by DAWN OF THE DEAD. A shoe-in for the G.G.'s Gore Film Of The Year Award, DAY continues the familiar zombie saga with a claustrophobic tale set in a Florida underground missile silo where government scientists perform experiments on captive zombies in an attempt to figure out why they have returned to life and also to possibly domesticate them. Hampering their work is a psychotic military outfit headed up by the sadistic Capt. Rhodes (easily one of the 10 most ruthless villains in cinema history) that springs into maniacal violence at a moment's notice and is nearly as dangerous as the flesh-eaters lurking outside. A bit talky for the first 1/3rd of the film, when DAY finally shifts into high gear it pulls out all the stops, courtesy of Tom Savini's state-of-the-art gut-wrenching pyrotechnics and an almost-friendly zombie named Bub who comes off as the E.T. of the depraved set. During the balance of this epic, entrails drip from corpses, limbs are severed, pounds of flesh are devoured, eyeballs gouged and heads severed in an unending barrage of carnage that will leave even the most demanding gorehound slackjawed with ecstasy. DAY OF THE DEAD is virtually flawless, and Romero should be warmly commended for delivering such quality gore product and never once forsaking the legions of fans who have given him his cinematic fame. Catc this at once!!!!

**QUICK BITS-** No room this time out for a formal review of Red Sonja, the latest entry in the sword and sorcery genre featuring the lovely Brigitte Nielsen as the crimson-tressed barbarian cutie who steals the heart of Conan the Barbarian and has been the chief cream dream of readers of Marvel Comics for well over a decade. Gorehounds are advised to skip this comic opera as its PG-13 rating sugar coats the film for the pre-teen market, leaving none of the rampant violence or sexual possibilities intact from the classic Robert E. Howard pulp novels. Arnold Schwarzenegger is on hand as his usual eloquent self, but he is not permitted to be known as Conan since Dino DeLaurentiis owns the film rights to that character and was not involved in this production. Rino Carboni's monster creations look as if they were dragged off a Hercules backlot and further add to the inanity of this lackluster production.....New World Pictures has announced the acquisition of Godzilla 1985, the "serious" Toho remake of the original 1953 classic. Look for it to hit NY in late August..... Larry Cohen's The Stuff will arrive shortly after Labor Day....

**RARE VIDEOS-** Excellent quality copies of Buried Alive (G.G. film of the year for 1984), Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra in the original Uncut Throat, The Wild Angels, Satanis (a very rare documentary of the Church Of Satan featuring real beating and torture), Toys Are Not For Children (a Har-

ry Novak incest rarity from 1973), Married Too Young (a 1962 Ed Wood-ish sexploitationer concerning the dangers of premarital sex) and Born Innocent (the original theatrical version of the Linda Blair classic that was never aired on TV). **VHS ONLY!!** Send \$19.95 for each tape (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., c/o our masthead address. Order today!

**FOR SALE-** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: DAY OF THE DEAD, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, THE STUFF and FASTER, PUSSYCAT, KILL KILL!. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address. Your poster want lists are welcome!

Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$3 for a copy of the G.G. Private Listing. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre curios. Plus- Your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order now to the G.G. c/o our masthead address.

The G.G. Film Series has now been moved to Wednesday evenings at the Dive, 257 W. 29th St. in Manhattan. All shows still feature the Famous G.G. gore trailer reels and start at 8:00 sharp. The new management there has even lowered the price for beers, so for 4 bucks, you can't go wrong!



**BETTER LATE THAN NEVER-** Way back in November of 1984 when the G.G. celebrated its fourth anniversary party at The Dive in NY, three generations of sleazemeisters posed for this photo. Left to right: Joe Spinell, everyone's favorite Maniac!; Herschell Gordon Lewis, the undisputed king of gore and the very plastered G.G. editor. Keep posted for this fall's gala 5 year Gore Gazette Anniversary Bash!

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

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# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 77



ON AUGUST 30, THAT WORLD-FAMOUS REPTILIAN CHINK GODZILLA WILL RETURN TO THE SCREEN IN GODZILLA 1985, THE LONG-AWAITED RELEASE WHICH FEATURES THE MONSTER BACK AS HIS ORIGINAL HUMAN-HATING SELF. AMERICAN DISTRIBUTOR NEW WORLD PICTURES HAS EVEN ADDED SCENES OF RAMOND BURR PLAYING AGING REPORTER STEVE MARTIN. SO THIS IMPORT LOOKS TO BE A REAL CAMP CORKER. CATCH IT!

With summer rapidly drawing to a close, horror and related genre releases have begun to subside as well, with distributors waiting for the advent of fall which offers the most screen availability for low budgeters. As such, this issue of the G.G. looks at a few flicks that ordinarily would not warrant attention and are here merely to pad out a pretty lean issue, so hold back the criticism, O.K.?

MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME- Action fans should have known better when director George Miller and neo-lobster Mel Gibson reluctantly agreed to film a third installment of the world-famous ROAD WARRIOR saga with the firm understanding that the film would be a departure from the "senseless violence and aimless velocity" of the two prior exploitation classics, with a "larger budget and a much more deftly-crafted storyline". Sticking to their vow, these two Hollywood-jaded Aussie jokesters have come up with a listless, prosaic 106 minute dud that should put all but the most wired gorehounds to sleep 45 minutes into the film. Instead of grappling with legions of post-nuclear cannibal boneheads from behind the wheel of a screamingly souped-up AMC Javellin as in the other films, this time out Max is on foot and the entire action in the film is limited to battles with one overgrown retard, a bald heavy metal singer and a 47 year old Negress (Tina Turner), before he leads a children's crusade into a futuristic flea market. Endlessly talky and directionless, by the time Gibson jumps into a motor vehicle 10 minutes before the flick's much-welcomed finale, the brief energy spurt that ensues cannot hope to turn around an hour and a half of sheer tedium. If Miller and Gibson ever plan to make another sequel along these lines, they'd do well to change the title to MILKSOP MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME as their famous post-holocaust wildcat mercenary is now reduced to nothing more than a futuristic new wave wimp. One of this year's biggest disappointments...

CEMENTARIO DEL TERROR- Bi-lingual gorehounds who rushed to area barrios to catch this epic based on last issue's lavish cover spread must have been sorely disappointed as this Mexican zombie import emerges a disjointed mishmash of EVIL DEAD and CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS that never really gets off the ground. A group of wetback teens discover a satanic ritual book while vacationing at a country cottage. When they read from it, the dead arise from a nearby cemetery and promptly snuff all six of them amidst a plethora of very effective graphic gore effects. This promising opening quickly stalls as the balance of the flick is concerned with a psychologist (renowned beaner Hugo Stiglitz, last seen in 1980's CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD)

tries to get the generales his wild tale. Endless "you must believe me" exposition (all in Spanish no less) gives way to a weak climax where Stiglitz saves a new group of kids from becoming zombie fodder by tossing the book into a nearby fireplace, thereby causing their disintegration. CEMENTARIO offers no sex or nudity either, very surprising for a Mexican flick since most of their movies at least offer mucho flesh and lust as a given in all genres. Racist gorehounds will get a kick out of some of the stereotyped greaseballs displayed in the film and the fact that all of the cast is perpetually drinking cheap wine or Schaffer beer from paper cups, but CEMENTARIO DEL TERROR is an anemic thriller not worth sitting through for 5 scant minutes of decent bloodletting. Que lastima!

AFTER THE FALL OF NEW YORK- Compared to MAD MAX III, this Italian-made post nuke exploiter looks like GONE WITH THE WIND as at least it is packed with non-stop combat, relentless action and some grisly mutilation set amongst the ruins of a bombed-out Manhattan (actually a Rome backlot). Similar in plot and style to 1990: THE BRONX WARRIORS, WARRIORS OF THE WASTELAND and a zillion other similar imports from pastaland, FALL is concerned with a cruel totalitarian government that seeks out and sadistically destroys the remaining survivors of the democratic society of the past. This rebel group is huddled in an underground subway system where they plot to break out of the oppressive NYC and re-build Utopia in New Jersey (really!). Amidst this familiar plot, director Martin Dolman jam packs FALL'S 95 minutes with violent gun-fights, stabbings, spearings, car crashes, over-sexed ape men, eye-gouging, radiation-scorched midgets, firebombing, torture, mutilation, rape and other mayhem that originally got the flick slapped with an X rating for violence. A few minor cuts reduced it to an R, but AFTER THE FALL OF NEW YORK still emerges a diverting, depraved (albeit horribly-dubbed) sleeper that should be actively sought out by all. (Note: This film is available on video as of Sept. 1)

FRIGHT NIGHT- Tom Holland, who last delighted gorehounds back in 1982 with his deliciously lurid THE BEAST WITHIN screenplay comes up with a winner again with this tongue-in-cheek gut-wrencher that breaks away from the mold of predictable horror thrillers. A suburban teen discovers that a bi-sexual vampire has moved into the house next store to him and is murdering prostitutes and assorted runaways at an alarming rate. The kid notifies the authorities who think that he's nuts and subsequently gets his butt kicked by the vampire who realizes that his young neighbor knows his secret. At odds with this plight,



ONE OF THE MANY GNARLED-OUT ZOMBIES SEEKING WARM HUMAN BRAINS TO EAT IN ORION PICTURES' HILARIOUS RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, NOW AT AREA THEATRES.

pursuade a fey horror host (Roddy McDowell) to help him expose the danger of the violent bloodsucker. In his directorial debut, Holland really takes viewers on an emotional rollercoaster ride, having them laugh at McDowell's corny scenery chewing one minute and scream at Gerald Sobul's grisly gore pyrotechnics the next, creating an uneasy tension that maintains the flick at a rapid-fire pace throughout its 105 minute running time. Sleaze purists may criticize FRIGHT for its pre-packaged slickness that sometimes resembles an MTV video, but its campiness and sheer originality should even get scoffers smiling before the flick's finale. Though oft-neglected in horror circles, with FRIGHT NIGHT Tom Holland may just be the best hope in Hollywood for big budget depravity. A must-see!

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD- Way back in 1968 when George Romero and John Russo co-produced NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and subsequently went their separate ways, they drew up an agreement which granted either party sequel rights to the black and white gore classic. Romero's successes are of course legendary, but it took poor Russo 16 years to get his project off the ground. Teaming up with legendary industry maverick Dan O'Bannon (ALIEN, DEAD AND BURIED), the two opted not to compete with Romero but to parody the series. A wise

decision as RETURN is a wacky, black humor classic with enough rotting zombies and gore hi-jinx thrown in to keep gorehounds howling throughout the flick's terse 91 minutes. A hard core punk bonehead working at a medical supply house unwittingly releases some nerve gas which causes the dead to re-animate. His pals, who are partying in a nearby cemetery, fall victim to the zombie onslaught and are forced to flee to a crematorium where they barricade themselves in. This time out, O'Bannon and Russo add a new twist to the familiar living dead legend: these walking cadavers are only interesting in eating warm human brains. The balance of the flick is packed with zombies chanting "More brains!"- and "I can smell your brains!" while the soundtrack blasts trash thrash hits from such cult favorites as THE CRAMPS, 45 GRAVE, THE DAMNED and even ROKY ERICKSON. This film almost sounds like a wild dream one might have after eating too many White Castle hamburgers! Top all this off with the most ridiculous ending ever committed to celluloid, and RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD emerges a solid winner and is certainly assured a spot in the Guinness Book Of Records as the first out and out slapstick gore release ever!

THE EXPLORERS- After riding high in 1984 with GREMLINS, one of that year's biggest box office smashes, poor Joe Dante gets a sobering lesson with this wild, multi-million dollar homage to 1950's sci-fi flicks and 60's American junk culture that caught most mainstream moviegoers completely off balance, resulting in one of Paramount Pictures' biggest disasters in recent memory. Tailor-made for G.G. readers and trivia nerds, EXPLORERS spins the wholesome fairy tale of three kids who build a spaceship out of junkyard scrap after being given directions from an alien force in their dreams. When they finally take off and eventually meet the space creatures, the Rob Bottin creations resemble Big Daddy Roth Weird-Oh models who quote endlessly from TV commercials, 60's sitcoms and even sing Little Richard tunes. The insane originality of EXPLORERS should keep gorehounds' attention, but the balance of film patrons who are oblivious to the wonders of yesteryear like THIS ISLAND EARTH, WAR OF THE WORLDS and MR. ED have booed Dante's well-crafted fluff straight off the screen. Hopefully, this set-back will not cause Hollywood to get cold on ol' Joe, still one of the most talented nuts working today. Catch THE EXPLORERS at a kiddie matinee soon before it disappears from sight!

Many readers have written inquiring as to the identity of the Mystery Photo that adorned the cover of G.G.#75. A few astute gorehounds identified it correctly as none other than Buddy Cooper himself in a sequence that was

glimpsed fleetingly in THE MUTILATOR. The shot was from a photo hanging on the wall in Big Ed's "trophy room". Among those who were first to identify this ballbuster were George Higham, R. Krenc, Mike Stark, Bruce Planty, Larry P. Ness, Claude Balls and Mike Hunt. Look for more Mystery Photos in upcoming issues!

**RARE VIDEOS-** Excellent quality copies of L.G. Lewis' SOMETHING WEIRD, Dario Argento's INFERNO (the follow-up to Susperia that was never released in this country), EL TOPO (the English-dubbed version of Alejandro Jodorowski's exercise in gore and decadence), THE DAY DECEIVERS, (a rare 1969 exploitation comedy about two draftees who feign homosexuality to escape the US army) and THE BLACK ANGELS, a savage biker epic concerning the first all-Negro motorcycle gang. All titles are in VHS ONLY and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address. Order today!

**FOR SALE-** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: GODZILLA 1985, MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY, DR. BUTCHER, M.D., NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST., COUNT DRACULA AND HIS VAMPIRE BRIDES, THE SLIME PEOPLE, and HUMANIDS FROM THE DEEP. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo. Remember your poster want lists are always welcome and most can easily be filled!

Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$3 for a copy of the G.G. PRIVATE LIBRARY LISTING. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre curios. Plus: Your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send your order off today c/o our masthead address.

Since the G.G. Film Series has shifted to Wednesday evenings at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. in Manhattan, attendance has been off. Please come out and support the sleaziest films shown in all NY (save for 42nd St.). All shows start at 8:00 PM and you can call (212) 695-4516 for the weekly program after 7:00 PM any night. We really hope to see you there!!!!

**WEIRD SCIENCE-** Though really stretching the parameters of the G.G., this innocuous tale of two high school nerds who accidentally create the woman of their dreams via a computer snafu contains enough dumb dirty jokes, racial slurs, sexual innuendos and toilet humor to entertain gutter snipes desperate for even marginal sleaze fare. The alluring Kelly Le Broek (Honey Island) is beautiful to gawk at

as the automated sex-charged vamp and gorehounds will get a kick out of Michael Berryman (Hills Have Eyes) in a cameo spot as a psychotic mutant biker, leaving Weird Science a quirky sci-fi hybrid of Revenge Of The Nerds meets Private Lessor that should delight immature viewers (ie., all of us) and helped to pad out this edition of the G.G. to an end. Whew!

G.G. T-Shirts are still available, all 100% cotton and emblazoned in crimson with the old, dripping G.G. logo. Send off \$8.50 today (plus \$1 postage) and you too can become one of the best-dressed slobs in your neighborhood. Send checks or m.o.'s c/o our masthead logo and specify size.

# WARNING!

THE STUFF  
is a product  
of nature...  
a deadly  
living  
organism.

It is  
addictive  
and  
destructive.

It can  
overcome  
your mind  
and take  
over your  
body...

and nothing can stop it.



# THE STUFF

New World Pictures presents A Larco Production A Larry Cohen Film "THE STUFF"  
Starring MICHAEL MORIARTY ANDREA MARCOVICCI GARRETT MORRIS SCOTT BLOOM PAUL SORVINO as "Spears"  
Guest Star DANNY AIELLO and PATRICK O'NEAL Director of Photography PAUL GLICKMAN Music by ANTHONY GUEFEN  
Edited by ARMOND LEBOWITZ Executive Producer LARRY COHEN Associate Producer BARRY SHILS  
Produced by PAUL KURTA Written and Directed by LARRY COHEN  
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NEWLY-DESIGNED AD SLICK FOR THE STUFF, THE LONG-AWAITED LARRY COHEN EPIC CONCERNING MIND CONTROL-LING, MUTATION-SPAWNING HEALTH FOOD. THE FILM WILL FINALLY COME TO THE NY AREA ON SEP. 27!!



# GORE GAZETTE

35¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION &amp; SLEAZE

No. 78



ALTHOUGH THE FAMILIAR POSITION WOULD LEAD YOU TO BELIEVE OTHERWISE, THE ABOVE GENT IS NOT THE LAST PHOTO TAKEN OF ROCK HUDSON IN THE DEATH THROES OF AIDS, BUT MERELY AN UNIDENTIFIED ITALIAN WHO HAS BECOME AN UNWITTING VICTIM OF THE PSYCHOTIC MUTILATOR IN DARIO ARGENTO'S CREEPERS.

The summer of 1985 was a rather tepid one for the major film companies, with only a few of the mega-bucks releases hanging in for extended season runs. This resulted in a bevy of late-summer independent releases as more and more screen time came up for grabs. Since last issue, nearly ten horror and related genre releases have rolled into the N.Y. area. Let's take a look:

**GODZILLA 1985**— Back in late 1983 when Japan's Toho Studios announced that they were making a multi-million dollar sequel to the original GODZILLA film from the 1950's, horror fans around the world waited with baited breath for the return of the world's most famous reptilian monster back in his original character: a human-hating, gook-stomping killing machine that was a far cry from the goofy, cartoon-like buffoon to which he'd

regressed as of the early 1970's. Unfortunately, New World Pictures seemed to prefer the latter personality when they picked up the import for domestic distribution. Chopping over 30 minutes out of the original Japanese version, New World thought it would be "cute" to add some hastily-filmed scenes of a bloated Raymond Burr recreating his role of 30 years ago as reporter Steve Martin (from the original GODZILLA acting) and tag atrocious cornball dubbing in an attempt to market the film as a "camp" comedy. Sorely hampered by this Americanization (including easily-spottable boom mikes in the Burr padding!), the revered lizard is embarrassingly reduced to attacking Tokyo while kamikaze fighter pilots hurl such epithets as "Sayonara, sucker!" and "Take that, you big green dope!"; eventually being tricked into walking into an active volcano until the next sequel. The special effects on the flick seem markedly improved since the days of GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER and similar pap, but the big G. himself still looks like a nip in a rubber suit and in one sequence an over-turned truck visibly shows the name Tonka! Supposedly, the 118 minute Japanese version of GODZILLA 1985 is played straight and has a much better impact than this hacked-up New World atrocity. Look for the original to pop up soon in China-town theaters under the title GOJIRA 1984.

THE PROTECTOR- Karate film purists will howl with laughter over the mis-casting of martial arts superstar Jackie Chan as a N.Y. cop in this fast-paced exploitationer from action auteur James Glickenhaus (EXTERMINATOR, THE SOLDIER, etc.). Famed as the innovator of the "snake-fist" style of kung-fu fighting, Chan spends only 20 minutes on American turf before being whisked off to Hong Kong to rescue the kidnapped daughter of an American drug smuggler. From then on, the tenuous plot takes a back seat to an endless array of action sequences as Chan and his partner battle the entire Hong Kong underworld single-handedly in fast-paced, preposterous comic-book style. Jackie faces his toughest battle throughout the film with American dialogue however, with the usually-dubbed actor spitting out garbled English as if he had a mouth full of chow mein. Gorehounds will dig some of THE PROTECTOR's violent gun and knife duels, but the flick emerges overall as merely a stunt showcase with little cohesive plot and many loose ends. For karate/action completists only!

AMERICAN NINJA- This fourth entry in Cannon Films' successful American-made martial arts series is sans the talents of ninja Grand Poopah Sho Kosugi, but still spins a highly original tale of an American G.I. named Joe

(really!) stationed in the Phillipines who is a trained Ninja assassin with amnesia that cannot recall how he acquired the skill. He soon runs afoul of a local black market racketeer in league with some army brass and spends the balance of the flick's terse 95 minutes defending himself from a myriad of Ninja assassination attempts while trying to rescue the kidnapped daughter of the base's commanding officer. Stalwart karate director Sam Firstenberg (NINJA III, etc.) has the incredulous action scenes down to a formula by this time, providing enough bloody brawls, slashing, stabbing, shooting, and maiming to engage even those gorehounds who profess to hate kung fu flicks. Add to all this a nasty black sidekick (Steve James) who emerges a black Rambo (no racial slur intended...) in the film's final reel, and AMERICAN NINJA becomes a top-rate exploitation potboiler well worth catching.

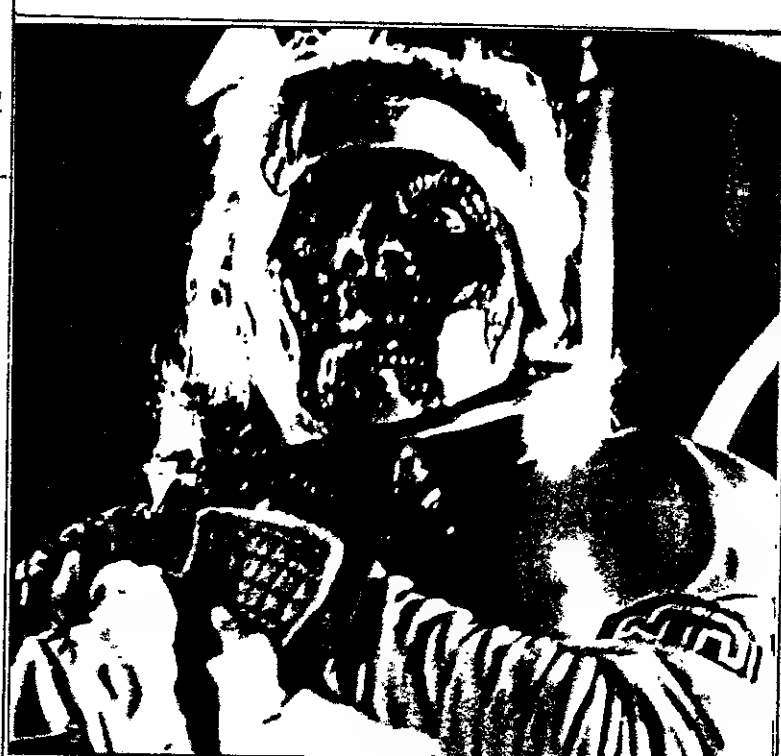
WARNING SIGN - After the resounding flops of 1982's ENDANGERED SPECIES, and their own IMPULSE last year, one would think that by now 20th Century Fox should realize the topic of germ warfare contamination is commercial suicide at the box office. Originally filmed as BIOHAZARD (and forced to relinquish that title after grade-Z maven Fred Olen Ray proved he had registered the name first for his as-yet-unreleased epic), WARNING is an aimless sci-fi gabfest concerning a germ leak at an experimental lab which causes contaminated employees to first die and then return as zombie-like, homicidal maniacs. Bored actors Sam Waterson and Kathleen Quinlan run around feverishly trying to stem the spread of the plague, but they would have put their energies to better use had they tried to stop the release of this boring dud. Eschewing no gore or even any excitement, WARNING SIGN is easily one of the worst films to be released this year and should be avoided at all costs!

WARRIOR OF THE LOST WORLD - This umpteenth re-hash of the ROAD WARRIOR saga was already available at local video parlors when new York's own Aquarius Releasing put it out for a theatrical release. An Italian-financed production, Warrior is a well-made epic featuring ex-Exterminator Robert Ginty in the Mel Gibson role, with a unique side-kick: a talking motorcycle that laughs, curses, and warns him of imminent attacks by the Omega, a Nazi-esque group of totalitarians intent on rounding up and enslaving any post-holocaust free spirits. Add ex-Star Trek chrome dome Persis Khambatta as a damsel in distress, Donald Pleasance as the evil Omegan leader and Fred Williamson as a street-hip freedom fighter and Warrior emerges an interesting actioneer, featuring endless car chases, battles, explosions and miscellaneous carnage

certain to hold the interest of all gorehounds. Hampered sorely by its trite and unoriginal plot, WARRIORS OF THE LOST WORLD is still 95 unrelenting minutes of great comic-book action!

CREEPERS - U.S. fans of surreal Italian goremeister Dario Argento have been cheated for nearly a decade, as none of the director's films (INFERNO, TENNABRAE) have been formally released in this country since 1976's SUSPERRA. When NewLine Cinema announced earlier this year that they had acquired domestic distribution rights to Argento's most recent film, PHENOMENON, all drooled in anticipation over what was certain to be another atmospheric, blood-drenched classic. Sadly, the hacks at New Line chose to cut 27 minutes of the film's 110 minute running time, change the title to the more exploitative CREEPERS, and hawk in bold ad print the soundtrack as being by Motorhead and Iron Maiden (in hopes of coralling some extra metalhead admissions). What remains should anger just about everyone as in this butchered form CREEPERS makes little sense, contains almost none of the patented Argento directorial flair and has less than one minute of soundtrack music by any of the two advertised heavy metal groups. Sultry teen ingenue Jennifer Connelly is the token American in this convoluted mish-mash concerning an unseen murderer who is mutilating students at a forboding European girl's school. When it is revealed that she can psychically communicate with insects, a local entymologist (Donald Pleasance) enlists her aid to trap the killer. (Since when do entymologists solve murders, anyway?). Argento packs the film's scant 83 minutes with the expected slashings, decapitations, and related carnage (including a nifty pool filled with corpses and maggots and a razor-wielding orangutang), but the missing footage will leave most gorehounds slackjawed trying to figure out just what the hell is going on. In its present aborted state, CREEPERS is nothing more than a plodding showcase for assorted gore effects with no semblance of plot to sustain any interest.

SUDDEN DEATH - Thirteen years ago, exploitation magnate Sig Shore was at the height of his career. Turning millions at the box office with black action quickies like SUPER FLY, Shore was right on the pulsebeat of third world action audiences' tastes. Times do change and sadly upon returning to the directorial helm years later with SUDDEN, Shore seems to be still stuck in a timewarp of the 1970's with this predictable, ultra low-budget hybrid of MS. 45 and the Charles Bronson DEATHWISH series. Former Miss Australia Denise Coward is a New York City rape victim who is unsatisfied with the plodding



SPACE CANNIBAL ON THE PROWL IN WILLIAM MALLONE'S CREATURE (ORIGINALLY ANNOUNCED AS TITAN FIND).

wheels of law enforcement. She buys her own pistol and goes searching for potential rapists, meting out vigilante-style justice amidst a plethora of corny dialogue and exploding blood packs. Shore's script is flatly ludicrous enough to be funny on a camp level, and his depiction of various minorities throughout should get racial equality groups howling for his skin. As such, SUDDEN DEATH resembles an exploitation artifact dated by a dozen years that offers little gore, almost no interesting action and should be of interest to racist gorehounds only.

STREETWALKIN' - This first release from Roger Corman's newly-formed Concorde Cinema Group is a soap-operaic, cinema verite attempt at depicting the lives (and deaths) of Times Square hookers. While much harder-hitting and realistic than the ANGEL series, STREETWALKIN' suffers from the trite "hooker with a heart of gold pursued by dangerous psycho on the loose" plotline used by nearly every prostitute picture released in the last decade. Also, lead nymphet Melissa Leo is so ugly that one finds it rather implausible to imagine that even the most desperate of the horny would actually shell out money to bone her. Only the sultry Julie Newmar (well into her 40's and aging well) and her four foot legs offer any diversion in this overly-talky morality drama, leaving STREETWALKIN' best left unviewed by all.

CREATURE - William Mallone, last responsible for 1981's "sewer lizard on the loose" quickie SCARED TO DEATH, jumps to much bigger budgets with this highly entertaining (though

blatantly plageristic) hybrid of ALIEN and IT, THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE. Originally filmed under the title TITAN FIND, CREATURE spins the predictable tale of an industrial space exploration crew who come upon a mysterious egg/cylinder on the moon of Saturn known as Titan. When the entire group is annihilated by an unseen monster within the egg, a rescue team is dispatched to find out what happened. As the group arrives, the creature sneaks aboard the ship and begins knocking off the new crew one by one. The plot kink in CREATURE, however, is that once the monster kills, his victims return as mutilated zombie slaves that help the mutant trap more fresh human meat by planting parasitic crab creatures on their craniums. Gouts of gore and guts splash across the screen throughout CREATURE in such torrents that horror fans will soon forget that they've seen this flick a zillion times before. Add the wacky Klaus Kinski as a displaced German spaceman with a perpetual hard-on who eventually becomes one of the monster's drones and CREATURE becomes one of the bloodiest films to be released this season. Catch it!

RARE VIDEOS- Excellent quality copies of SHANTY TRAMP (an ultra-rare Jerry Gross/Cine-mation sleaze sexploitationer that makes Russ Meyer look like Walt Disney), THE HOLY MOUNTAIN (Alejandro Jodowski's grisly follow-up to El Topo), THE GORE GAZETTE ALL-THEATRICAL TRAILER SHOW (full-length 35mm trailers for such gems as ZOMBIE ISLAND MASSACRE, MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY, BLOODSUCKING FREAKS and NIGGER LOVER packed together on one great 90 minute program. The prior two G.G. trailer offerings were made from T.V. spots (30 to 60 seconds), this is the real thing) and THE LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE (100 minutes of sheer depravity from upcoming director Nathan Schiff that brought down the house at The Dive when premiered in September). All titles are in VHS ONLY and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o of our masthead address.

FOR SALE- Original one-sheet posters from the following films: THE RE-ANIMATOR, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, CREATURE, THE MUTILATOR, Argento's CREEPERS, THE STUFF, RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP, and MOTHER'S DAY. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome and most (from 1960-1985) can easily be filled.

COMING- Believe it or not, at the end of this month, the Gore Gazette has reached the ripe

old age of 5! We haven't changed too much since way back in October of 1980, still immature enough to enjoy skid-row cinema pandering to the lowest common denominator of humanity! To celebrate this gala event, on Wednesday, October 30, the G.G. will hold its grand five year anniversary party at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. in Manhattan. Famed TV horror host Zacherle will be on hand as the master of ceremonies, and the special guest and classic gore film have not been completely confirmed as of press time. Interested area gorehounds should plan on coming down for this important event. After October 7, the guest and film information can be obtained by dialing (201) 783-4313. See you there!

Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$3 for a copy of the G.G. Private Listing. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre curios. Plus- Your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order now to the G.G. c/o our masthead address.

The G.G. Film Series has now been moved to Wednesday evenings at the Dive, 257 W. 29th St. in Manhattan. All shows still feature the Famous G.G. gore trailer reels and start at 8:00 sharp. The new management there has even lowered the price for beers, so for 4 bucks, you can't go wrong.

GORE T-SHIRTS- Hand-screened, 100% cotton shirts emblazoned with the following of your choice: THE G.G. LOGO, ILSA, SHE-WOLF OF THE S.S., TALES FROM THE CRYPT, BLOOD FEAST, LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, HILLS HAVE EYES, MANIAC. All original art. Only \$8.50 each, plus \$1 postage. Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042\*



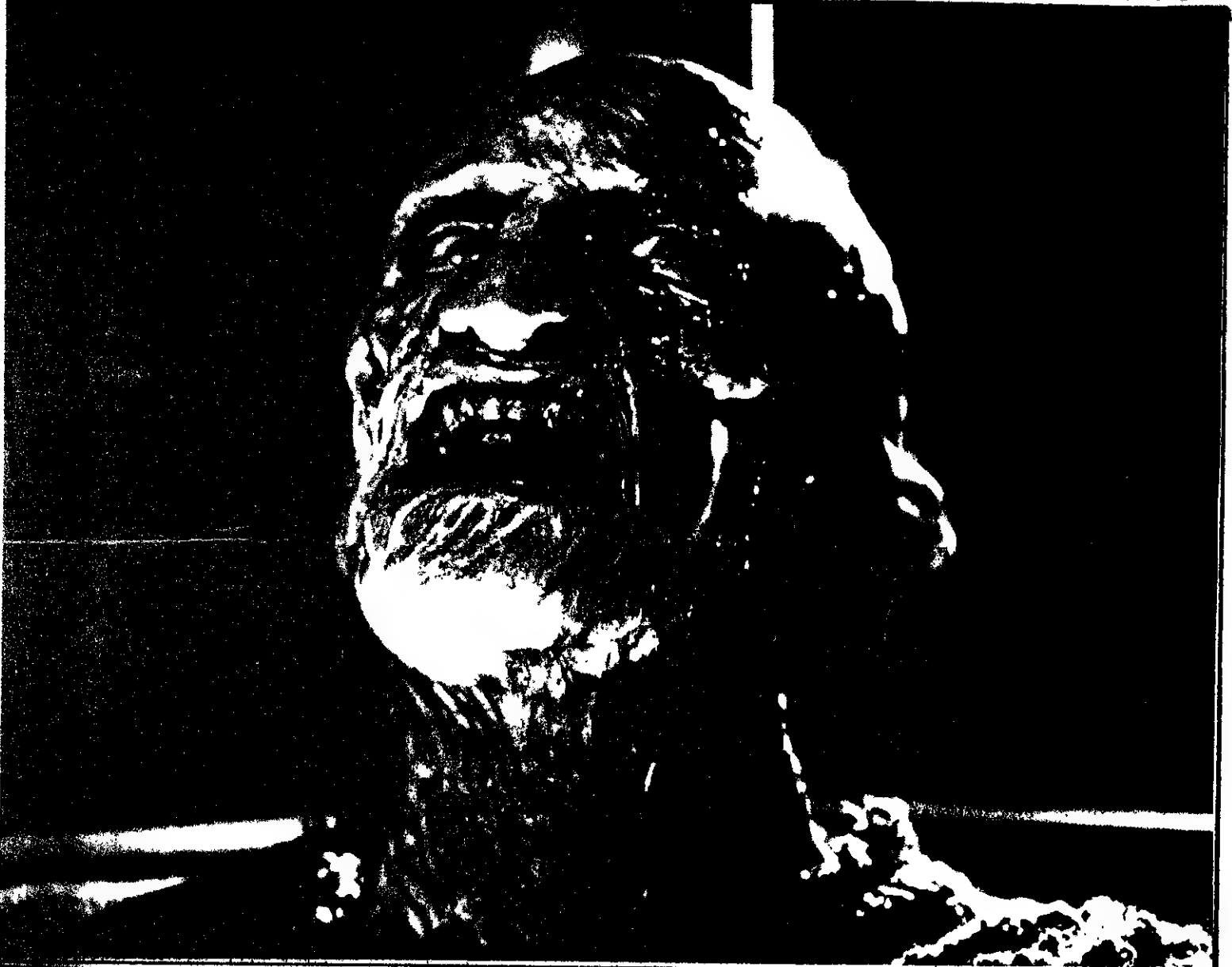
REMEMBER, THE GREAT ZACHERLE WILL BE ON HAND ON OCTOBER 30 AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES AT THE GORE GAZETTE GALA 5TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.



# GORE GAZETTE

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE No. 79

## Giant 5th Anniversary Edition



SERIOUSLY-PISSED FREDDY KRUEGER HOWLS WITH ANGER UPON LEARNING THAT THE G.G. HAS AGAIN REJECTED HIS LATEST FILM, NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PART 2: FREDDY'S REVENGE. THIS FILM WITH THE MARQUEE-BUSTING TITLE IS REVIEWED ON PAGE 3.

The past seven weeks have brought a flurry of activity around the G.G. offices, not all of which is favorable. Our gala 5th anniversary bash went, with NY TV legend John Zacherle instrumental in making October 30th's bash at the Regency a stellar success. Work is still progressing (albeit slowly) on DEADLY METAL, the G.G.'s first foray into feature film territory, now with a tentative start date for '86. Sleaze, gore and related genre flicks have hit the metro area at a breakneck pace, with a full dozen flicks being released in the past month and a half, one of which is expected to be the dark horse contender for the coveted G.G. GORE FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD, the bawdiest, bumping current favorite DAY OF THE DEAD, a work of pure grounds of sheer depravity. All of this is the good news..... Unfortunately,

beginning with this issue, the G.G. is now forced to raise its cover price to the outlandish amount of 60 cents. For three years, we've maintained the same paltry fee, but the rising costs of printing and paper (remember, now we pay for copies) leaves us no other alternative. Subscriptions will remain at \$13.00 per year, however. On an even sadder note, late October brought the death of my father, gorehound emeritus who cultivated my taste for the demented back when I was a tot, bringing me out to see flicks like THE GIANT BEHEMOTH, DEMENTIA 13 and THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE much to the chagrin of my mother who claimed that these movies would "make me grow up to be a pervert!" I hate to use the already-cramped pages of the G.G. for personal messages, but to state that my dad will be sorely missed would be a grave understatement.



Anyway, all of the above contributed to the delay of this issue, so let's not waste anymore time:

**DOOMED TO DIE**- Umberto Lenzi, undisputed king of Italian gross-out horrors (**MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY**, **CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD**) returns once again with another cannibal chunk-blower that pushes the limits of bad taste to its farthest parameters. Filmed back in 1980 and originally known as **EATEN ALIVE** (not to be confused with the 1976 Tobe Hooper classic of the same name), the flick is a sick hybrid of **DEEP SLOWLY** and **GUYANA, CULT OF THE DAMNED** that spins the sordid tale of a girl and hired mercenary who travel to New Guinea in search of her sister who has joined a weird SAM-based religious cult led by Jim Jones clone Rev. Jonas (Ivan Rassimov, last seen as the kinky ruler in **ILSA, HAREM KEEPER OF THE SHEIKS**). Jonas does not allow any of his followers to leave the jungle-based settlement and regularly rapes, tortures and maims them in order to test their loyalty. Outside of the village (subtly named Jonastown) the surrounding jungles are full of nasty cannibals who regularly butcher, dismember and devour any animals and humans who cross their path in full, unflinching graphic display. The G.G. has chastised Lenzi in the past for the actual on-screen killing of animals in many of his and other Italian imports and **DOOMED** is no exception. However, sans these few disgusting displays, the flick is jam-packed with enough entrail-eating, decapitation, mutilation, castration, rape, sodomy, nudity and general depravity (including a great Kool-Aid mass suicide finale) to make **DOOMED TO DIE** one of the sickest, grisliest films released this year. Don't miss it!

**THE STUFF**- Although long awaited by genre fans since the release of the phenominal **Q**, Larry Cohen has the first failure of his decade-long career on his hands with this highly original horror concept that sadly misses its mark. A weird white substance is found bubbling up from the bowels of the earth, and it quickly replaces ice cream as the #1 dessert favorite of America. Understandably miffed ice cream barons hire Michael Moriarty as an industrial spy to find out the secret of the food, loving named "The Stuff". In an overlong investigation, he discovers The Stuff to be both mentally and physically addictive, ultimately resulting in hideous disfiguration if enough of it is consumed. Along the way, Moriarty finds allies in a female ad executive, a de-throned chocolate chip cookie mogul and a youngster (who incredulously is the only one of millions who has seen the Stuff crawling around in his refrigerator at night) who enlist in his battle to bring the news of the dangers of the Stuff to the American public. Arguably, Cohen had a Herculean job on his hands realizing such an expansive story on a relatively low budget (under \$3 million), but the flick is talky to the point of extreme tedium and the much-touted effects sequences come few and far between. Jack H. Harris found out 30 years ago that it is hard to scare audiences with a pile of red Jello in **THE BLOB**, so the usually-calculating Cohen should have forseen the problems he'd encounter making a frightening film about killer Cool Whip. While still far above much of the schlock released these days, **THE STUFF** falls way below the degree of excellence expected from Larry Cohen.

**MALIBU EXPRESS**- Since it seems as though the king of sexploitation Russ Meyer has retired from production (it has been 7 years since the release of **BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRAVIOLETS**), it's commendable to see someone attempt to fill the void left by his inactivity. Sports director Andy Sidaris (whose relatively unseen classic, **SEVEN**, is a must for exploitation completists) gives it a shot in this wacky cornball sex/action/comedy about a bumbling backwoods stud detective investigating the sales of U.S. computer secrets to the Russians amongst the rich and trendy of Beverly Hills. The convoluted plot takes a back seat to an endless assault of bared 38D's as the hero screws his ways through the flick's 101 minutes, finally unravelling the mystery at the very end of the final reel. The sultry Sybil Danning is on hand here as well, flashing her suntan-oiled jugs as a C.I.A. jet-setter also involved in the case. Like Meyer, Sidaris attempts to make **MALIBU** more bawdy than lewd, with all cameras strategically placed to reveal no full frontal nudity and enough banal one-liners in the dialogue to make **GREEN ACRES** seem like sophisticated humor by comparison. But unfortunately, only Russ Meyer can do Russ Meyer, and no matter how well-intentioned Sidaris may have been, **MALIBU EXPRESS** measures up to be a pale imitation of **BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS**, containing none of that classic's unique zest and outrageousness. You gotta give Sidaris a B+ for trying... (Currently available on video).

**INVASION U.S.A.**- You know Hollywood must be getting hard up for plots when they commit over \$10 million dollars making a film about a group of Communists invading Miami Beach, Florida and one man who single-handedly discovers and repels the attack! Director Joe Zito (**THE PROWLER**) pulls out all the stops on this wild 107 minute Chuck Norris vehicle, depicting gangs of minoroties, women and even small children getting blown away by the ruthless Communists, led by the despicable Richard Lynch, easily one of the best and most reprehensible of screen villians depicted in years. Norris is his usual dork deadpan self, arriving at the nick of time to stem numerous firebombings, supermarket slaughters, and school bus incinerations until finally confronting Lynch himself in an all-out munitions display in **INVASION'S** taut finale. While the film has plot holes the size of a bazooka blast, its credibility takes a back seat to the breakneck cartoonish velocity established by Zito. Although gorehounds may balk at the low degree of bloodletting displayed compared to the violence depicted, **INVASION U.S.A.** is akin to watching a live action version of a Road Runner/Wile E. Coyote cartoon. Catch it!

**SAVAGE ISLAND**- What is the scummiest thing you've ever seen a low budget film distributor do? Change film titles? Anglicize foreign actors' names so that the film appears to be domestically made? Falsely attribute untrue quotes? Make up misleading poster art? Well slimeballs like Aquarius Releasing, 21st Century Distribution, Troma Films and others seem like angels compared to this scam perpetrated by Charles Band's Empire Pictures. What these shysters did was to take an old Italian women's prison film, **ORINOCO-PRISON OF SEX**, trim it down to a scant 68 minutes and add a five minute prologue of a coked-out looking Linda Blair talking about her friends that "are still stuck on the





A RAGING REVIVED CORPSE IS QUELLED ONLY BY A BONE SAW THRUST THROUGH THE PANCREAS IN THIS JUICY SCENE FROM THE RE-ANIMATOR, CURRENT DARK HORSE CONTENDER FOR G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR.

island prison". Blair is nowhere to be seen in the import (which itself has been edited so much as to be rendered incomprehensible) and she returns again only in SAVAGE'S two minute epilogue to blow away the supposed "owner" of the foreign prison. Deception of this ilk is not to be tolerated, and gorehounds who were lured into spending five bucks to see this dreck based on the fraudulent "See Linda Blair in her new action-packed hit!" ad campaign are urged to write Empire c/o their N.Y. distributor Marvin Films, 1560 Broadway, 15th Floor, New York, N.Y. and demand a full refund. And if your local theatre still plays SAVAGE ISLAND after showing the manager this review, put a brick through the window!

SILVER BULLET- This umpteenth screen adaptation of a Stephen King story should prove once and for all that movie goers are just not interested in seeing any more of this untalented asshole's work on the silver screen as BULLET scored a resounding thud at the Halloween box office, disappearing after little more than a week. This limp tale of a werewolf stalking a small New England town and a handicapped boy who learns the beast's secret may have made a taut little anthology piece were it included in King's last release CAT'S EYE, but stretched out to 95 minute feature length it goes beyond the point of endurance. First time director Daniel Attias attempts to atmospherically handle the weak material and Gary Busey chews the scenery nicely as a lewd, alcoholic uncle, but with little gore and a Carlo Rambaldi werewolf creation that laughably looks a lot like Smokey The Bear, SILVER BULLET is nothing more than a dull, uninspired embarrassment. Someone in Hollywood would do well to put a silver bullet in King's head to quell his pathetic output of third-rate garbage.

THE RE-ANIMATOR- As 1985 drew to a close, it seemed that George Romero's DAY OF THE DEAD would certainly be the hands-down winner of the revered G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR award. Yet out of the blue, this low budget adaptation of an H.P. Lovecraft story threatens to wrest the coveted honor. THE RE-ANIMATOR is the story of young Herbert West, a quirky egghead medical student who develops a serum with which he can revive the recently deceased. The only problem is that the re-animated corpses come back with an insatiable urge to kill and eat human flesh. Young director Stuart Gordon packs the flick with a heavy dose of black humor and enough unrelenting violence, grossness and mayhem to send gorehounds into shrieks of ecstasy. THE RE-ANIMATOR is very similar to THE EVIL DEAD in that just when you think the film can't get any sicker, it pushes one step further into realms of unheard-of levels of depravity (ie., a decapitated head attempts cunnilingus with the film's heroine, etc.). Add an excellent performance by Jeffrey Combs as the maniacal Herbert West and some ample nudity from the well-endowed Barbara Crampton and THE RE-ANIMATOR emerges as almost the perfect gore film!! See if you agree!

EVILS OF THE NIGHT- Mardi Rustam, best known for bankrolling the multi-titled 1976 Tobe Hooper classic EATEN ALIVE, attempts to handle the production, directoral and screenwriting reigns on this Grade Z abomination concerning a group of alien space vampires (ancient John Carradine, luscious Julie Newmar and a withered Tina Louise) who land on Earth in search of teenage blood for their dying planet. They enlist the aid of two dimwitted garage mechanics (Aldo Ray and the late Neville Brand) who kidnap the adolescents and randomly rape and/or beat them before turning

over to the space travellers for cash. Needless, plotless and seemingly directed by a retard, EVILS is more concerned with chronicling endless pairs of copulating teens than maintaining any kind of interest, and the film's cast reads like a Who's Who of teens with severe alcohol problems. Add all this a ridiculous abrupt ending and EVILS OF THE NIGHT resembles one of the many Adamson Independent International talk-a-longs from the late 1960's/early 70's. Not awful enough for camp acceptance.

NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PART 2- Last year many readers lambasted our lackluster review of NIGHTMARE I, feeling that Wes Craven's campulistic gorefest deserved far better treatment. So far, this new sequel has crossed the original at the box office by 30%, so it seems evident that fans like the installment of the Freddy Krueger saga much or even more than the original. After 5 years we're becoming jaded as PT. 2 is one of the most calculated, predictable, uninteresting films released in months. Director Jack Sholder (ALONE IN THE DARK) and screenwriter David Chaskin abandon the unique realistic angle of death by dreams created by Wes Craven and opt instead for the timeworn MOVIEVILLE 2 style of demonic possession in this new outing. A teen boy moves into the original NIGHTMARE I house and soon the knife-fingered Freddy Krueger begins possessing his body, forcing him to kill at his bidding. Gore is kept to a bare minimum and save for a nifty chest-burster effects showcase piece could have easily remained within the parameters of a PG-13 rating. Even giving Krueger more on-screen time proves a mistake as on close examination, his latex make-up looks less like a hellish creature and more like Jimmy Durante. NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PT. 2 is merely a pale imitation of the original film which was no great shakes to begin with. Draw your own conclusions....

DEATH WISH III- Not much room left as we go to press, but the latest chapter of Charles Bronson's vigilante exploits is by far the most violent to date, with the aging macho man mowing away and pummeling punks, blacks and hispanics by the dozens on the streets of the South Bronx. This film was originally rated X for violence when submitted to the MPAA last September and Bronson himself has admitted in interviews that he felt the relentless bloodshed in the film went too far. All of this is true, and makes the film perfectly suited for G.G. readers' eclectic tastes. See it today!

SELF-DEFENSE- This sick little 1983 Canadian import is currently playing on 42nd St. as a co-feature to NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PT. 2. Originally filmed under the title of SIEGE, the flick is concerned with a Nazi-esque paramilitary band of fag-bashers who raid a bar and murder all but one of the patrons. He escapes to an apartment occupied by more a blind man and a mentally retarded man. The balance of the flick is concerned with this rag-tag crew weathering the attack of the rednecks and fighting back (and winning) with household implements (i.e., knives, hatchets, arrows, nails, etc.). SELF-DEFENSE is quite gory in spots and its off the wall plot make it a must-see for gorehounds and homo haters alike!

**FOR SALE**- Original one-sheet posters from the following films: DOOMED TO DIE, BASKET CASE, HILLS HAVE EYES, PT. 2, THE MUTILATOR, NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PT. 2, DAWN OF THE DEAD, THE CRAWLING HAND, THE FLESH EATERS and THE CRAZIES. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome and most can easily be filled at the lowest prices!

**RARE VIDEOS**- Excellent quality copies of THE RE-ANIMATOR, TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM (more cannibal hijinx), Russ Meyer's FASTER, PUSSYCAT- KILL! KILL!, Ed (PLAN 9) Wood's wild ORGY OF THE DEAD and the all-new G.G. VINTAGE THEATRICAL TRAILER SHOW, featuring nearly two hours of full-length theatrical trailers from horror and sci-fi films from the 1950's and 1960's, with a special 15 minute segment featuring sexploitation trailers from the 1930's and 40's. Most of these included are rarer than hen's teeth, so be sure to order this one today! All titles are in VHS ONLY and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address. Order today!

Videophiles who are searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$3.00 for a copy of the G.G. PRIVATE LIBRARY LISTING. Included therein are titles we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre curios. **Plus:** your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order today c/o our masthead address.

Thanks to your support the Wednesday night film festival attendance at The Dive has picked up. The schedule for the next few weeks is as follows:

11/20: THEY CAME FROM WITHIN (a rare screening of David Cronenberg's about crawling venereal monsters!)

11/27: ILSA, SHE-WOLF OF THE S.S. (the uncut X rated version of everybody's favorite anti-semitic)

12/4: GOD TOLD ME TO (a/k/a DEMON) (Larry Cohen's twisted tale of the second coming of Christ- who returns as a maniacal hermaphrodite killer!)

12/11: SHANTY TRAMP (NY premiere of a 60's sexploitation classic so racist that it would embarrass George Wallace!)

12/18: SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS (with Pia Zadora, this marks the second annual showing of a Dive favorite!)

All shows start at 8:00 PM and feature the famous G.G. Trailer reels. Admission is now a paltry \$3.00 and G.G.'s are given away free as are rare posters in our weekly give-away drawing. See you there!

## Next Issue:

Wes Craven's THE HILLS HAVE EYES II  
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# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 80

**BEST GORE FILM OF 1985 !!**



AFTER THIS SUMMER, MOST GOREHOUNDS (OURSELVES INCLUDED) THOUGHT THAT GEORGE ROMERO'S DAY OF THE DEAD WOULD BE THE SHOE-IN WINNER FOR THE BEST GORE FILM OF THE YEAR, BUT THIS OCTOBER, EMPIRE RELEASING'S THE RE-ANIMATOR USURPED THE COVETED AWARD BY GAINING A SLIM MAJORITY OF JUDGES' VOTES. IF THIS DEPRAVED BLACK COMEDY/GORE HYBRID HAS NOT YET REACHED YOUR AREA, YOU ARE STILL IN FOR THE EVENT OF THE SEASON! THE ABOVE SHOT SHOWS MAD SCIENTIST HERBERT WEST MEETING HIS DEMISE FROM THE STRANGLING INTESTINES OF ONE OF HIS OUT-OF-CONTROL CADAVERS.

Many thanks to all for the kind words of condolence sent over the past month and to the readership in general for not blowing a cork over the G.G. price increase. Hopefully now we'll be able to splurge a bit on bigger issues and better photo reproductions. Anyway, this Christmas season has been a very weak one for Hollywood blockbusters, allowing many low budget fill-ins to be released to the area at a time when they're normally frozen out. Here's a look at what's been around:

**TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.**- If it weren't for G.G. subscriber John Loyd bringing this to our attention, William Friedkin's newest action gem would have passed by us unnoticed as its bland "FBI drama" ad campaign and heavily-touted soundtrack by limp wheezers Wang Chung totally disguise what is in essence a multi-million dollar, mindless violence classic. A psychotic counterfeiter brutally slays a senior FBI agent two days before his scheduled retirement and his young partner vows to break all law enforcement rules to see that the death is avenged. This simplistic plot is stretched to nearly two hours as Friedkin takes us on an entertaining tour through the underbelly of Los Angeles vice life and packs enough bloody brawls, stabbings and heads being blown off by .45 magnums to have gorehounds howling in glee. Add to all this a FRENCH CONNECTION-like car chase backwards up the Long Beach Freeway, ample nudity from sleazy, retread women and Willem Dafoe's excellent wide-eyed portrayal of the maniacal genius Rick Masters and **TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.** emerges a must-see for mavens of violent action. Don't let the overslick print ads fool you- there's great grisly meat at the heart of this unfortunate box office flop!

**THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS**- Those older gorehounds who consistently lament the demise of England's Hammer Films should revel in this stark, depressing, brutally explicit re-telling of the Burke and Hare graverobbing legend. Their names now changed to Fallon and Broom (after descendants of the real-life criminals brought defamation lawsuits upon the release of 1960's THE FLESH AND THE FIENDS), **DOCTOR** features ex-Hammer helmer Freddy Francis' nauseating vision of poverty, death and amorality in Victorian London. The familiar plot of the blueblood anatomist who pays cash for corpses to the pair of gravedigging vultures who eventually turn to murder in order to supply "fresher" meat is enhanced by the graphic depiction of rotting cadavers, shockingly explicit violence and the grotesque inhabitants of the London slum called "Pig Town" who suffer from various physical deformities and mental illnesses. Based on an

original screenplay by the late lobster Dylan Thomas, **DOCTOR** opened at prestigious art houses and scored a resounding thud at the box office, its unflinching gore and repugnant morbidity sending film snobs running for the exit doors after the first reel. While admittedly a bit long in the tooth for the average 42nd St. patron, **THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS** is a stylish, well-made, gut-churning curio recommended for gorehounds who are tiring of run-of-the-mill slice'em and dice'em quickies.

**GUARDIAN OF HELL**- After John Chambliss' MPM Releasing filed Chapter 11 and closed up shop late last year, horror fans breathed a sigh of relief since this shyster was one of the main proponents of the "let's change the title, dub the picture and anglicize the credits so people won't know this is foreign crap" school of scumbag film distribution. Well, you just can't keep a good man down and after a year of dodging creditors Chambliss is back with a new company (Film Concept Group) that still maintains the old MPM code of slippery ethics. Their first release, **GUARDIAN**, is a murky old 1980 Italian quickie formerly known in its origin country as **THE OTHER HELL**. Featuring much of the cast and nearly all of the music from Joe D'Amato's classic BURIED ALIVE, **GUARDIAN** is a choppy, disjointed tale concerning demonic possession in a nun's convent. It seems the sisters there are dropping like flies and it takes a young maverick priest most of the film's 85 minutes to figure out that the sinister Mother Superior has been regularly screwing Satan for years and even borne a child endowed with the powers of telekinesis and cadaver resurrection. At this point the flick resembles a twisted variation of AGNES OF GOD as the mother seeks to murder her child out of sexual jealousy. This wild plot may seem potentially interesting in print, but awful dubbing, endless talky exposition, dark unintelligible photography and almost no gore until the final quarter hour reduce **GUARDIAN OF HELL** to yet another in an endless myriad of Chambliss fast-buck film rip-offs. To be avoided at all costs!

**DEATHBED**- NY's Almi Pictures had this film set for release back in Easter '85 under its original title of TERMINAL CHOICE, but pulled it after poor openings on the west coast and negative sneak preview response across the country. Retitled **DEATHBED** and rush-released on a mini-break to beat a December 20 home video release, this well-made, high-tech Canadian thriller deserved better than a throwaway treatment. The flick's plot concerns a strange pastime of the interns and nurses at a huge Montreal medical center. It seems that the group bets on the recovery



ZACHERLE, NY'S OWN "COOL GHOUL" GIVES AWAY A SCALPS POSTER AT GALA G.G. 5TH ANNIVERSARY BASH HELD AT THE DIVE LAST OCT. 30. THANKS TO ALL WHO ATTENDED AND HELPED THE G.G. SCALP A COOL THREE HUNDRED BUCKS.

(Photo: Miraslaw Lipinski)

odds and imminent death dates of their most critical patients. What begins as a poor taste lottery soon escalates to serious proportions when a psycho begins tampering with treatments to seemingly rig the outcome of the game. Although a bit talky in spots, gorehounds should enjoy DEATHBED's grisly and explicit murder scenes (a sequence where a young patient hemorrhages from every one of her bodily orifices after being injected with a noxious blue chemical is particularly effective) as well as some chunk-blowing autopsy hijinx that gives Italian cannibal movies a run for their money. Director Sheldon Larry fails in his attempt to make the picture an effective whodunit however, as the identity of the mystery killer is telegraphed unintentionally early on in the film's overlong 100 minutes, leaving DEATHBED recommended for its graphic and innovative bloodletting only.

**BARBARIAN QUEEN**- From Roger Corman's newly formed Concorde Cinema Group comes this wild low budget actioner about a group of three women who swear revenge on a band of evil brigands who rape them while destroying and enslaving their village during one of the girls' wedding celebration. Filmed in Argentina on what appears to be cardboard sets, this 70 minute shorty is low on originality but high on action, violence and nudity with over 50% of the film stock displaying a naked breast, buttock or beaver being raped,

caressed or beaten. The rest of BARBARIAN is a male masochist's dream as the buxom beauties slash, stab and decapitate dozens of wetback extras until the final expected showdown with the ruthless tyrant leader who engineered the original assault. Though cheaply made and thoroughly offensive to mainstream moviegoers, even the staunchest feminist would be forced to giggle when the sultry Lana Clarkson (head warrior), in the throes of being raped by a despicable torturer, contracts her well-developed vaginal muscles and tears her attacker's penis from his bleeding groin. This great highlight and other related perversities make BARBARIAN QUEEN a definite must-see for sex-starved fans of lowbrow cinema!

**THE WARRIOR AND THE SORCERESS**- Popping up as the co-feature in many venues to BARBARIAN QUEEN, this 1984 sword and sorcery potboiler got lost in the flurry of lawsuits around the time of the Roger Corman/New World schism and as such never received a formal first-run release. Already available on home video, this low budget neo-parody features one-time Corman contract player David Carradine as the shrouded Dark One, a mysterious mercenary caught between two rival tyrants battling for the post-apocalyptic world's most valuable resource: water. Along the way, he teams up with the sultry Maria Socas (a sorceress held prisoner by one of the rulers who acts completely topless throughout the flick's terse 81 minutes) and together they defeat both villains and free the enslaved peasant populous. Although packed with action,

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**THE BARBARIC BEAST OF**  
**BOGGY CREEK**  
PART II

BESIDES BEING AN INSULT TO YOUR INTELLIGENCE, THE ABOVE IS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF RETITLE SCAMS FROM AQUARIUS REL.



**WARRIOR** is sorely lacking in gore with its heated battles virtually bloodless; the film's R rating sustained only for abundant nudity and a wild four-titted mutant concubine who attempts to snuff Carradine in the final reel. As such, **WARRIOR AND THE SORCERESS** is recommended for fans of breezy comic-book exploitation only...

**SCREAM**- Easily the singularly worst film to have been released to the NY area in 1985, this 1981 vanity press production from some Texas cretin named Byron Quissenberry (?) is a plotless, directionless mess concerning a mysterious assailant butchering a bunch of redneck teens and their chaperones amidst a Paramount TV western backlot. All of the violence is committed offscreen in this 85 minute clunker padded with numerous excruciatingly boring scenes of the remaining survivors wondering at length about the identity of the killer. An obviously strung-out Woody Strode appears near the end with a half-baked explanation as to who is doing the killing, but apart from that nothing happens throughout the entire course of the film. Well-known hacks like Larry Buchanan and John Michaels look like Steven Spielberg compared to this Quissenberry cue ball, leaving **SCREAM** a test in tedium that any horror fan should surely fail. If you were scroded by this abomination, direct your complaints, threats, letter bombs, etc. to NY's Aquarius Releasing for unleashing this wretched turd on unsuspecting horror fans.

#### **THE BARBARIC BEAST OF BOGGY CREEK PART II-**

The folks down at Aquarius Releasing's 42nd St. home office must have been heavily sampling some of that area's street drugs when they slapped this laughably ridiculous monicker over Charles B. Pierce's 1983 release known as **BOGGY CREEK II**. A sequel of sorts to Pierce's 1972 million dollar box office smash **THE LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK**, **BEAST** is actually a PG-rated, Sunn Classics-inspired piece of rural Southern filmmaking that looks oddly out of place running through Yankee projectors here in NY. Pierce himself stars as a university professor who is called upon by the government to investigate reports of the Boggy Creek monster on the loose again in the swamps of Arkansas. With his real-life son and two sultry Southern co-eds in tow, Pierce ambles through the film's 91 minutes at a snail's pace, recounting creature folklore and historical encounters as if he were Andy Griffith on monster patrol. When finally seen, the beast (and its young offspring) look far too much like men in monkey suits to be effectively chilling, but the unintentional horrors of the film are the local mutants of the Texarkana suburbs who are interviewed throughout the film and so...

ready to lynch Pierce, rape the girls or don KKK robes and go out "coon hunting" several times during the flick. **THE BARBARIC BEAST OF BOGGY CREEK PART II** offers nothing for hard core gorehounds, but emerges a quirky piece of regional production that somehow maintains a curious level of interest throughout.

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: **GUARDIAN OF HELL** (lousy movie, great poster!), **THE RE-ANIMATOR**, **DAY OF DAWN OF THE DEAD**, **THE BARBARIC BEAST OF BOGGY CREEK PART II** (must be seen to be believed!), **WANDA THE WICKED WARDEN**, **HELLHOLE**, Lucio Fulci's **EYE OF THE EVIL DEAD** (very rare!), and **THE SLAYER**. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Send checks or money orders off today to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo.

**RARE VIDEOS-** Excellent quality copies of **GOJIRA '84** (the Japanese **GODZILLA** remake without the added footage of Raymond Burr and corny camp dubbing that runs a full 20 minutes longer than the American New World import), **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** (the grisliest cannibal flick of them all), **THE EXOTIC ONES** (a/k/a **THE MONSTER AND THE STRIPPER**- backwoods Tennessee gore rarity featuring a man being beaten to death with his own dismembered arm, a whore having her breast torn from her chest, etc.), **GIRL FROM TOBACCO ROW** (for fans of **SHANTY TRAMP**-style perversity) and a newly-acquired **SURPRISE TITLE** that cannot be mentioned here: drop a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo for the lowdown on this top secret release, Bub! All titles are in **VHS ONLY** and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!! Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address. Order today!

The G.G. Film Series successfully continues into 1986 every Wednesday night at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave) in Manhattan. The program for the month of January is as follows:

1/8: **THE LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE-** Because you demanded it, Nathan Schiff's grisly tale of leprosy, carnage and bad acting is back!

1/15: **BLACK FRANKENSTEIN-** Celebrate Martin Luther King's Birthday with this blaxploitation rarity about an Afro monster who only kills white women!

1/22: **EL TOPO-** A rare screening of Alejandro Jodorowski's lobster bloodbath featuring real amputees and Spanish mutants!

1/29: **FLESH FEAST-** A bloated, alcoholic Veronica Lake, flesh-eating maggots and Adolph Hitler! Who could ask for more? This 1971 rarity is a NY premiere!

All shows start promptly at 8:00 and feature the famous G.G. Trailer Reels. See you there!



**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome Write Gore Gazette,  
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# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 81



THE ABOVE FRIGHTENED FEMME REALIZES SHE'S BITTEN OFF MORE THAN SHE CAN CHEW BY POSITIONING THIS PHALLIC INTERPLANETARY INVADER FROM TERRORVISION, THE NEWEST EMPIRE PICTURES GORE OFFERING THAT OPENS ON FEBRUARY 14 (VALENTINE'S DAY) TO THE NY METRO AREA. FEMALE GOREHOUNDS SHOULD BE WARY OF THIS CRITTER, AS HE'S SURE TO HAVE A HEART ON FOR YOU WHEN HE HITS TOWN !!!

Film industry forecasters who are constantly sounding the death knell for the popularity of the horror/exploitation cycle really found their feet in their mouths this month as nearly a dozen of the so-named "sub-par entertainment attempts" filled the screens of the NY metropolitan area over the past four weeks, many faring better at the box office than current overblown Hollywood megabuck extravaganzas. Researchers should realize that sleazemongers like us will never settle for only top-quality entertainment and that as long as there are those who'll shell out 60 centavos for this rag, there will always be legions of faceless masses willing to plunk down 5 bucks for the newest serving of low budget sludge. Variety, Boxoffice and Hollywood Reporter-- Can the pessimism, boys!

**THE ANNIHILATORS**- With the current level of **RAMBOMania** at fever pitch and the never-waning popularity of Charles Bronson-esque **DEATHWISH** spinoffs, it was inevitable that some low budget huckster would step in and try and blend the two into a fast-buck quickie. Enter Charles E. Sellier, ex-Sunn Classics alumnus (**IN SEARCH OF NOAH'S ARK**, etc.) who has done just that with this lurid little tale of a group of Vietnam veterans who arrive at a rural Atlanta, Ga. suburb to avenge their crippled buddy's death at the hands of a group of ruthless drug-dealing redneck punks. These creeps hold the entire town in the throes of terror until burnt out ex-TV hasbeens Christopher Stone (Mr. Dee Wallace), Lawrence Hilton-Jacobs (**WELCOME BACK KOTTER**) and company instruct the townsfolk in defense combat techniques and rally them to oust the oppressors. Along the way, Sellier packs **THE ANNIHILATORS**' terse 84 minutes with some truly demented violence including a woman being stripped, raped and gutted while doing her grocery shopping, the aforementioned handicapped vet having his brains smashed in by a meat tenderizer and even an old bag lady assaulted while rummaging through garbage. The punks, led by the fabulously psychotic Roy Boy Jagger, are so mean that they even smash little kids' toys in the street! All this leads to the inevitable blood-drenched showdown at the finale and a twist ending that is unfortunately telegraphed early on in the film, leaving **THE ANNIHILATORS** a slightly-marred, yet commendable sleaze entry that sure gets 1986 rolling with a bang!

**THE ALCHEMIST**- Long before he formed his current low budget factory outlet, Empire Pictures, schlockmeister Charles Band was involved in the production of this directionless mess which sat on lab shelves since 1981 and probably should have remained there indefinitely. The nearly incomprehensible plot kicks off in 1871 when an obviously

drug-addled Robert Ginty catches his wife fooling around with a local wizard/chemist and accidentally kills her in an ensuing argument. The alchemist then whams Ginty with the curse (?) of eternal life. From there, the action then inexplicably moves to 1955 where the still-youthful Robert lives as a hermit in the woods with his (now) 90 year old daughter and is haunted by the presence of Lucinda Dooling, a waitress who looks exactly like his 19th century spouse. If this trite plot sounds dull and contrived in print, it is even more agonizing to actually sit through, the flick's short 84 minutes seeming to last an eternity. Since **THE ALCHEMIST** was made long before Band struck up a relationship with master creature craftsman John Buechler (**GHOULIES**, **DUNGEONMASTER**), the rubber-faced demons sent up from hell by the alchemist at the climax laughably look like third-rate art school projects, entrenching the flick even deeper in the dung heap. Though the new year is only four weeks old, **THE ALCHEMIST** is sure to remain a frontrunner for the title of worst film of the year. To be avoided at all costs!

**THE PIT**- Filmed back in 1983 and then only released regionally by New World Pictures, this kinky epic popped up as a second feature throughout the area over the past few months supporting other New World toplineers. The wild plot involves a sexually-obsessed pre-pubescent 11 year old boy who is constantly caught peering in windows at older naked women or groping his babysitters for a cheap feel. His perverted nature brands him an outcast from his peers and while walking in the woods alone one day he discovers a large pit full of carnivorous gremlins. The kid begins stealing money to buy meat scraps for his new pals, but soon the creatures' appetites become too large for his budget and he is forced to begin luring his tormentors to the pit where they are subsequently pushed in and devoured by the ravenous demons. Director Lew Lehman is truly one sick puppy, sporadically alternating **THE PIT** between being an unhealthy portrait of a lonely pre-teen voyeur and a down and dirty entrail-munching monster-on-the-loose saga, leaving most viewers left slackjawed somewhere in between. Gorehounds should try and sideline this perplexity and enjoy the abundant nudity, graphic (though infrequent) gore and overall depravity of this quirky, original gem. **THE PIT** is highly recommended and is currently available on videocassette.

**BLACK MOON RISING**- In a bid to establish themselves as a major movie production entity, New World Pictures is escalating their film budgets on a grand scale, but

unfortunately they still rely on the same mindless comic book plots that ex-NW honcho Roger Corman used to base his old \$1.98 action quickies. The result on this film is that they end up with a glossy, hi-tech \$10 million plus seamless gem that makes about as much sense as DEATHRACE 2000 or CANNONBALL without being half as much fun. Tommy Lee Jones is a sleazy mercenary working for the U.S. Prosecutor's Office who steals an accounting tape from a corrupt Las Vegas racketeering mob. When cornered later on by some of the mob's security thugs, he stashes the tape behind the license plate of the Black Moon, a sleek racing prototype of a car that runs on ordinary tap water. The tangled plot is then gnarled further by pro car thief Linda Hamilton (THE TERMINATOR) stealing the Black Moon and hiding it in the high-rise fortress of master criminal Robert Vaughn who heads up an international stolen car ring from behind the console of a billion dollar computer network. The balance of the flick's overlong 100 minutes is made up of Jones trying to crash the complex and retrieve his tape while avoiding mob goons, CIA strongarms, Vaughn's assassins, the car's real owners and still finding time to bed down Hamilton on the side. Former terror master John Carpenter was slated to direct and write the screenplay for this turkey, but wisely backed out after numerous production delays and script re-writes. (His name remains on the film's credits as chief screenwriter although he understandably denies it.) Bloodshed and nudity are almost non-existent here, with only a few well-staged violent brawls between Jones and bonehead band FEAR singer Lee Ving being of any interest to by-then-already-bored gorehounds. As such, BLACK MOON RISING is a large scale failure whose grandiose budget could have spawned 10 other vastly more entertaining exploitation potboilers were they made under the auspices of a wise old pennypinching master like Corman.

PRAY FOR DEATH- A few readers have written to complain about wasting already-cramped space reviewing karate rice operas in the pages of the G.G. Their points are well-taken, but when this genre is currently serving up some of the most violent and mayhem packed-efforts on the market today, how can it be ignored? Case in point: PRAY FOR DEATH. This film received an X rating for extreme violence from the MPAA when reviewed last fall and 30 of its original 123 minutes have been taken out in order to secure a more profitable R rating. What is left is still pretty strong stuff as exalted Ninja potentate Sho Kosugi acts as a slant-eyed Charles Bronson, exacting vengeance single-handedly on a group of American thugs and corrupt cops who trash his sushi restaurant, rape and murder his wife

and run over his #1 son with a pick-up truck. This revenge includes a bloodbath of throat-slitting, stabbing, eye-gouging, bludgeoning, death star hurling, bone crunching and axing, culminating with a chainsaw fight in a sawmill that should send gorehounds howling with glee. No matter how much you think you despise kung-fu epics, PRAY FOR DEATH is so violent that it will win you over even if your parents were killed at Pearl Harbor. See it today!

IGOR AND THE LUNATICS- NY's own Troma Releasing, scourge of the G.G. FOR 1984's SPLATTER UNIVERSITY mis-quote scam, returns once again with a new independent pick-up that they've retitled and devised a mis-leading ad campaign for in hopes of grabbing a few quick bucks at the 42nd St. box office. Filmed back in 1983 under the title of BLOODSHED, IGOR spins the convoluted tale of a murdering hippie cult circa 1968 whose leader Paul Byron preaches a twisted quasi-religious philosophy that involves the ceremonial mutilation of non-believing females and complete sexual fulfillment at any man's whim. Eventually, they are carted off to jail for their crimes and the flick moves up 15 years to the present as Byron is released from prison and re-unites with Igor, his maniacal executioner. Together they pick up their old habits, (slaughtering female hitchhikers, etc.) until they are thwarted by a Vietnam vet and an ex-cult member now turned newscaster. IGOR is amateurishly embarrassing in the extreme, with a grainy look and a shaky hand-held camera that almost resembles a super 8 high school project, with hammy non-professional actors denegrating the flick even worse. Furthermore, Mary Ann Schacht (the film's heroine) is ugly beyond belief; her zitted-out face and huge fat ass evoking audience pity everytime she appears on screen. Most of the film's violence and depravity is suggested, with almost no gore displayed in the film, so the only reason for going to see IGOR AND THE LUNATICS would be to fatten the wallets of Michael Herz and Lloyd Kaufman, the reprehensible bandits oiling the gears of the Troma slime machine. Stay away!

TROLL- John Buechler, sole fx whiz for Charles Band's Empire Releasing (GHOULES, FUTURE COP, etc.), steps up to the big league with this, his first directoral effort. Teaming with screenwriter Ed Naha, wisecracking movie reviewer for the NY Post, the two have devised a wildly-original, wacky horror fantasy that far surpasses anything Band has done himself under the Empire banner. Filmed in Italy to cut production costs, the flick is concerned with a monster troll possessing a young girl in a San

Francisco apartment house. With the aid of an eerily-glowing spiked ring, the girl can transform other tenants of the building into entire forests (yep, forests) of mini trolls via some nifty Buechler air bladder transformations. The only people hip to this hi-jinx are old witch June Lockhart (LASSIE's mom) who battled the troll universe in a previous life and the girl's older brother who gets the tar whaled out of him every time he attempts to squeal to his parents that his sister is really a hairy old troll. Before the predictable showdown of good magic vs. evil trolls, Buechler and Naha pack the film with an interesting array of character actors including Sonny Bono as a dorky macho swinger, Michael Moriarty (Q, THE STUFF) as the kids' father who gets off on blasting BLUE CHEER albums and eating White Castle hamburgers and Phil Fondacaro as a dying midget who digs THE BLUES MAGOOS, bringing a Joe Dante-esque style of nostalgia and tongue-in-cheek humor to a story that is just too stupid to play straight. TROLL's PG-13 rating hampers any display of graphic grue, but the madcap pace and nifty monsters of this entertaining gem should entertain all but the most overtly sadistic. See it!

THE ELIMINATORS- Glutting the exploitation market with no less than three releases in one month, this newest action effort from Charles Band's Empire Releasing has to be their most ambitious effort to date. Filmed in Spain on what appears to be a rather lavish budget, ELIMINATORS serves up a smorgasbord of recent successful films, combining plot elements of ROMANCING THE STONE, THE TERMINATOR, and REVENGE OF THE NINJA in a shaky mix concerning a mad android-creating scientist who is trying to transport himself back to ancient Rome where he intends to usurp the throne of Julius Caesar. A cyborg, sultry blonde physicist, money-grubbing mercenary and master Ninja all have different axes to grind against this villain and they team together to launch an assault on his hidden jungle fortress. All this action is kept safely within the parameters of the film's PG rating, leaving the flick little more than a big budget, Saturday morning made-for-TV kiddie adventure extravaganza of virtually no interest to gorehounds. First time director Peter Manoogian gives a fine gloss and quick pace to this epic and a haggard Andrew Prine (BARN OF THE NAKED DEAD) chews the scenery hilariously as the mercenary, but THE ELIMINATORS must definitely be eliminated from the "must-see" list of anyone over the age of 10.

BAD GIRLS DORMITORY- Not much room left as we go to press, but this juicy "girls in the slammer" sleaze potboiler was made by ex-New

American Films (PSYCHO FROM TEXAS, etc. executress Cindy DePaula and former bone idol director of the jizz set Joe Gag (here attempting to hide from past celluloid transgressions by reverting back to his real name Tim Kincaid). The flick popped up a 42nd St's. Times Square Theatre late in January for a fast 7 day run. GIRLS acting is awful, the pace numbingly plodding and the plot contains holes big enough to remind Tim of his Ramrod days, but abundant nudity, filthy dialogue and some grisly bloodletting from Ed French (BLOODSUCKING FREAKS, etc.) make the film well worth checking out. Reportedly made at a cost of only \$80,000 (unheard of in this day and age for a 35mm production), BAD GIRLS DORMITORY packs more punch, shock and grit into its 93 minutes than most films made at 100 times the budget, flaws notwithstanding. Try to check this film out and let's hope there's more tasty trash forthcoming from this odd couple!

FOR SALE: Original one-sheet posters from the following films: Russ Meyer's BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRAVIOLETS and UPI, THE HILLS HAVE EYES (orig.), TOXIC ZOMBIES, DOOMED TO DIE, THE MUTILATOR, GODZILLA '85, and SUGAR HILL AND HER ZOMBIE HIT MEN (a must for fans of Negro trash epics). All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1 postage). Supplies are limited, so send your checks or money orders off today to the G.G. c/o our masthead address. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome!

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of Alejandro (El Topo) Jodowski's THE HOLY MOUNTAIN, the ultra-rare uncut LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET (a 1978 depravity that even turned the stomachs of the G.G. staff!), Jerry Gross' I DRINK YOUR BLOOD (wild hippies contract rabies after eating tainted meat pies and become flesh-starved cannibals in this classic which was the first film to be rated X for violence by the MPAA), Russ Meyer's MUDHONEY, and THE RE-ANIMATOR (1985's G.G. Gorefilm of the Year). Also, our SURPRISE TITLE (which has been selling like hotcakes) is still available. (Send an S.S.A.E. for the identity of this gem!). All titles are in VHS ONLY! and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!!! Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o our masthead address.

The G.G. Film Series continues successfully every Wednesday night at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave.) in Manhattan. The program for the next few weeks is as follows:  
 2/12: THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE  
 2/19: THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH  
 2/26: LAST HOUSE ON A DEAD END STREET  
 3/5: FASTER, PUSSYCAT, KILL! KILL!

# GORE GAZETTE

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No. 82



THE HULKING MANDINGO MUGGER ABOVE MEETS WITH SOME MUTANT-STYLE VIGILANTE JUSTICE FROM THE EYE-GOUGING FINGERS OF THE TOXIC AVENGER, THE LONG-AWAITED GORE PARODY THAT FINALLY HITS THE NY METRO AREA ON APRIL 4. RUMOUR HAS IT THAT MOST OF THE FILM'S VIOLENCE WAS ORDERED TRIMMED BY THE MPAA BEFORE AN R RATING WAS ISSUED, BUT THIS COULD NOT BE CONFIRMED BY OUR GOOD BUDDIES AT TROMA RELEASING AT PRESS TIME.

Another issue, another excuse! The two week delay in the publication of this issue is caused by our working non-stop on the final screenplay draft of DEADLY METAL, the oft-mentioned, long-planned feature film presently on the boards for the G.G. organization. As our actual production start date looms imminently closer, the work has become insurmountable and we realize that it's a hell of a lot easier to write about these low-budget epics than to make them! Anyway, nearly a dozen genre-related efforts have hit the street since we last went to press, so enough of the apologies, explanations and general bellyaching:

FOXTRAP- Pity the plight of poor Fred Williamson, aging Negro machodude who struck success during the blaxploitation cycle of the early 1970's with such chicken 'n ribs favorites

like BLACK CAESAR, HELL UP IN HARLEM and THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLIE and refuses to believe that the market for black action quickies has long since dried up. Hustling some Italian investors for co-production capital, Williamson has put together FOXTRAP, a globe-hopping actioner that is undistinguishable from any of the zillion other epics he has starred in over the past 15 years. With most of the flick's miniscule budget seeming to go for Fred's "superfly" wardrobe and cheroot cigar habit, FOXTRAP spins the convoluted tale of Detective John Fox as he grapples with missing persons, drug addicts, hookers, pimps, and organized crime amidst the backdrop of Los Angeles, France and Italy. Some fairly explicit nudity and a few juicy gore scenes are stretched beyond the attention span endurance level with endless interspersed padding scenes of Williamson

wandering aimlessly around exotic locales looking for clues to solve his case. As such, **FOXTROT** is a new film stuck in a 1970's time warp recommended for members of "The Hammer's" fan club and black sleaze cinema completists only!

**KNIGHTS OF THE CITY** - Noted here merely for the fact that it was allegedly financed by cocaine funds through ex-MPM helmer Michael Fradese's racketeering brigade, this sloppy hybrid of **BEAT STREET** and Walter Hill's **THE WARRIORS** is an overacted vanity production fantasy from Leon Isaac Kennedy (**PENITENTIARY**, **FIGHTING BACK**, etc.) who, though into his early 40's, has laughably cast himself as the youthful leader of a ghetto street gang that puts down their switchblades and takes up guitars in order to make a better life for themselves beyond the slums. **KNIGHTS OF THE CITY** leans more towards music, dance and romance than streetfights, sex and gore, its 88 minutes packed with enough extended production numbers and breakdance hijinx to send gorehounds off into dreamland long before its mildly-interesting bloody brawl finale. Skip it!

**DELTA FORCE** - Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, those wacky Israeli immigrants who head up Cannon Releasing have unleashed to the moviegoing public the world's first Zionist exploitation film. Based loosely on last summer's TWA Athens hijacking incident, **DELTA FORCE** employs every stereotypical Jew actor in Hollywood (except for maybe Henry Youngman), puts them on a plane and has them menaced for their religious preferences for well over an hour of screen time by smelly, oily-looking Arab terrorists (hilariously headed up by Robert "ALLIGATOR" Forster as the vile Abdul) until they are rescued by Chuck Norris and an aging Lee Marvin who head up the USA's Delta Force in an extended half-hour climax of explosions, car crashes and firepower. Norris is his usual deadpan self, jumping from buildings, beating up towelheads and riding a bazooka-rigged motorcycle while reciting his limited dialogue as if he were chomping on kurd. Marvin looks embarrassed at being involved in this 126 minute mess and it is evident that he was hitting the scotch bottle heavily between takes. **DELTA**'s violence is mostly of the bloodless, comic-book style variety, and the flick is brought down by the pro-Israeli morality play mentality of the entire production. Overlong, preachy and bordering on outright racism for its distorted picture of Arabs (come on, they don't smell that bad!), **DELTA FORCE** is recommended for Hasidic action fans only!

**THE HITCHER** - A sleepy teenager is driving through the desert at dawn during a torrential rainstorm. He spots a soaked hitchhiker and picks him up, laughably stating "My mother told me never to do this!" as the stranger enters the vehicle. Within seconds, the rider answers "She was right---I've just killed six people" and proceeds to querte the kid at knife-point about such topics as "Do you know how much blood spurts out of an eyeball when its punctured with a switchblade?". When all of this occurs within the flick's first three minutes, you know you've got a winner on your hands. **THE HITCHER** is such an epic; 97 taut minutes of psychotic thumber Rutger Hauer (**BLADE RUNNER**) playing cat and mouse with C. Thomas Howell through the desolate Texas badlands, with talented young director Robert Harmon throwing in a

**HOUSE** - The intentional mixing of comedy and horror genres has always been a shaky blend at best, the results being either sophomoric slapstick duds like **SATURDAY THE 14TH** or **STUDENT BODIES** or flicks whose humor is too sick to be enjoyed by the general public like **PRIVATE PARTS** or **THE PIT**. To its credit, New World's **HOUSE** falls into none of these categories, but embraces the worst flaws of both in a tale of a horror novelist who moves into his aunt's "haunted" house in an attempt to break a two year writer's block. He soon begins re-living his Vietnam War traumas via vivid hallucinations and has his son abducted by satanic spirits in the swimming pool. While wrestling with these demons, he is constantly under attack by reanimated furniture and garden tools, a slimy tentacled monster that materializes in his closet every night at the stroke of twelve, as well as an old Army bully who re-appears as a rotting zombie on his front porch every now and then. Ex-FRIDAY THE 13TH director Steve Miner and gore stalwart Sean Cunningham have fashioned a frighteningly effective film with brilliant special effects but ruin it by injecting prime-time sitcom pre-teen humor in Ethan Wiley's moronic screenplay that would even embarrass audiences who get off on fart jokes. William Katt (**BEAST**) should be given credit for attempting to hold the shaky epic together, staying in character as the film switches inexplicably from Grand Guignol parody to Soupy Sales schtick and back again, but **HOUSE** ultimately becomes a **POLTERGEIST** parody that is well-made, but never quite gets off the ground. Nice try, though!

**HOLLYWOOD VICE SQUAD** - Talented young Penelope Spheeris, whose 1984 effort **SUBURBIA** tagged her as a gut-wrenching exploitation-on-the-move must have needed some quick drug money to get involved with a noted hack like Sandy Howard (**DEVIL'S RAIN**, **DEATHSHIP**, etc.) and agree to direct this low-budget pseudo-sequel to Howard's 1982 **VICE SQUAD** hit. **HOLLYWOOD'S** lengthly 101 minutes spin the convoluted tale of a week's work of L.A. vice cops and comes off as an R-rated version of TV's **ADAM 12** with some vulgar comic relief thrown in to alleviate the tedium of the many uninteresting sub-plots. The flick's cast reads like a who's who of the West Coast roster of alcoholics and cocaine anonymous with Frank (**THE RIDDLER**) Gorshin, Leon Isaac Kennedy, Irish Van De Vere, Carrie Fisher (?), Joey Travolta, and Ronny Cox cast in various roles as heroes and villains with one thing in common: they've all never looked worse in their film careers. Bloodletting is virtually non-existent and the jarring, unconnected pace of **HOLLYWOOD VICE SQUAD** leaves it near the top of this month's "Must To Avoid" list.



**TERRORVISION**- Falling victim to the same flaws as **HOUSE** (mixing comedy with grossness), Empire Releasing's **TERRORVISION** is so dumb that it is somewhat enjoyable on a sheer stupidity level. Filmed at a bargain on a Rome, Italy backlot, the flick spins the wacky tale of an interplanetary carnivorous monster who is accidentally transported into a swinging Beverly Hills jet-setter home via a freak accident involving lightning and their home satellite dish antenna. Known in its home galaxy as "The Hungrybeast," the slimy xenomorph begins eating every human it comes in contact with including Mary Woronov as the nymphomaniac yuppie wife, their pink-haired punkette daughter, her heavy metal goon boyfriend and various other family members and intimates within **TERRORVISION**'s short 83 minutes. Gore is pretty much non-existent, the film's R-rating sustained by a bit of nudity and a non-stop barrage of toilet-level humor. Similar in approach and low budget/inane humor style of Joe Dante's old **HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD**, **TERRORVISION** plays like a dirty Saturday Night Live skit of monster movie lampooning, and as such cannot maintain the joke for the length of a feature film.

**HILLS HAVE EYES PART 2**- Certainly the biggest disappointment of the year, this long-awaited follow-up to Wes Craven's 1977 terror classic is a limp, heavily-padded, predictable stalk and slasher that could be a made-for-TV special with about 5 seconds of cutting. Craven's screenplay starts with an original premise: Ruby, the "good" cannibal girl of **H.H.E.I** has assimilated into a small California town with her sordid past a secret. While escorting a team of motor-cross riders

across the desert, she encounters her brother Pluto (Michael Berryman, the only original wildman from the first film) and newcomer uncle "The Reaper" whom we learn is "meaner than Papa Jupiter," head crazy from **PART I**. The two neanderthals seek vengeance on her for defecting from the incestuous clan and begin bumping off the bikers and their girlfriends one by one. From then on, **HILLS II** descends to an anemic **FRIDAY THE 13TH** imitation, with obnoxious teens being bumped off one by one in unsatisfying displays of offscreen violence. Word has it that production financing ran out before the completion of this loser, necessitating Craven to pad out the flick's 90 minutes with numerous flashbacks to the first film (even Beast, the dog, has a 3 minute romp down memory lane!). Sad to say, these 9 year old clips provide the only real excitement in the film, leaving **THE HILLS HAVE EYES PART II** a sequel best left unmade! (Currently available on videocassette).

**THE NAKED CAGE**- From Paul Nicholas, director 1982's **THE CONCRETE JUNGLE** comes this gritty "sluts in the slammer" potboiler that could stand as a model for which all future women's prison pictures should be made. Starting with your basic jailhouse staple plot of "young innocent is wrongfully convicted and sent off the deal with the horrors of penal life," **CAGE** takes off on a whirlwind tour of rape, violence, lesbianism, brutality, drug addiction, gunfights, etc. that will overly satiate even the most jaded sleazemonger. Add ample nudity and punky-packed shower sequences, gratuitous gore (a scene where our heroine graphically gets her palm pierced by



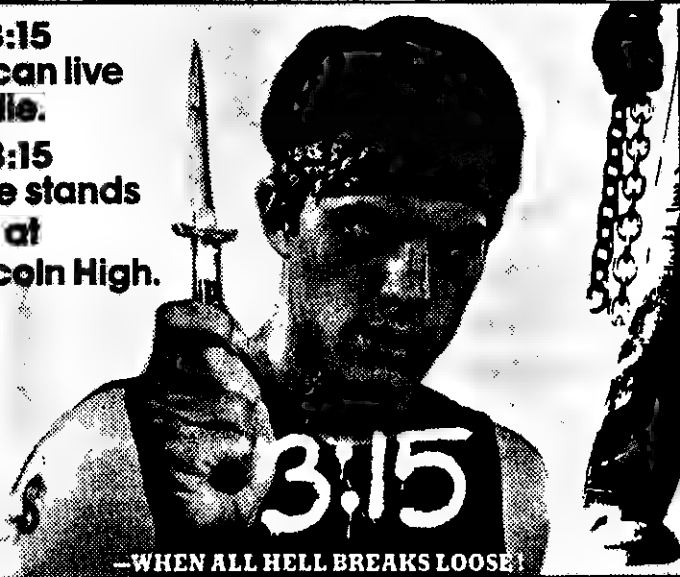
THIS BRAVE YOUNG HEROINE RISKS HER LIFE TO PROVE TRUTH TO THE OLD ADAGE "HOOTERS SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST" IN THIS TITILATING SCENE FROM **THE TOXIC AVENGER**.

a screwdriver will knock you right out of your seat), exploitation stalwart Angel Tompkins (THE FARMER, etc.) as a pervert dyke warden and sultry newcomer Lucinda Crosby as the meanest inmate heavy this side of Sybil Danning and THE NAKED CAGE stacks up as first-rate fare of the most depraved order. Don't miss it!

**NOMADS**- Proof positive that a large percentage of film industry top-level executives must do a lot of blow is evident in this clunker, a step-by-step exercise in how not to make a medium budget horror film. **NOMADS** is a lengthy, grandiose piece of dreck concerning evil Eskimo spirits who assume the guise of zombie-like punks and haunt a French expatriot anthropologist living in L.A. The scientist eventually dies at the hands of these ghouls, but not before biting the ear of physician Leslie-Ann Down who is forced to relive the terror of his final days through horrific hallucinations that make up the balance of this confusing dud. Newcomer lobster director John McTiernan attempts to ape Brian DePalma's sense of fluid, dreamy stylishness, but his choice of opting for "psychological horror" rather than graphic guts and gore leaves his first effort a vapid exercise in art-school cinema masturbation. Not even rocker Adam Ant and Mary Woronov as leaders of the spectral Nomad death cult can save this overblown wet dream, leaving **NOMADS** one of the worst films made in years! Yechhhh!

**F/X**- Not much room left as we go to press, but this fast-paced thriller about a low-budget movie makeup artist who gets mixed up in a double-cross assassination attempt by the F.B.I. is one of the best out-and-out action epics to come down the pike in a long while. Though quite contrived and riddled with plot inconsistencies, **F/X** is 106 minutes of mindless comic book fun. Gorehounds may be disappointed that this is not quite the Tom Savini Story (i.e. instead of decapitation and disembowelments, this effects man specializes only in bullet holes, knife wounds, and rubber monsters from Venus), but Robert Mandel's taut direction and Robert Megginson's intricate screenplay should more than compensate for the lack of overt gouts of bloodletting. **F/X** is a wildly original classic that has broad crossover audience appeal - gorehounds could even bring their mothers!

**At 3:15  
he can live  
or die.  
At 3:15  
time stands  
still at  
Lincoln High.**



**R**

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THE DISTRIBUTOR OF THIS FILM HAS RE-TITLED IT **3:15-THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** FOR ITS MARCH 28 NY OPENING AND IS TOUTING IT AS "THE ULTIMATE GANG WAR MOVIE". MORE DETAILS IN THE NEXT **G.G.**

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: THE HOWLING II, Paul Naschy's rarely-seen werewolf epic THE CRAVING, THE NAKED CAGE, CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS, SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED, INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS, HOUSE, APRIL FOOL'S DAY and DAY OF THE DEAD. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1 postage). Supplies are limited, so send your checks or money orders off today to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome!

**RARE VIDEOS:** Good quality copies of Alejandro (El Topo) Jodowski's THE HOLY MOUNTAIN (why we haven't been deluged with orders for this ultra-rare stomach churner is beyond us!), ONE WAY TICKET TO HELL (see a young innocent go from pot smoker to junkie to wild slut in 64 short minutes in this sleaze exploitation classic), Paul Naschy's WEREWOLF VS. THE YETI (English dubbed), THE G.G. VIOLENCE TAPE (2 hours of the most violent sequences of films from the past 20 years- uncut film clips, not trailers), TROLL, the uncut MARK OF THE DEVIL (w/ free puke bag) and ILSA, TIGRESS OF SIBERIA (the rare unreleased 3rd Ilsa classic). Also, our SURPRISE TITLE (which has been selling like hotcakes) is still available. (Send an S.S.A.E. for the identity of this gem!). All titles are in **VHS ONLY!** and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!!! Send checks or money orders to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address.

The **G.G.** Film Series continues successfully every Wednesday night at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave.) in Manhattan. The program for the next few weeks is as follows:

3/26: **MARK OF THE DEVIL**- Because you demanded it, a rare screening of the 1971 chunk-blower that was the only film ever rated V for violence. Free puke bags to all patrons!

4/2: **DOCTOR GORE**- A lost gore outing made in 1974 by one of Herschell G. Lewis' cameramen surfaces tonight in this prestigious NY premiere! A blood-spewing, inept classic, when this film failed to secure a distribution deal, director Pat Paterson committed suicide!

4/9: **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**- A gala event as we screen the uncut version of Wes Craven's classic with in-person appearances by both perennial Dive favorite Fred Lincoln (a/k/a Weasel Pojarski) and Gaylord St. James, the chainsaw wielding pop of this splatter favorite. These two screen nemeses have not seen each other for 15 years, so this is definitely a night to be on hand!

4/16: **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD**- Uncut showing of the first film ever to receive an X rating for violence by the MPAA, this classic tale of a group of hippies who become flesh-eating cannibals after eating rabid meat pies made the **G.G.**'s top 10 sleaze classics of all time list last year in Film Comment. Don't miss

4/23: **SATAN'S SADISTS**- After zillions of requests, we've finally dated this classic Al Adamson biker orgy featuring blood, rape, LSD and the pitifully ugly Regina Carrol as "the freak out girl of 1969".

All shows start promptly at 8:00 PM and feature the famous **GG TRAILERS OF DEPRAVITY** before the film. Admission is a paltry \$3 (slightly higher for special events), beers are reasonable and you can meet new perverts just like yourself. See you there!

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 83



ALTHOUGH HE COULD PASS QUITE EASILY FOR THIS SEASON'S HERPES POSTER BOY, THE UN-  
FORTUNATE SAP DEPICTED ABOVE IS ACTUALLY BEING CONSUMED FROM THE INSIDE OUT BY  
THE DEADLY BREEDERS, THE NEWEST RELEASE FROM NY'S OWN TIM KINCADE. THE FILM WILL  
HAVE ITS WORLD PREMIERE ON MAY 26 AT MANHATTAN'S LIMELIGHT CLUB AND ALL G.G. READ-  
ERS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND!! (SEND AN SASE C/O OUR ADDRESS FOR FREE PASSES !!!!)

Most doomcasters who predicted the imminent end of movie theatres as a result of the VCR revolution postulated that the first genre of cinema to feel this effect would be the grade B and exploitation releases, with major studio productions experiencing a significant attendance fall-off soon afterward. Each of the nine films reviewed in this issue of the G.C. performed abysmally at the box office, lending some credence to this formerly-outlandish prediction. Gorehounds are urged not to get lazy and wait around until recent gore releases pop up in their local video stores. Remember, the total sleaze experience is not only in the film itself. The urine-stenched and jizz-encrusted theatre, wild trailers, and babbling ethnic masses all contribute to the enjoyment and wild vicariousness of a trip to the grindhouse, none of which can be experienced by sitting comfortably at home in the squallor of your apartment. Low-budget and exploitation films cannot continue to be produced for sale solely to video and without consistent gorehound patronage, downtown urban theatres will become extinct -- so get up off your ass and go the the movies, save your VCR for viewing obscurities and unreleased oddities only!

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR: Pity the plight of Penelope Spheeris, gut-wrenching exploita-tress/director supreme, who either because of her sex or outspoken nihilistic political stance is relegated to the dreaded art house lobster film circuit with nearly all of her releases. Both THE RISE AND FALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION and SUBURBIA (an excellent documentary and drama respectively on the 1980's burgeoning hardcore punk scene) were never released to mainstream theatres, with this past winter's flawed HOLLYWOOD VICE SQUAD (which did go wide) hastily directed for hack Sandy Howard seemingly for some quick rent money. Unfortunately, with THE BOYS NEXT DOOR, New World Pictures has chosen to put Spheeris back on the art pedestal again as this violent 88 minute portrait of two teen psychopaths played only near N.Y.'s Lincoln Center and one gender-blender Greenwich Village shoebox instead of 42nd Street and Broadway where it clearly belonged. Two neo-illiterate California high school graduates decide to spend a last wild weekend in L.A. before embarking on a blue collar future as factory workers in a steel mill. This wild weekend entails such festivities as smashing in of the skull of an Iranian gas station attendant, beating and shooting a homo, blowing the brains out of a necking couple, splitting the skull of an old woman with a beer bottle and the rape/strangulation of an aging hippie woman before the eventual shoot-out with the police in a trendy L.A.

shopping mall, all in the course of 48 hours! Easily Spheeris' best work to date, ST. ELMO'S FIRE rejects Maxwell Caulfield and Charlie Sheen shine as the brain-twisted dorks with Penelope adding hefty doses of graphic gore and unflinching sadism that had most art bears heading for the exit doors before a half hour of the film had unspooled. If gorehounds get a chance to catch up with this elusive gem, ignore the hopelessly misdirected homosexual overtones New World has concocted for their ad and poster campaign: THE BOYS NEXT DOOR is gritty exploitation at its best that deserves a shot at area third world venues.

THE TOXIC AVENGER- After endless lavish photo spreads in Fangoria and heavy doses of company-induced hype for well over a year now, the long-awaited TOXIC AVENGER limped into N.Y. in a butchered 84 minute format shorn of almost all of Jennifer Aspinall's heavily-touted gore effects. Originally running nearly 100 minutes when screened last May at the Cannes Film Festival, the weak-willed directors at Troma Releasing knuckled under to the threats of an X-rating from the MPAA and cut a full 16 minutes out of the final release version in order to secure an R. What footage remains relegates TOXIC AVENGER to a corny T&A monster comedy in this derivative tale of a 98 pound nerd who falls into some cannisters of radioactive waste and becomes an INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN-like crimefighting creature intent on cleaning out the crooks and hooligans from a small country town (Boonton, NJ - your editor's alma mater). Along the way the film is packed with the expected level of formula Troma staples: mucho bare breasts, banal humor and bad acting, until the monster is saved from death at the hands of a villainous mayor in a contrived finale. To add further alienation, the gore cuts were made poorly so that the bloodthirsty can easily tell what the're missing in well over a dozen scenes. Troma promises (wait a minute, be careful there!) that all the missing footage will be restored when TOXIC AVENGER is released on video this September, but as it stands now the film emerges an unsatisfying goretease that is best passed up by all.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY- After having reaped millions of dollars over the past six years with their FRIDAY THE 13TH series, the execs at Paramount Pictures decided to set their sights on another calendar date in hopes of starting an equally-lucrative sister series. Utilizing many of the F.T.T series' production crew, APRIL falls flat in its attempt to set up a psycho-slasher whodunnit within the framework of an unfunny yuppie send-up. Sultry heiress Deborah Foreman invites eight of her well-healed college chums for an April Fool's

weekend at the family's secluded island mansion. Amidst endless inane pranks, an unseen assailant begins bumping off the teen snobs one by one in goreless, off-screen snuffings. The bogus "trick ending" is telegraphed early on in APRIL's stupifyingly dull 88 minute length, leaving patrons who thought they were going to see a new "Jason sensation" screaming for admission refunds when the house lights come up. To further illustrate just how awful APRIL FOOL'S DAY really is, the G.G. staff caught the film at a screening at the Paramount Pictures screening room. At this supposed "highbrow" event, a narcoleptic projectionist skipped the entire forth reel of the film without us, the rest of the press nor any of the coke-addled Paramount brass catching the error until the presentation's end when the running time didn't check out. It is doubtful there could be a truer test of a turkey!

3:15 THE MOMENT OF TRUTH- The gang-war film, a sub-genre begun back in 1979 with Walter Hill's THE WARRIORS, has just about reached the nadir of its popularity cycle if box office reponse to this newest entry is any barometer. Adam Baldwin (hulking do-gooder from MY BODYGUARD) stars in this tautly-packaged low budgeter as an ex-gang member turned studious jock who is falsely accused of assisting narcotics cops on a drug raid against his former comrades. Psychotic gang leader Cinco Rodriguez taunts Baldwin for the balance of the flick's 95 minutes, eventually ordering the assault of his girlfriend Deborah Foreman (slumming for the second time this month) and calling for a duel to the death on the high school grounds at the time of this epic's title. Until that blood-drenched finale, director Larry Gross packs 3:15 with enough realistic beatings, slashings and naked sluts of every denomination to help gorehounds forget they've been through this plot a zillion times before. A fine example of the dangerous trend warned about in our opening editorial; in past years a film of this caliber would have had them lining up on 42nd Street for a block to see the nasty wetback gang get their just desserts, but 3:15 brought in less than \$100,000 in one week at over 50 locations in the metro area. Support independent sleaze - see 3:15 today!

EYES OF FIRE- At a time when most gore and horror efforts are berated for their lack of originality, you gotta give screenwriter/director Avery Crounse an A for effort in concocting cinema's first zombie epic set in pre-Revolutionary America's frontier days. At that point the cudis stop as EYES is a ponderous, confusing mess concerning a group of religious reformers who are cast out of a

Puritan village and set out to build their own settlement in a Shaunee Indian valley that is reputedly haunted. Some unintelligible mumbo-jumbo about the land containing the blood of history's persecuted minions gives way to a nifty special effects showcase consisting of living trees, psychedelic protoplasm and a band of faceless living dead killers that rise from the murky earth at the film's finale, but this can't hope to rescue the 60 odd minutes of talky exposition and sheer tedium that lead up to this all-too-short segment. Filmed back in 1983 under the title of CRYING BLUE SKY, the flick ran what must have been an interminable 106 minutes before being thrown to N.Y.'s perennial film scavenger Terry Levene (Aquarius Releasing) who lopped off 16 minutes and devised the more marketable EYES OF FIRE campaign. Even with this facelift, EYES OF FIRE is soporific at best and recommended for pioneer gorehounds only.

CRITTERS- A quick glance at the publicity surrounding this sci-fi quickie from New Line Cinema would lead one to believe that it is merely another fast-buck GREMLINS rip-off, but Dominic Muir's wry, witty screenplay and same nifty creature special effects enable CRITTERS to rise above its obvious budgetary limitations. A band of tiny interplanetary "Krites" escape from their prison asteroid and crash-land on a Kansas farm where they spend the balance of the flick's quick 85 minutes terrorizing typecast alien/monster victim Dee Wallace Stone and her rural family. A sub-plot concerning a pair of galactic alien bounty hunters who shoot up most of the Kansas countryside in TERMINATOR fashion add to the brisk comic-book pace of this neo-parody. Gorehounds should not be put off by the film's PG-13 rating, as the monsters' (who resemble Tasmanian Devil-ish furballs, and even say "fuck!" when they get mad) attacks are fairly violent, displaying an ample amount of bloodspurting and flesh-tearing usually not found in the parameters of this rating. Hard core sadists will scoff as by the film's finale only one person is actually killed, but overall CRITTERS is an enjoyable (albeit derivative) trash tidbit that will amuse horror fans of all ages.

MURPHY'S LAW- Sleaze fans should give a special commendation to Charles Bronson who over the past three years has consistently shirked artistic merit of any degree in an attempt to bring us the most base, violent and racially-stereotyped exploitation potboilers around. Whether blowing away Negroes in the ever-popular DEATHWISH series or saving poor Hispanics who get their testicles nailed to the floor by Nazi war criminals in THE EVIL

**THAT MEN DO**, one can always count on Charlie to deliver something to offend everyone. **MURPHY'S LAW** continues this trend as the aging swashbuckler portrays an alcoholic detective accused of slaughtering his ex-wife and her lover in a fit of a drunken rage. The real culprit is Carrie Snodgrass (ex-Mrs. Neil Young), a murdering psychopath whom Bronson had arrested 15 years ago. Upon her release from prison, she seeks revenge on all involved in her conviction and vows to make Bronson suffer the tortures of hell before murdering him as well. The wild (but preposterous) storyline has Charlie break out of prison hand-cuffed to a foul-mouthed punkette he'd arrested hours before and the pair's attempt to trap Snodgrass while eluding pursuing police and the mafia (who are after him for insulting one of their cheftain's mothers in the first reel!). Action hack J. Lee Thompson (**HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME**, etc.) packs the flick with non-stop action, gobs of gratuitous violence and even a dash of nudity to make **MURPHY'S LAW** an 1980's update of **PLAY MISTY FOR ME** and a must-see for fans of relentless action and excessive bloodshed.

**LOW BLOW**- Not much room left as we go to press, but this Grade-Z no-budgeter features the reutrn of the most out of shape kung fu fighter in showbiz, Leo Fong, and his battle to rescue Troy Donahue's daughter from the clutches of religious cult leader Cameron Mitchell and his evil black henchwoman Karma. On paper this might sound like a scream, but Fong acts worse in this epic than he did in **KILLPOINT** (his last vanity outing) with the usually hilarious Mitchell reduced to rambling mantras and prayers with Jew stars painted on his cheeks. Little else happens in the sourse of this stinker, with director Frank Harris literally giving a text-book example about how to make the most boring film possible. Originally titled **SAVAGE SUNDAY**, West Coast distributor Crown International changed the title when they picked **LOW BLOW** up for domestic distribution. This certainly described the flick more accurately - the budget is low and it really does blow!

**CUT AND RUN**- Ruggero Deodato, master of Italy's gross-out cannibal atrocities like **THE LAST SURVIVOR** and **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** brings us this confusing American co-production concerning cocaine piracy in the Colombian Andes. A top-notch cast of some of the best sleaze veterans (Richard Lynch, Michael Berryman, Gabrielle Tinti and - what's she doing here? - Karen Black) is wasted in this tedious, jumbled and ultimately unintelligible jungle adventure. Gorehounds lured by the Deodato presence will be sorely disappointed

as New world Pictures (the American partners) sternly ordered the entrails and patented Italo ultra-violence kept out of this epic. As such **CUT AND RUN** is of no real interest and recommended to cocaine film completists only!

**FOR SALE:** Original one-sheet posters from the following films: Tobe Hooper's new **INVADERS FROM MARS**, **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II**, **ALIENS**, Lamberto Bava's **DEMON**, 1958's **FIEND WITHOUT A FACE** and the classic **POOR WHITE TRASH PT. 2**. All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1.00 postage). Supplies are limited, so send your checks or money orders off today to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome!

**RARE VIDEOS:** Good quality copies of the completely uncut **NEW YORK RIPPER** (Lucio Fulci's X-rated exercise in sex and gore that still remains unreleased in the U.S.), the full Italian cut of Dario Argento's **PHENOMINON** (butchered domestically down to 83 minutes and released here as **CREEPERS**, this version runs a full 105 minutes!), Umberto Lenzi's classic cannibal romp **DOOMED TO DIE**, the perennial 42nd St. favorite **THE PSYCHOPATH**, and **MANDINGO MANHUNTER**, a wild sleaze outing from the folks who brought us **MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY** concerning an 8 foot giant naked Negro with bloody popping eyes who brutally rapes women and then eats their sex organs! Easily the **G.G.** find of the year! All titles are in **VHS ONLY**! and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!! Send checks or money orders to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address.

The **G.G.** Film Series continues sucessfully at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Avenue) in Manhattan. The program for the next few weeks is as follows:

**5/14: ILSA, TIGRESS OF SIBERIA**- The first NY screening of the third unreleased Ilsa epic!

**5/21: WILD GUITAR**- From the folks who brought you **EEGAH!**, classic 60's sleaze concerning frantic rockabilly, booze, drugs and diseased women. Booked by popular demand!

**5/28: I HATE YOUR GUTS**- A/K/A **FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE**, this 1977 obscurity is easily the most racist film we've ever seen. What better way to highlight our third annual Negro night!

**6/4: MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS**- The legendary Bruce Planty said this 50's classic would draw a big crowd. Come out and watch his balls get sliced off if it doesn't! All shows start at 8:00 PM sharp and feature the famous **G.G.** trailer reels. \$3 admission.

**COMING: DYANNE "ILSA" THORNE IN PERSON**



**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 84



A FORLORN ZOMBIE LASS SADLY REALIZES THAT SHE HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO ONE OF THE THREE "WORLD'S BIGGEST LIES" WHILE A SEXUALLY SATISFIED DEMON GLOATS OVER HIS CONQUEST IN DEMONS, THE LONG-AWAITED COLLABORATION BETWEEN DARIO ARGENTO AND LAMBERTO BAVA. THIS DISGUSTING LITTLE GEM EASILY HAS THE INSIDE TRACK FOR THE COVETED G.G GORE-FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD AND COULD HAVE BEEN A MAJOR SPLATTER CLASSIC--IF IT ONLY HAD A PLOT.....

the issue's G.G. preamble, we lambasted readers for their apathetic stance at the plight of urban grindhouses who have experienced an attendance fall-off of up to 40% since the beginning of 1986. Citing the current VCR revolution as the prime cause for sleazemongers' non-attendance, this past month brought to light a situation which might further explain why low budget horror and exploitation fare has reached a box-office nadir: extremely poor quality. Nearly all of the seven films reviewed in this issue of the G.G. were a chore to sit through, with both major and independent film companies releasing some of the worst-crafted, plot-devoid abominations seen in recent memory. Could it be that the bulk of the "fast lane" film industry has finally coked itself out to a point where they are unable to produce even low budget product with some semblance of coherence? You'd think so after viewing this dirty half-dozen. We're not letting lazy VCR-mezmerized gorehounds off the hook, but if film distributors want to get folks back to the theatres, they'll have to coax them with much better stuff than this!

IN THE SHADOW OF KILIMANJARO- Sporting one of the worst titles ever hung on a horror film, this 1984 filmed-in-Kenya epic concerns a supposed "true" event wherein a severe drought caused 90,000 baboons to go berserk and begin feasting on unsuspecting tribal Ubangis. Director Raju Patel couldn't decide whether he wanted to re-make BORN FREE or CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST as SHADOW awkwardly mixes lush African nature panoramas with grisly Umberto Lenzi-esque scenes of monkeys chewing off various limbs, torsos and faces of supporting cast members. Add an unnecessary sub-plot concerning wildlife ranger Timothy Bottoms and his visiting wife who wants him to return to Beverly Hills under the threat of divorce and the flicks overlong 97 minutes reach unbearable boredom that is never really alleviated by seeing some baboons graphically chomp up a Negro every 15 minutes. An unbearably cony cop-out ending really puts the final nail in the coffin of this clunker, leaving IN THE SHADOW OF KILIMANJARO a tedious gore-streamlined version of OUT OF AFRICA that is best left forgotten.

DANGEROUSLY CLOSE- Nearly a decade ago a gritty little exploitationer called MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH raised some eyebrows in both urban venues and lobster art circles with a highly original tale of a group of rich WASP teen fascists who hold a school in the thrall of terror with their hatred of minorities and extreme code of ethics that indiscriminately used torture and murder to control their peers. Screenwriters Scott

Fields and John Stockwell must have known the film well as DANGEROUSLY CLOSE is so derivative of MASSACRE that it could border on outright plagiarism. Originally filmed under the title CHOICE KILL, low budget director Albert Pyun (SWORD & THE SORCERER, etc.) takes an MTV-like approach to the 80's-updated storyline, adding annoying fluid camera movements, color-coordinated set design, a new wave soundtrack and a flawlessly attractive cast to give the film a look and feel of a 95 minute music video. Younger sleazemongers who haven't seen the original film may get off on the implied Nazism, sadistic torture and effective (if sparse) bloodletting, but geriatric gorehounds will be jaded knowing that the story was done much more effectively in MASSACRE ten years ago with far more explosive violence. As such, DANGEROUSLY CLOSE can only be recommended as a pretentious, overblown "psychotic yuppies on the loose" unintentional comedy.

MOUNTAINTOP MOTEL MASSACRE- New World Pictures must have known they really had a dud on their hands with this opus as they only made up 22 prints of the film to be released regionally throughout the country. That scant number may have even been too many as MOUNTAINTOP, a product of the mutant father/-son production team of Jim McCullough Jr. & Sr., is one of the most inept, plodding bores to hit the New York metro area since THE ALCHEMIST last January. So awful that it must have been produced to launder drug money or conceal some other nefarious act, the film concerns a fat old inkeeper named Evelyn who is released from a mental institution and returns to her motel where she begins knocking off her daughter and eventually passing guests with a rusty old garden sythe until a sheriff wrestles her to the ground in the flick's "breath-taking" finale, an interminable 95 minutes later. That's it.... No question as to the identity of the killer, no mysterious motives, no satanic possession, no abundant nudity, nothing - just a crusty old bag who stalks her victims with an obese waddle! The McCulloughs even use the most mundane and restrained gore effects when depicting the killings, leaving MOUNTAINTOP MOTEL MASSACRE a strong contender for being the worst mad-slasher film made to date. Far too long and talky to be acceptable on even a Grade Z level, this film is a textbook example of our gripe in the opening editorial.

POLTERGEIST II- Pity the poor Freeling family, brainchildren of Hollywood whiz-kid Steven Spielberg, who first had their cushy suburban California house devoured by demons in the 1982 box office mega-smash POLTERGEIST and now must return for further humiliation

in a talky, budget-slashed sequel that looks as if it were made for TV. This time out sans the winning stroke of Mr. S, screenwriters Mark Victor and Michael Grais have concocted a hokey, confusing explanation involving colonial religious zealots and American Indian folklore to show why those pesky spectres have followed the Freelings across state lines into their new residence in Arizona. Richard Englund's special effects including some nifty monsters and rotting zombies are pretty imaginative, but since II obviously had about 1/5 of the production budget of the original it lacks the rip-roaring "everything but the kitchen sink" visual orgy of the first film and subsequently falls flat. The returning original cast seems lackluster as well, with the four years between films carving an indelible "we're only in it for the money" look on even the faces of the child actors. Calculated jolts are grossly mis-timed and the final confrontation between the Freelings and the evil spirits is sorely disappointing, leaving POLTERGEIST II a delight to only the MGM Board of Directors who will no doubt reap mucho dinero from this limp sequel merely on the reputation of its predecessor. Skip it!

**DEMONS**— Easily the greatest disappointment so far this year, this long-awaited collaboration between Italian goremeisters Dario Argento and Lamberto Bava (son of Mario) is by far one of the goriest, sleaziest, sickest, most disgusting outings to come down the pike in a long time, but unfortunately the unrelenting repugnance is framed within a completely illogical storyline that would lead one to believe that these two repected pastamen had their proboscises buried in the blow jar throughout production. Argento sets up his standard way-out surreal plot—commuters are given free passes to a sneak preview at a strange forboding cinema with the action of the horror film being screened soon spilling out into the audience who become pus-oozing, flesh-eating, rabid zombies after one of them is scratched by the death mask of the prophet Nostradamus. From there, **DEMONS** becomes 85 minutes of non-stop first rate flesh-chomping, eye-gouging, vomiting, clawing, hacking, dismembering insanity that will have fans of hard core depravity salivating in the aisles and is certain to insure the flick the title of G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR for 1986. But the fact that these state-of-the-art gore pyrotechnics are left to flounder amidst a non-existant plot, glaring story inconsistancies, undeveloped characters and a cheesy cop-out ending, **DEMONS** emerges a mindless gorefix that doesn't come close to realizing its full potential. (Though a big letdown,



**ILSA AT THE DIVE**— DYANNE THORNE, SULTRY BEAUTY AND STAR OF THE LEGENDARY ILSA SLEAZE CLASSICS MADE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE G.G. FILM SERIES AT THE DIVE IN MANHATTAN ON JUNE 4. APPEARING ABOVE WITH HER UNIDENTIFIED YOUNG STUD, THE LUSCIOUS SLEAZE QUEEN SPOKE TO A PACKED HOUSE FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, DELIVERING ANECDOTES, SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS AND DISPLAYING AMPLE CLEAVAGE TO NEARLY 100 DROOLING FANS !!!

the film is still worth catching when compared to its current competition!)

**INVADERS FROM MARS**— Tobe Hooper has had a pretty rough time over the past dozen years. After hitting commercial success as a low-budget rural sleaze wizard in 1973 with the classic TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, he was soon whisked away to Hollywood where before he knew it, he was given free reign to helm multi-million dollar productions. This poor little fish soon began to flounder in such

big waters with flop after flop being added to his track record from the embarrassing **FUNHOUSE** to his reported nervous collapse while directing **POLTERGEIST** right up through last summer's jumbled \$20 million disaster **LIFEFORCE**. Unfortunately, Hooper's sad saga drags on as **INVADERS FROM MARS** is an insipid attempt at camp and fright that once again proves the poor guy has trouble handling huge projects. Gorehounds are no doubt familiar with the **INVADERS** plot via the 1953 original; and the usually-creative Dan O'Bannon merely apes the predecessor in his flat screenplay, throwing in some corny dialogue and film nerd homages in a lame attempt at camp humor. Similar in smug tone and plodding execution to last summer's **THE EXPLORERS**, **INVADERS** takes a full 3/4 of an hour to get rolling and by then even Stan Winston's slimy Martian creations cannot save the film from being a crushing bore. Add to all this a cast that reads like a veritable "Who's Who of Hollywood Has-Beens" (Karen Black, Louise Fletcher, Timothy Bottoms, etc.), violence and F/X kept safely with the film's PG rating and **INVADERS FROM MARS** adds up to become a lackluster remake best left unmade. Hooper should go back to his Grade Z roots and churn out more sick quickies like his classic **EATEN ALIVE** before attempting anymore big budget blowouts!

**GIRLS SCHOOL SCREAMERS**- The scum-sucking scavengers at New York's Troma (we'll distribute anything) Releasing reach an all-time low with this trite, no-budget slasher dud concerning a group of college co-eds who spend a weekend cataloging antiques and rare art at a deserted eerie mansion. After nearly an hour of banal sexual innuendos (with no nudity whatsoever), the girls begin getting systematically snuffed in low gore fashion by an unseen assailant. Originally filmed back in 1984 as **THE PORTRAIT**, by the time the psycho is revealed to be a disfigured millionaire with a passion for incest in the flick's final ten minutes, most gorehounds will have wisely long exited the theatre or be watching the inside of their own eyelids before this hokey finale. Tediously long at its scant 83 minutes **GIRLS SCHOOL SCREAMERS** is yet another in a long line of Troma deceptions that dupe patrons with a juicy ad and poster campaign, but end up being embarrassingly amateur student films. Don't even consider this turd!

**R.I.P. G.G. FILM SERIES**- Sadly, on the night of Dyanne Thorne's appearance the management of The Dive in Manhattan informed us that that would be the last night the club would be open. Citing innumerable problems with insurance, landlords, etc., NY's finest

music/movie sleaze mecca has closed its doors permanently. After being the home of the weekly **G.G. Film** series for over three wild, fun-packed years, we'd like to take the time out to offer our sincere condolences and warmest thanks to the current owners Voots, Jack & Mack for putting up with some pretty offensive presentations and a rampantly beer-smuggling crowd. Best of luck in future endeavors, dudes! While on the subject, anyone who knows of a spot in Manhattan willing to harbor the finest in demented movies are urged to write c/o our masthead logo as there are at least 50 NY metro area gorehounds who no longer know what to do with their Wednesday nights (Club owners note: they have insatiable alcohol thirsts.) Help us please!

After zillions of requests, we've updated our video vaults and are now ready with an all-new **G.G. PRIVATE VIDEO LIBRARY LISTING** featuring some titles we don't dare offer in our regular print ads as well as some rare rock items and related genre curios. A paltry \$3 nets you a copy of this top secret file and your three bucks will be refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order today to the **G.G.** today c/o our masthead logo.

**RARE VIDEOS:** Good quality copies of **I HATE YOUR GUTS** (a wild US-made rarity from 1978 that brought the crowd to their feet screaming at a recent Dive presentation and is most aptly described as a racist version of **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**), **CANNIBAL TERROR** (the latest in entrail-munching excess from our snuff-happy pals in Italy), **NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR** (a little-seen late 70's grisly axe murder opus), **BARN OF THE NAKED DEAD** (our choice for the best horror title in the history of horror cinema, this chunk-blower has torture, freaks and nudity all tied up in one terse 90 minute package-recommended!), **CARNIVAL OF SOULS** (the uncut version of the ethereal living death classic) and **MURDERROCK** (Lucio Fulci's unreleased-in-the-US mix of gore and breakdancing!). All titles are in **VHS ONLY!** and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!! Send checks or money orders to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead address.

**HELP SAVE THE G.G. FILM FESTIVAL!**



# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 85



BEWARE AMERICA!! PICTURED ABOVE IS THE ORIGINAL CANNIBAL BREAKFAST CLUB WHO'LL BE ROARING INTO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD ON AUGUST 22 AFTER A 12 YEAR SCREEN HIATUS WHEN THE LONG-AWAITED TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE PART 2 IS UNLEASHED NATIONWIDE. CANNON FILMS HAS DECIDED TO RELEASE THE FILM UNRATED AND WITH 60'S DRUG MUTANT DENNIS HOPPER IN THE TITLE ROLE, IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT EVEN PERPETUAL BUNGLER TOBE HOOPER COULD SCREW UP THIS POTENTIAL SHOE-IN FOR 1986'S COVETED G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR AWARD!!

Before diving headlong into this summer season's uncharacteristic bumper crop of sleaze fare, a sincere apology goes out to V. Vale and Andrea Juno, publisher of San Francisco's Re/Search for not plugging sooner their stupefyingly excellent issue #10 INCREDIBLY

STRANGE FILMS which is a 225 page smorgasbord of in-depth analysis, interviews, and rare photos spanning the entire era of exploitation films. It doesn't come much better than this, so gorehounds should not balk at sending off \$15 for a postpaid copy of the excellent

retrospect to Re/Search, 20 Romolo St., S. B San Francisco, CA 94133 before the limited stock is depleted. Thanks to the kind folks at Re/Search for listing the G.G. in their "recommended" publications appendix, but please change the annual subscription rate from \$8 to our regular \$13 - we're making enemies fast!

**SWEET AND SAVAGE** - Popping up on 42 St. for a scant 5-day run in early June, this pretentious, arty shockudrama from Italy's Antonio Climati is a lumbering attempt to mix wildlife husbandry, curious religious sect activities, and existential philosophy via its prosaic, lobsterific narration that is really only an excuse to show nudity and real-life animal mutilations throughout its tedious 93 minute running time. Almost identical in execution to 1981's **SAVAGE MAN, SAVAGE BEAST** with its repugnant depictions of ground round time at the slaughterhouse and the bloody impaling of a school of dolphins (amongst other atrocities), even the minions of 42 St. know when their intelligence (and their wallets) are being insulted as **SWEET AND SAVAGE** was pulled from the posh Liberty Theatre before its full week run and labelled a box office disaster. We couldn't agree more, and hope that this will end the tide of low-brow animal snuff import documentaries once and for all!

**THUNDER RUN** - In this new VCR era where low-budget exploitation quickies are failing to recoup even their advertising expenses via theatrical release, Cannon Films wisely decided to eschew any print or TV ads and offer this Grade Z actioneer to NY metro theatres for a flat \$100 per week in hopes of gaining even a miniscule return on their investment. Largely lumped at the bottom half of double bills at area venues, **THUNDER** is a rather vapid derivation of the **ROAD WARRIOR** theme featuring grizzled old alky Forrest Tucker (**CRAWLING EYE, COSMIC MONSTERS**) as a retired trucker hired by a mysterious government intelligence agency to drive a plutonium shipment across the desert to a hidden missile installation. Why the U.S. would hire Forrest and his brat pack grandson to drive a shaky rig when they have the Marines, Army, etc. at their disposal is the burning question throughout this 91 minute clunker as cheesy new-wave terrorists attack the duo to obtain the plutonium for their world revolution. Director Gary Hudson does what he can with the flick's non-existent budget, staging some neat vehicle crashes and brassy explosive pyrotechnics, but the lack of graphic gore or any nudity (the film's rated PG-13) relegates **THUNDER RUN** a poverty row made-for-TV throwaway, recommended for card-carrying members of the Forrest Tucker fan club only!

**AMERICA 3000** - Released simultaneously with the

above \$100 a week special by Cannon, this campy gem was scheduled for an August '86 theatrical release but was subsequently sentenced to the scrap heap after being laughed off the screen at the Cannes Film Festival last May. Filmed in Israel under the aegis of the legendary Golan & Globus tag team, **3000** is a quirky post-nuke adventure yarn concerning a future where clans of barbarian women rule the Earth and enslave all men since they believe them to be responsible for the planet's holocaust. Prophecies tell the girls of the coming of the President who will someday restore order and balance to the chaotic world. Of course, a crafty caveman soon discovers a gold lame' radioactivity insulation suit and helmet along with laser rifles and a ghetto blaster (?) in a time capsule and poses as the President to get over sexually on the unsuspecting cave mamas. Other sub-plots throughout the film's 92 minutes include an evil band of lesbian brutes who seek to expose the President as a fraud, a group of handsome slave mer who are kept merely as "semen seeders," and a 7 1/2 foot ape man who instantly clams the ghetto blaster for his own and spends the balance of the flick grooving to disco (which should set off the NAACP screaming racism), all of which keep this oh-so-dumb epic moving along at a brisk pace leaving **AMERICA 3000** a corn pone success describable only as a **PREHISTORIC WOMEN** for the 80's!

**PSYCHO III** - Though trashed by most mainstream critics as an insult to the Hitchcock legend, this low-key third installment of the Norman Bates saga is packed with enough black humor and sardonic wit to make ol' Alfred grin in his grave. Underrated actress Diana Scarwid plays a shy nun who is torn between religion and strong sexual urges who flees to the quiet sanctuaries of the Bates Motel after an unsuccessful suicide attempt leaves a fellow sister dead. She soon falls for Norman who has his share of sexual hang-ups as well, (including the fact that she's a dead ringer for Janet Leigh), and the two seemed destined to become the special education couple of 1986 until mysterious disappearances of customers and townsfolk cause mucho persecution for Norman (and his mom). Directed by Norman himself, Tony Perkins crafts an involving whodunnit introducing various support characters who all would have motives for committing the murders as well, while giving gorehounds an adequate dose of violent killing, stabbing, dismemberment, as well as a dose of explicit sex, all served up amidst some of the sickest one-liners and visuals since **EATING RAOUL**, giving the entire film an underlying sense of camp. Perkins does chew the scenery a bit too much as the love-anguished Norman, but **PSYCHO III** still emerges a grisly little winner that should not be ignored by those who usually scoff at major studio buck-snarfing sequels.





**G.G. EXCLUSIVE!** FROM HIS SUMMER HOME AT CRYSTAL LAKE, JASON VOORHEES RESPONDS TO THE CRITICS WHO FEEL THAT THE FRIDAY THE 13TH SERIES SHOULD HAVE BEEN LAID TO REST YEARS AGO. (Photo: Harry P. Ness)

**BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA-** One week after its July 3 release, this epic was better known as "Profuse Losses For 20th Century Fox" in film industry circles as the John Carpenter mega-buck actioneer inexplicably sounded a resounding thud at the box office. Admittedly a tenuous undertaking, Carpenter's attempt at concocting cinema's first adventure/comedy/kung fu/ghost story/monster movie is a wild, directionless, 100-minute roller coaster ride that pays little attention to plot explanation, or continuity, but erupts into a non-stop visual onslaught that makes **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** look like **MY DINNER WITH ANDRE**. Kurt Russell plays John Wayne-clone Jack Burton, a surly pig-trucker mixed up in a supernatural empire that lies beneath San Francisco's Chinatown. He and some slope head buddies attempt to rescue two sultry green-eyed women who have been kidnapped by a 2,000 year old sorcerer named Lo Pan for the purpose of youth rejuvenation. Along the way, the band fights unrelenting onslaughts of Ninja assassins, zombies, ghost warriors, bushido blade attacks, slime-bleeding monsters and even a floating blob

with an eyeball in unrelenting comic book pace and surprisingly graphic gore considering **CHINA's** PG-13 rating. Russell's lame Duk impressions do get a bit grating after while, but **BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA** is manic action delight that did not deserve such audience apathy and critical lambasting. Catch it!

**ALIENS-** Perhaps after nearly six years of churning out this rag we've become jaded, but this summer's biggest box office smash from newly-proclaimed Hollywood whiz kid James Cameron amounts to nothing more than an extremely overlong 140 minute mediocrity that could have been more accurately titled **MRS. RAMBO MEETS THE SPACE MONSTERS**. Taking extreme liberties with Ridley Scott's 1977 original, Cameron picks up his sequel 57 years later when Sigourney Weaver awakens from hyper-space hibernation to spin her monster tale to disbelieving authorities. They soon give credence to her warnings, however, as contact is mysteriously lost with a 15 person space colony living on the planet where Weaver claims to have discovered the beasts' nests. Saddled with an obnoxious crew of intergalactic marines, Sigourney and Co. find the colony devastated upon her return and soon are up against alien spawn by the dozens eager to devour them. Cameron stalls a full 6 minutes before showing any monsters, and then tends to lean heavier on firepower than bloodletting as the warriors battle the monsters with Chuck Norris-esque displays of exaggerated weaponry. Even Stan Winston's creature effects are a far cry from the slimy reptilian horror conceptualized in the first movie by H.R. Giger. Annoyingly displayed only in rapid cuts, Winston's aliens look like Keweenaw Jelly-drenched models salvaged from **THE DEADLY SPAWN** archives and are more likely to elicit laughs than screams. Weaver's constant pseudo-dyke macho bullshit is annoying as well, and her dialogue during the finale showdown with the big mama alien ("Come and get me, you bitch!") is stupid enough to go down in the Ebbett's Free Hall Of Fame, but at least it shows why the usually anti-gore Village Voice gave it a rave review. As for us, marathon liberated monster epics that are low on gore and high on tedium do not make a classic, and **ALIENS** clocks in as a disappointing sequel that comes nowhere close to realizing its full potential.

**MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE-** Having consistently panned Steven King over the years for virtually all of his cinematic ventures (**CAT'S EYE**, **CHRISTINE**, **SILVER BULLET**, ad nauseum), the humble staff of the **G.G.** are forced to eat crow and commend the dude on his first directorial effort. Expanding on his short story **TRUCK**, King combines a blaring AC/DC metal soundtrack

much mindlessness, top-notch gore and carnage into a preposterous yet winning mix concerning a radioactive comet that causes mechanical devices on Earth to revolt and stalk humans. Though OVERDRIVE'S plot has larger holes than those found in your average brothel, King allows little time for viewers to dwell on absurdities, assaulting from the flick's outset with an onslaught of bloody car crashes, mutilating electric knives and chain saws, bodies being squished by steam rollers, heads run over by semis, etc. in an unending display of grisly violence that should have gorehounds howling with glee. Teen heartthrob Emilio Estevez is laughably upstaged here by a mass of blood and sinew-splattered truck bumpers; his awkward love interludes with gnarly tomboy Laura Harrington accounting for the flick's only dull moments. In short, MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE is 97 terse minutes of moronic, violent exploitation fluff--- the kind of film mainstream critics love to trash and G.G. readers thrive on!

VAMP- First time director Richard Wenk brings us this sharp little hybrid of last year's FRIGHT NIGHT and ONCE BITTEN that should stand as a textbook example of how to make a near-perfect gore comedy. Three teens are sent to retrieve a hooker as part of their fraternity pledge initiation and wind up at the mysterious After Dark Club where stripper/succubus Grace Jones lures degenerates and untraceables to the back room to satisfy her insatiable blood lust. One of the boys is bitten in grisly Lucio Fulci Italo flesh-munching style and his pal spends the balance of VAMP'S 94 minutes trying to save his remaining friend and escape the cursed club. Along for this wild ride is Sandy Baron as the cockroach-eating owner of the seedy dive, a gang of albino punks and various sultry negresses who sport tusk-length, rotting vampire fangs. Ebony space case Jones was born to play this role, and director Wenk times her appearances sparingly and without any dialogue so that when she does appear on screen, viewers know something depraved is about to occur. These events include the sudden tearing out of an inept employee's heart with her taloned claws, repulsively graphic throat chompings and her unexpected metamorphosis into a bald, saliva-dripping mutant, etc. that are certain to be lauded by horror fanatics, but may prove a bit much for mainstream moviegoers who thought the film to be a straight comedy via its misleading print ads. The flick's only shortcoming is that its overly-stylized lighting and arty camerawork make it look like an MTV epic length music video, but aside from that VAMP might just be the horror sleeper of the summer season!

FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 6- Not much space left as we go to press, but with a title like that, how could the film be anything else but a

parody? From the opening credits where the unflappable Jason imitates the patented James Bond intro through the finale where the hero taunts him by calling him "fuck head" and "maggot face", writer/director Tom McLaughlin crafts the flick as a gore cartoon. Clocking in at a scant 83 minutes, PT. 6's feeble plot revolves around young Tommy Jarvis (who as a kid killed Jason way back in F13:5) exhuming the body of the famed maniac from his grave to ensure that he is really dead. Of course, a coincidental lightning bolt strikes the maggot-rotted corpse and Jason is revived once again to continue his killing spree of copulating teens, burnt-out drunks and uppity ethnic types with various implements of mutilation. Nearly all 16 of the flick's murders required gore cuts to get an R rating from the MPAA, so gorehounds are urged not to blink during the mayhem lest they miss the few frames of bloodletting that made it intact to the final release print. The highlight of the film is easily the murder of Ron Palillo (the obnoxious wuss Arnold Horschack from the 1970's WELCOME BACK, KOTTER TV show) who gets his stomach torn out by Jason's bare hands at the film's beginning. (I guess the hockey-masked psycho thought the show really sucked, too!) In total, FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 6 is an entertaining, neo-slapstick gorefix for those who don't take their depravity too seriously.

RARE VIDEOS- Good quality copies of CANNIBAL GIRLS (a mid-70's Canadian rarity that featured the "gore warning bell" so you could look away if you didn't want to catch the despicable proceedings), THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND (one of the all-time G.G. favorites, this is the completely uncut theatrical print containing the rare intro encouraging you to drink some green blood before you watch the film), HOUSE BY THE CEMETARY (the complete 107 minute version of this Lucio Fulci splatter classic which ran only 83 minutes in the US-- contains lots more gore and is in English!), NOCHE DE WALPURGIS (released in the US in a heavily edited form as Werewolf Vs. The Vampire Women, this is the full uncut Spanish version of the Paul Naschy classic in complete X rated form, packed with gouts of gore and more Hispanic hooters and punky than you can shake a stick at! Note: This film is in Spanish, but its depravity level is multi-lingual), ILSA LIVE AT THE DIVE (a documentary filmed June 4, 1986 when the queen of exploitation appeared at the G.G. film series at The Dive in Manhattan on the unfortunate night of its closing. Features a lengthy speech, many anecdotes followed by Q&A and T&A., should prove invaluable to Johnson-working gorehounds. VHS ONLY! Send \$19.95 per title (plus \$2.50 postage) to the G.G., 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Allow 4 weeks delivery.

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J.  
07042. Subscriptions are \$13.00/yr. to cover postage.

# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 89



**G.G. EXCLUSIVE!**— THE PAIR OF TOASTED CADAVERS SHOWN ABOVE ARE THE FIRST UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS TO FALL PREY TO EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE FLESH-MUNCHING GOBLINS, THE EVIL DEAD IN THIS JUST-RELEASED STILL FROM EVIL DEAD II, SAM RAIMI'S LONG-AWAITED FOLLOW-UP TO WHAT MANY BELIEVE TO BE THE BEST HORROR FILM OF ALL TIME! THE FILM OPENS IN AN UNRATED VERSION ON MARCH 13 NATIONWIDE. DON'T MISS IT!!!

The post-holiday cinema lull has kept things pretty quiet on the exploitation front this month, with independent distributors unwilling to dump their product into theatres during a period where one serious snowstorm could knock out an entire weekend's gross, leaving a

low-budget producer with virtually no film rental income and an expensive advertising campaign bill left to pay. As such, less than a half dozen genre items have hit N.Y. metro area screens over the past several weeks, leaving us room this time out to keep readers abreast with related news on the G.G. home-

front (as well as to give us yet another sleazy excuse as to why this issue was so late)!. . . . The votes have finally been tabulated and it will surely come as a surprise to no one to learn that the much-coveted G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR award has been won by DEMONS, the 1986 Dario Argento/Lamberto Bava co-production import that had little coherent plot and a very confusing pace, but featured an unending barrage of depraved carnage and enough state-of-the-art grue to smooth over the flagrant story flaws. An interesting story to illustrate this point comes from the Fabian Theatre in Paterson, N.J. where the management informs us that during the month-long engagement of DEMONS at the hallowed urban venue, reels 3 and 4 were accidentally switched for the first three weeks of the playdate, the error remaining undetected by the usually-astute masses until a patron who actually worked on the English dubbing of the film brought it to the projectionist's attention. We rest our case! Anyway, in time-honored G.G. tradition, we usually feature a juicy shot from the GOREFILM OF THE YEAR winner on our cover, but the haughty dickweeds out at L.A.'s Ascot Entertainment (DEMONS' domestic distributor), when notified of their much-sought-after prize declined to accept it or even provide us with a still as "the company's image has significantly upgraded and we no longer wish to be connected with nor promote our exploitative corporate origins". Well, fu-u-u-u-uck you! The G.G. sincerely hopes that Ascot soon drowns in its own lobster bisque with this new "holier-than-thou" attitude. . . . While our back is up, we'd also like to sadly announce that our much-touted feature film project DEADLY METAL has been officially abandoned due to the lack of promised production funding. It seems that a group of Manhattan-based liars (oops!) lawyers enjoyed the pomp and circumstance surrounding the title of being executive producers (i.e., pre-production parties, casting couch auditions, lavish business cards and stationery, etc.), but when it came time to actually dig into their pockets to fork over production green, they were mysteriously "out-of-town", "unavailable" or "on two-week business junkets". As it became clear to us that tracking down our supposed benefactors was becoming harder than co-ordinating the actual film production, we threw in the towel and formally severed our partnership with them. If there are any wealthy philanthropists out there who wish to help finance the gore film of the century, please contact us. We have a copyrighted, full 108 page shooting script, complete budget breakdown and major casting completed, all available for your inspection. Serious inquiries only, please. (We need about \$250,000- a mere bag of shells!) The G.G. still sincerely believes that DEADLY METAL could kick some serious butt in the current anemic exploitation marketplace.

Can anyone help us? . . . . As announced in this issue, the GORE GAZETTE VIDEO STORE opened its doors late in January to a brisk influx of both rental and purchase business. However, when the smoke cleared after our first week of operations, we discovered that no less than four of our irreplaceable rare foreign masters had been ripped off by scoundrels renting tapes using phony identification. This revelation really hurt us a bit because we've always considered fellow gorehounds a demented, yet closely-knit family and to think that there are a number of thieving wormbags out there hiding behind smiling faces is a shocker indeed. As a result of this, we are forced to cease all videotape rentals at the store until further notice. Tapes will be available for sale only at our usual low prices and customers who already know the titles they want are urged to phone ahead at (201) 835-8448 so they can be copied for you while you make your trek across the New Jersey hinterlands. It's a shame that a few dinguses have to ruin it for everyone, but gorehounds are still urged to come out to 120 Wanaque Avenue, Pompton Lakes, N.J., say hello, and check out our selections of posters, T-shirts and an array of the rarest, most depraved video assortment on the east coast. (Note: mail orders are still handled care of our masthead address!) . . . . Lastly, to close what has to be our most pessimistic preamble to date, apologies to all customers who ordered the video RED HEAT offered in our last issue. Described as starring "Linda Blair and sadistic carpet muncher Sybil Danning", the flick actually pairs Blair and Sylvia (EMANUELLE) Kristel as adversaries. Several sleaze fans and no less than Danning's own personal agent wrote to bring this error to our attention, and we promise to make a better attempt to keep our screen queen Amazons straight in the future. . . . Anyway, since we've burnt up nearly 1/3 of this issue already with our nacent ramblings, let's take a look at what's been playing around:

THE KINDRED- The young filmmaking duo of Jeff Obrow and Stephen Carpenter jumps into the league of semi-big budget production with this enthralling, original monster saga concerning marine biology experiments gone awry at an isolated California beach community. After auspicious beginnings with 1982's Grade Z formula slasher dud THE DORM THAT DRIPPED BLOOD through 1984's much-improved THE POWER, the pair have obviously learned their craft well, with THE KINDRED having the professional look, gloss and f/x of a film released by a major studio. Borrowing heavily from the radiation monster sci-fi quickies of the halcyon 50's, the flick (originally titled CREATCHOID) spins a rather complex tale of a young genetics research scientist who learns of his mother's controversial cloning experi-

on her deathbed, and together with a group of fellow doctors, retreats to her country home to unearth her secrets. Along the way, the group encounters a mysterious femme fatale biologist interested in the same work as well as a sinister Rod Steiger who plays a deranged genius intent on claiming the dead woman's creations as his own. These turn out to be ALIEN-esque marine slime creatures of various sizes who individually rub out most of the research group throughout the course of the flick's 91 minutes until facing our protagonist, his fiance and Steiger in an ooze-drenched finale that should get gorehounds howling with glee. Much of the film's success should be credited to Michael McCracken and Matthew Mungle (an old Obrow/Carpeneter alumnus), whose nifty creature creations and grisly gore effects keep KINDRED moving along at a brisk pace and maintain interest through some overly talky slumps. The addition of Steiger here proves to be an unnecessary budget expense, as aside from being a potential audience-drawing name (but for a horror movie?), his hammy performance chews up more scenery than all of the slime monsters combined! These qualms aside, THE KINDRED is a well-made, entertaining pus-a-thon from a pair of horror-fans-turned-pro who may be Hollywood's whiz kids of tomorrow. Catch it!

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE- The entire concept of casting the obviously-European Rutger (THE BITCHER) Hauer as the fictional great-grandson of Steve McQueen's Americana bounty hunter character Josh Randall from the late 1950's western TV series of the same name is about as plausible as signing Barbra Streisand to play the Jew-killing daughter of Adolph Hitler in a prime time mini-series. The blow certainly must have been going around the New World offices when they gave the green light for this turkey! Exploitation master Gary Sherman (VICE SQUAD, etc.) does what he can with a non-existent script concerning Hauer being hired by his ex-CIA bosses to capture or kill a psychotic Arab terrorist (played by Gene Simmons of KISS in another stroke of bad casting) who is causing mucho mayhem throughout L.A. by pulling stunts like firebombing movie theatres where RAMBO is playing, slashing the throats of rabbis, etc. The flick takes nearly a full hour to get rolling, with its overlong 104 minutes rounded out with endless shots of Hauer scowling or static sequences of terrorist atrocities that are meticulously set up, but never deliver any degree of gore-drenched carnage. The film's last-minute finale where Hauer blows off Simmons' head by putting a hand grenade in his mouth and pulling the pin is worth it for those gorehounds who've had to listen to their younger siblings' KISS records too many times over the past couple of years, but for the rest of us WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE is merely an exploitative, rip-off bore



UNIDENTIFIED HIT MAN AND FLIPSIDE RECORDS PROPRIETOR DAN "GUINNESS" DONDIEGO CELEBRATE THE GRAND OPENING OF THE G.G. VIDEO STORE WITH THE CEREMONIAL BUTCHERING OF A POMP-TON LAKES VIRGIN IN FRONT OF THE STORE. that should be avoided at all costs!

WIRED TO KILL- With the American film market being glutted with MAD MAX imitative post-apocalyptic low budgeters from nearly every country in the free world, debuting U.S. director Franky Schaeffer unfortunately has as much chance as a snowball in hell in turning a profit from this well-intentioned no-budgeter that treads the same timeworn turf. Originally filmed as BOOBY TRAP, Schaeffer sets the plot in 1998 where following a devastating plague, survivors are forced to bend to the whim of packs of marauding mutant punks who rape, pillage and rob their way through the countryside. After one such attack, a resourceful teen (whose legs have been broken by the thugs) and his girlfriend get individual revenge on the gang via brutal sabotage. Aided by a SHORT CIRCUIT-like robot named Winston, the pair dispatch the goons in uniquely depraved styles (ie., a castrating motorcycle seat, an electrocuting walkman, substituting battery acid for cocaine, etc) that were originally filmed with some graphically grisly gore effects from Michele Burke, caveman concocter from QUEST FOR FIRE. Unfortunately, most of these were later edited out of the final release print after the threat of an X rating from the MPAA. Throughout the film, Schaeffer strives for production values well outside of his shoestring budget and as a result the flick has a haphazard pace with some major continuity problems. Though obviously a hard-wrought labor of love, WIRED TO KILL is far too flawed and derivative to make it worth the trip to your neighborhood

grindhouse.

**DEADTIME STORIES**- The month of January definitely sizes up as a "young director's showcase" in the N.Y. metro area with Jeff Delman making his directoral debut in this highly entertaining low budget anthology piece. Filmed sporadically between 1982 and 1985 as Delman scraped up production capital under its original title of **FREAKY FAIRY TALES**, **DEADTIME** uses a unique framing device of a slyly sadistic uncle telling his bratty nephew a trio of depraved, bawdy variations on well-known fairy tales as a means of scaring the annoying tot to sleep. The first of these stories involves two misshapen witches who need to tear out a young virgin's bleeding heart in order to revive their dead sister; the second introduces us to Little Red "Running" Hood, a buxom beauty who must conceal her sexual promiscuity from a nosy grandmother while protecting the both of them from a drug-addled werewolf named Willie; the finale features a deranged axe murderess named Goldi Locks and her escapades with the psychotic Baer family who have just broken out of a state mental institution. All episodes are presented with tongue planted firmly in cheek with Delman providing plenty of nudity and fully utilizing Ed French's gruesomely graphic special effects to effectively mix some state-of-the-art chunk blowing grossness in between the corny one-liners. The only problem a packed 42nd St. audience found with the film was an embarrassingly obvious herpes blister on the lips of the poor actress who played "Running" Hood, eliciting groans and lewd comments everytime a close-up of her face appeared on screen. Aside from that, **DEADTIME STORIES** is about as good as a low budgeter can get, and Delman deserves sincere congratulations for seeing his first film project reach successful fruition!

**WARRIOR QUEEN**- Perennial Grade Z sexploitation sleazeball Chuck Vincent (**PREPPIES**, etc.) finally makes it into film history books if only for directing the shortest movie released in contemporary cinema over the past quarter century. Clocking in at a sparse 69 minutes, **QUEEN** still manages to be quite boring in its lumbering tale of Sybil Danning visiting the village of Pompeii as an emissary of Rome days before the eruption of the legendary volcano. Vincent cheats by splicing in some grainy mis-matched gladiator spectacle footage and assorted volcanic disaster panic lifted from an early 1970's Italian-made adventure epic called **POMPEII** in an attempt to beef up his non-existent budget. Not since the days of Independent-International and their abortion smorgasbords like **HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS** has anyone attempted a rip-off so blatant on the movie-going public. The sultry Sybil looks embarrassed to be in this absurd movie.

uttering more than 70 words throughout the entire film and never once taking off any of her clothes. Donald Pleasence picked up a couple day's booze money by acting as the decadent emperor of Pompeii who with his bald pate and effeminate manner more laughably resembles NY Mayor Ed Koch than any Roman senator. Not even Vincent's patented array of full-frontal California beach bunny nudity can salvage this clunker, leaving **WARRIOR QUEEN** an early front runner for worst film of the year, if not the entire decade!

With the opening of our new store, we've substantially augmented our video vaults and have now compiled an 8 page super-primo all new **G.G. TOP SECRET VIDEO LIBRARY LISTING** featuring the usual unprintable offerings as well as some rare rock items and related genre chestnuts. Since we really need the money after popping for the store, we are asking readers to send off another \$3 for this blue ribbon listing with the usual guarantee that your money will be refunded with your first order. How can you lose? Certainly you've blown far more money trying to pick up dirty-legs at your neighborhood tavern. Send off your order today c/o our masthead logo.

**RARE VIDEOS**: Good quality copies of **MONSTER SHARK** (Lamberto Bava rare 1983 directoral debut using his dad Mario's pseudonym John Old, Jr., this outing features gore, the expected level of nudity and a goofy-looking creature that is half octopus and half reptile. Not available in the US.), **MASSACRE AT ORGY LOVE CAMP** (easily the find of the month, this Italian import sickie features the alluring Laura **BLACK EMANUELLE** Gemser as a female Jim Jones who runs a whorehouse under the guise of a religious retreat and keeps her followers in line with the fear of rape, humiliation and torture. For fans of **Ilsa**-style sadism!), **TENNEBRAE** (the completely uncut version of Dario Argento's unreleased in the US 1984 slasher classic), **G.G. ROADSHOW RARITIES** (a hand-picked selection of impossible to find exploitation trailers culled from the legendary "roadshow" skin merchants of the 1940's, 50's and early 60's. Nearly one hour's worth of howlers with titles like **MATED**, **ESCORT GIRL**, **I MARRIED A SAVAGE**, **SUNDAY SINNERS**, etc. Must be seen to be believed!) and **G.G. DEPRAVITIES: 1987** (yet another painstakingly-crafted selection of full-length theatrical trailers from the past 15 years featuring some little known rarities like **RIOT ON 42ND ST.**, **BAD GIRLS DORMITORY**, **CANNIBALS IN THE STREETS**, and a few other unmentionable surprises. This package runs a full 80 minutes and is recommended). All titles are in **VHS ONLY** and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 weeks for delivery! Send checks or money orders to the **Gore Gazette**, 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042.



RICK SULLIVAN'S

# GORE GAZZETTE

75¢

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

No. 90



WHO ELSE BUT NY'S OWN TROMA RELEASING (BLOODSUCKING FREAKS, TOXIC AVENGER, ETC.) WOULD BRING TO THE SCREEN THE SAGA OF THE WORLD'S FIRST GAY MONSTER IN THEIR LATEST LOW-BUDGET RELEASE KNOWN AS MONSTER IN THE CLOSET? PICTURED AT LEFT, THE NEARSIGHTED CREATURE MISTAKES AN UNLUCKY 5TH GRADER FOR A GERBIL IN THIS PROVOCATIVE SHOT FROM THE FILM WHICH OPENS TO THE NY METRO ON MAY 15. DON'T DROP ANYTHING IN THE THEATRE REST ROOM WHILE VIEWING THIS EPIC!!!

Greetings, gorehounds! Over the past nix long weeks, reports of our death have been greatly exaggerated. Apparently after the somber and dejected tone of last month's preamble and the subsequent non-appearance of the G.G. for over two months, cards and letters began pouring in from all over the country from readers inquiring if there was any truth to the ugly rumor that we had indeed thrown in the towel and ceased publishing after almost seven years..... To all those who expressed their sincere concern as to our demise (as well as those cheap bastards who demanded subscription refunds), we are happy to report that the G.G. is alive and well and that the recent stretch of inactivity was merely due to the fact that we moved! After 8 years of living in lovely Montclair, N.J. we got tired of locking horns with our nit-picking Jamaican landlord (a scurrilous pseudo-religious zealot henpecked by his Caucasian-hating Bantu wife) who did not approve of the patented G.G. lifestyle of beer blowing, blaxploitation filmblasting, orgies and apartment-bashing. When the opportunity suddenly arose to grab an entire house for ourselves in neighboring Clifton, we packed our stuff and quickly fled, leaving our befuddled landlord with only a lot of holes in his wall and a tattered BLACK CAESAR poster. However, years is a long time to live in one spot and the move proved a Herculean task, with the G.G. offices' files, photos and word processing equipment only being unpacked and set up during

the last week of April. Our new digs are more spacious, and we have a complete office suite set up, so the G.G. should be winging your way on a much more timely basis (or until the next excuse). We hope this expanded issue makes up a bit for the lapse of time between publication and we thank all our friends who helped us with the tiresome move and squashed the vicious stories of our untimely end. Special thanks go out to Mark Nardone and mystery writer Robert Q. Felchman who bailed us out of our 16 movie goreglut backlog with some insightful guest reviews this issue as well as Rusty Short of Texas who concocted our swanky new logo. Now for the bad news: the move to the aforementioned "tres chic" pad (note our new address: 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011) has nearly doubled our rent expenses, so guess what? Effective this issue, the G.G. cover price goes up a paltry 15 cents to a well-rounded .75 per issue to help offset spiraling publishing costs as well as pay our new Mexican servants. Subscription prices will remain at \$13.00 per year for 12 issues. Well, enough of the histrionics--- let's try to catch up on what we've missed over the many weeks:

**ALIEN PREDATORS**— Already available at your local video parlor as this review is being written, this soporific low-budgeter languished on film lab shelves since 1984 until poverty-row distributor TWE (really the old Film Ventures shysters in post-Chapter 11 disguise) decided to dump it into the N.Y. area for a small theatrical break. Originally filmed in Spain under the title THE FALLING, this borefest concerns three American teens on vacation in Europe who encounter a village that has been infested with alien microbes that attached themselves to the U.S. Skylab space shuttle that crashed there back in 1979. Once this timeworn premise is set up, PREDATORS creeps along at a snail's pace, ripping off plot snippets from ALIEN, INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, DEADLY SPAWN, and even the ANDROMEDA STRAIN along the way in an unsuccessful attempt to breathe some life into this tedious clunker. Sleaze fans may find a few chuckles in the mis-casting and abysmal acting of obvious drug casualty Dennis Christopher (ex-Oscar nominee now on the highway to hell) and former skating champ Lynn-Holly Johnson as young adolescents, but their idiotic bathroom banter soon wears thin and by the time the monster appears in the flick's final moments, most gorehounds will have already gone home or be out in the lobby cajoling the manager for a refund. Although still early on, ALIEN PREDATORS is certain to remain a strong contender for worst film of the year. (Interesting note: when this film played at the fabulous Fabian Theatre in Paterson, N.J., the third-world management there listed the title as ALIEN PENETRATORS on both the marquee and telephone message...not a bad

**DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR**— What resembled yet another right-wing, flag-waving RAMBO rip-off from New World Pictures breezed quickly in and out of the N.Y. metro area late February, doing abysmal box office business and generally being forgotten after a week. It's a shame because this little blood and guts quickie proves to be a well-made action potboiler that delivers solidly from beginning to end. Timely set in an Arab country, DEATH concerns the strident forces of Sgt. Jack Burns (Fred Dryer, ex-L.A. Rams defensive psycho) who are up against a sadistic band of terrorists and mercenaries who think nothing of murdering U.S. soldiers, butchering innocent children, and conducting violent ILSA-style torture in order to extract government military secrets. Not much else to the plot of this sleeper except 95 minutes of non-stop action featuring some of the most graphic bloodshed and carnage depicted in a recent R-rated film. Ex-FAMILY AFFAIR alumni Brian Keith adds to the fun of the proceedings as a gruff U.S. colonel who thinks nothing of telling the towel-head villains to go fuck themselves and remains undaunted even after getting a power drill through his leg in DEATH's juiciest gore scene. With all this, DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR emerges a first-rate action gem that should be actively sought out by a patriotic gorehound.

**A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. 3: DREAM WARRIORS**— After coming under a lot of fire over the past few years for slamming the first two installments of what many gorefans consider to be the best modern horror series ever made, the G.G. has relented and admits that this no-holds-barred chapter in the ongoing exploits of everybody's favorite child molester Freddy Krueger is a strong winner. Successful solely for the crafty tongue-in-cheek screenplay by Wes Craven and director Chuck Russell and the excellent fireworks of pyrotechnics of Mark Shostrom and Doug Beswick, DREAM unspools its tale in a mental institution for teens where a group of adolescents are under heavy suicide watch, all claiming to have the same recurring nightmare involving horrible deaths at the blade-slashing hands of Mr. Enter Heather Langenkamp, troubled heroine from ELM 1 who is now grown up and begins working with the kids as a psychiatric intern. (Heather may have gotten her psychologists degree over the past five years since the first film, but it is sorely evident that she didn't take a drama class, as her awful acting adds to the fun of DREAM's whimsical proceedings). Using an experimental dream-inhibiting drug on the kid she tries to get them to band together and kick Krueger's ass once and for all, DREAM bogs down a bit with some unnecessary sub-plots concerning Freddy's origin and the return of John Saxon.

Langencamp's alcoholic dad, but the wild visuals and gory effects keep things moving at a brisk clip, not giving gorehounds much time to think about the many plot gaffes sprinkled throughout. Funny cameos by Zsa Zsa Gabor and Dick Cavett (who turns into Krueger) add to the mindless fun of this epic, but the actor who steals the show is Ken Sagoes as a suicidal black teen whose stereotypical dialogue and facial expressions should get the NAACP tapping at distributor New Line Cinema's front door. The flick has a somewhat weak, predictable ending ushering in the inevitable ELM ST. 4, but all in all A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. 3: DREAM WARRIORS is an entertaining gem that (despite its marquee-bending title) is easily the best installment of the Krueger series to date.

RAGE OF HONOR- After achieving international success as the Grand Master of Ninja hijinx, Sho Kosugi abandons his famous cowl and mask and fancies himself a sort of slope-head James Bond in this self-indulgent actioneer. Sho plays a U.S. narcotics investigator whose partner is tortured and murdered by an underworld drug kingpin. When it becomes evident that someone in the police ranks was in on the killing to cover up cop involvement in narcotics traffic, Kosugi quits the department and travels to Buenos Aires to seek revenge on the assassin. What follows is 90 odd minutes of bloodless shooting, brawling and chasing as Sho whumps over 150 crooks single-handedly without ever getting injured himself. RAGE'S plot creeps along at a snail's pace, further impeded by Kosugi's guttural slaughter of the English language. This chink speaks so bad that 42nd St. minions were actually calling for subtitles, making fellow mono-syllabic kung-fu cronie Jacky Chan seem like Lawrence Olivier by comparison. Boring, predictable and extremely drawn-out, action fans should avoid RAGE OF HONOR in droves, forcing Sho to re-don the Ninja mantle for his next outing, which at least keeps his mouth covered!

LETHAL WEAPON- One of the first cross-over box-office hits of 1987, director Richard Donner concocts a winning chemistry between aging black yuppie cop Danny Glover and psychotic killing machine Mel Gibson in this fast-paced, violent actioner. Sort of a reverse 48 HOURS, the two cops are reluctantly paired together and the flick gets off to a rather slow start as Donner spends nearly a half-hour on comedic character development before putting the two against a ruthless drug smuggling network headed up by Gary Busey as a psychotic zomboid hitman known only as Mr. Joshua. Donner packs LETHAL with a hefty dose of bloodletting, carnage and sadism for a supposed mainstream epic, but cushions the shock for suburban theatre-goers by explor-

ing safe avenues in related sub-plots like family life, the generation gap and the fear of aging in true TV sitcom style. Gibson is great as the slightly-deranged detective, giving scenery-chewing performance without ever once revealing his heavy Aussie accent. Slick! packed with violence, suspense and a heady dose of black humor, LETHAL WEAPON is an excellent action potboiler that should be enjoyed by all!

#1 WITH A BULLET- When LETHAL WEAPON opened across the country on March 6 and became an instant box-office hit, the folks at Cannon Films wisely withdrew this feature from its March 20 release date as it is an almost identical (albeit much lower budget) copy of the successful Mel Gibson smash. As in LETHAL, #1 explores the "oreo cops" action sub-genre a level-headed Billy Dee Williams and divorce-crazed maverick Robert Carradine attempt to crack a drug syndicate that may be headed up by the city's most prestigious politicians. All comparisons between the two films soon fall by the wayside, as #1 rapidly gets bogged down in rambling sub-plots and never really delivers an nerve-charged action or gratuitous violence that could have easily been injected. The Williams/Carradine chemistry fails as well, with Robert coming off as an unlikeable smart-ass and Billy Dee so laid back one would think he was still modelling as the COLT .45 poster boy. Cannon must have had little faith in this epic as well, as within one month of its being pulled from release, it was being offered to area urban venues as a second feature for a flat fee of \$100 per week. Much like a foul-mouthed version of any T.V. cop drama, #1 WITH A BULLET is a dullsville loser best left avoided.

EVIL DEAD II- Gorehound champion Sam Raimi has some high standards to live up to in making this sequel to his 1983 perennial gore classic For II. Raimi had nearly triple the budget of the original film provided to him by Dino De Laurentiis' bottomless money mines with only one stipulation: that he deliver the sequel with an R-rating. Sam took the deal, and sought to make II a kind of slapstick gore comedy substituting slime in place of blood and sines wherever possible and giving the whole production the madcap tone of a Warner Bros. cartoon. Unfortunately, when he delivered the complete sequel to the MPAA, they still slapped it with an X-rating and the De Laurentiis folks were told that the cuts necessary to secure an R-rating would have left the flick running a bit over 60 minutes. Sadly, Dino had no choice but to release II with the X-rating (unrated), which pissed Raimi off a bit since if he knew the film was going to get an X, he would have made it much wilder and much grislier than he had originally intended. Industry background

aside, II is still one first-rate, breathless roller coaster ride. Changing the plot of the first film liberally, II picks up with Bruce Campbell (returning as Ash) having survived the onslaught of the first flick only to get a few minutes respite before a new attack is launched and a whole new cast of characters arrive at the legendary evil dead cabin. Once this minimalist plot is set up, II becomes an 82 minute gore effects showcase with limbs being severed, torsos exploded, heads lopped off, eyeballs swallowed and the expected assortment of chainsaw shenanigans, knifings, meat cleavings and impalements to get gorehounds salivating in glee! Though the ending is a bit weak, EVIL DEAD II is still state-of-the art depravity and easily the wildest pus epic to be released thus far this year. If this is what Raimi shot intending to get an R-rating, imagine what he'd come up with if his next project is done with an X in mind?

WITCHBOARD- Usually the kiss of death for any horror flick is when film company press releases refer to it as "a chilling exercise in psychological horror" or something of that nature. The key word here is "psychological"; as most elder gorehounds know this epithet is synonymous for "no gore". The newest dud being touted as such is a plodding, poorly-acted, soap operatic exercise in tedium concerning the evil ghost of a 10 year old boy that is released through a Ouija board and seeks to possess the soul of sexploitation stalwart Tawny Kitaen. Throughout the 98 minute running time of this lumbering clunker, gorehounds are forced to sit through an endless love triangle battle over Kitaen by two obviously-gay actors, a ponderous seance sequence with an irritating punk medium and countless scenes of inanimate objects moving around the room- all to witness two moderately grisly deaths and a brief flash of Tawny's pendulous rib flaps. Is it worth it? No way, and WITCHBOARD enters into neck and neck competition with ALIEN PREDATORS as worst film of the year.

STREET SMART- When Christopher Reeve hung up his Superman cape after 1983's third chapter with a vow never to don it again, he was coerced out of retirement by the Israeli high-rollers at Cannon who offered him a hefty \$8 million to reprise his role in this summer's upcoming SUPERMAN IV as well as the promise to bankroll Reeve's pet project which he had been unable to finance up to that point. SMART is this project, an original urban thriller concerning a yuppie reporter (Reeve) who concocts a fabricated story about the life of a N.Y. street pimp that makes the cover of a weekly news magazine but unfortunately hits a little too close to the daily activities of a real-life pimp named Fast Black. Reeve is then torn between helping Black (who seeks to use his

story to gain a quittal on a recentl committed murder) and the city's D.A., who is subpoenaing his non-existent notes to link the pimp to the crime. SMART then falters as film without an audience - the ethnic minion on 42nd St. yawned and grew restless during the non-action exposition which questions the ethics of journalism and the rights of the First Amendment, while mainstream movie goers were appalled by Fast Black beating up a thieving hooker and holding up a switchblade to her face while screaming "which eyeball you want cut out, bitch?", etc. As such, STREET SMART emerges an original curio that flip-flops awkwardly between lobsterdom and the gutter but still is well worth a viewing.

PRETTY KILL- Exploitation kingpin Sandy Howard (VICE SQUAD, DEVIL'S RAIN, etc.) brings us this patchwork hooker melodrama that seems as if it were originally made for television. Originally known as TOMORROW'S A KILLER, the flick weaves a tangled tale of a N.Y. cop who carries on a secret love tryst with a high-priced call girl. When he becomes EMERSED in a case involving a serial killer of prostitutes, the investigation leads him to his own girlfriend's stable of ladies. From then on the flick becomes a "who cares?" whodunnit with suspects ranging from the madame herself to a schizophrenic Southern belle who takes on the personality and voice of her sexually-abusive father. Low on skin, gore and action for this type of theatrical potboiler, word has it that when Howard could not sell PRETTY to any major network as a telefilm, he went back and shot a sleazy art gallery org scene and inserted it in the film so he could peddle it on the exploitation market.... Since this sequence contains the flick's only nudity the story would seem to be true, leaving PRETTY KILL both boring and a rip-off; a must to avoid for sleaze fans.

RETURN TO HORROR HIGH- The horror spoof has always been an unsuccessful sub-genre, with only a few gems like RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD surfacing above an uncountable morass of failed attempts. The young producers of RETURN have their hearts in the right place with this Joe Dante-esque parody of the making of a low budget horror film, but their confusing pace of flashback film-within-a film and first-person narrative leave the flick a muddled mass of corny one-liners amidst an incoherent plot. A production crew arrives at Crippen High School to film a movie about a real-life massacre that occurred there five years ago. Predictably, once the cameras start rolling an unseen assailant starts bumping off the cast and crew, mixing real cadavers in amongst the stage blood and prosthetic body parts. It is difficult to determine whether the crude H.G. Lewis-style gore effects were used for intentional laugh

or are merely production ineptitude, with severed limbs and torsos looking suspiciously like they were borrowed from Macy's window. Ex-60's heartthrob-turned — burn-out Vince Edwards (BEN CASEY) is on hand as a lecherous biology professor who gets dissected by the killer in a gut-wrenching sequence and Maureen McCormick (Marcia Brady of THE BRADY BUNCH) appears as a gore-loving policewoman for some added chuckles, but RETURN TO HORROR HIGH falls flat as a gore send-up due to the unintelligible direction of an incapable crew. Better luck next time!

Even with an expanded format, we're rapidly running out of room. The following are capsule reviews of some of the more minor flicks that have surfaced over the past two months:

THE NIGHT STALKER— After being scheduled for release in the NY area for over a year, this almost goreless "psycho-killer on the loose" saga is notable only for the fact that it has undergone no less than 5 title changes before ripping off the handle of the popular 1970's Darren McGavin teleseries. Alternately known since its initial filming back in 1985 as PAINTED DOLLS, STRIKER, THE SLAYMAN, and THE MAN WHO COULD NOT BE KILLED, this borefest concerns a supernatural serial killer of prostitutes who seemingly gains immortality

everytime he strangles a whore. Not even Russ Meyer's primo leading man Charles Napier can salvage this clunker, which offers no bloodletting, little nudity nor anything to differentiate it from a thousand other films of this ilk. Surprisingly produced by Don Edmonds, revered sleazemeister who pioneered the notorious ILS series of the 1970's, THE NIGHT STALKER is a lame dud to be avoided at all costs!

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT PT.2— What has to be the biggest rip-off to be perpetrated on sleaze cinema patrons this decade comes in the form of this no-budget sequel to the controversial 1984 flick about an axe-wielding, psychotic Santa Claus on the loose at Christmas Eve. It uses a full 42 minutes of footage from the original film as a hokey framing device in which the younger brother of the first flick's maniac (himself now incarcerated in a psychiatric ward) relates his brother's tale to a prison psychiatrist before murdering the doc and escaping himself during the epic's final half hour. Eric Freeman plays a great craze younger brother— disemboweling hitmen, blasting a bully's eyeballs out with a jolt of electrical current, crossing his eyes and grimacing maniacally as he strangles his girlfriend and cackling as he decapitates a nun; but the fact that this film has almost no production value



Pictured above is Tom Turner, who only last year was forced to eke out a living selling real rat-skin pouches at the lamented Dive film series. In a heart-warming rags-to-riches success story, the unflappable Mr. T. has now become a movie star, pictured above as the schlong-pierced victim of sadism in one of the notorious R. Kern highbrow cinema epics known as SUBMIT TO ME. (Write for info. to R. Kern Products, Box 1322, New York, N.Y. 10009)



and none of the explicit carnage and depravity that outraged parents across the country when 1 was released leaves SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT PT.2 a fast-buck hustle that should more accurately be titled SNDN PT.1 1/2 due to its embarrassing lack of new footage.

SUMMER CAMP NIGHTMARE- Although its title would lead you to believe it to be just another stalk & slash FRIDAY THE 13TH imitator, this 1985 curio written by Penelope Spheeris (SUBURBIA, THE BOYS NEXT DOOR) is actually more a modern update of LORD OF THE FLIES than a horror outing. Originally filmed under the title THE BUTTERFLY REVOLUTION (after William Butler's novel), SUMMER is concerned with a mini-revolution staged at a camp by the young assistants and older teen campers after it is discovered that their strict Jerry Falwell-like camp director (played by real-life rump wrangler Chuck Connors) is actually a child-molesting pervert. After incarcerating (and in one instance even killing) the adult counselors, blissful youthful anarchy quickly gives way to dangerous facism as leadership of the group is usurped by magnetic, yet Nazi-like Charles Stratton whose fear-based rule soon plunges the kids into the depths of barbarism. More a sociological treatise than an exploitation effort, the flick's PG-13 rating eschews any real graphic gore or bloodletting and as such may prove a turn-off to hard core horror addicts, but its original plot and imaginative execution make SUMMER CAMP NIGHTMARE well worth viewing. (Note: this film is slated for home video release on May 22, so all you lazy couch potatoes won't have to trek down to the neighborhood grindhouse to catch it!)

SLAUGHTER HIGH- After a lavish, gore-drenched photo spread accorded it in Fangoria way back in 1985 under its original title of APRIL FOOL'S DAY, this re-titled, amputated abortion limped into town late April under the aegis of Vestron Pictures, the newly-formed theatrical distribution arm of the homevideo giant. Laphazardly shorn of almost all of its gore in order to secure an R rating, SLAUGHTER is a dated, embarrassing FRIDAY THE 13TH clone notable only for the appearance of horror cream-dream queen Caroline Munro, laughably cast as a high school student in the flick's corny 15 minute intro in which a gang of popular jocks torment and ultimately mutilate the class nerd in an untimely lab accident. Of course 5 years later at a class reunion he resurfaces, exacting individual revenge on all of the bullies in a Jason-esque manner that is abruptly cut before displaying any acceptable degree of depravity. Not to be confused with Paramount Pictures' horror spoof of last year with the same title as this turds' original monicker, SLAUGHTER HIGH is merely an 82 minute waste of time that seems twice as long as its

ANGEL HEART- It's taken nearly 10 years, but FALLING ANGEL, Wm. Hjartsberg's pulp feast of murder, voodoo and black magic has finally been brought to the screen as ANGEL HEART, a celluloid celebration of darkness and depravity (Word has it that previous filmic attempt failed because of the story's shock-twist ending, heretofore thought impossible to deliver visually.) Writer/director Alan Parke mounts a handsome, atmospheric production in which scruffy 50's gumshoe Harry Angel (Mickey Roarke) is hired by snake oil salesman suprem Louis Cypher (sic) to carry out a routine missing persons investigation. Quickly, the case takes Roarke from Harlem's darkest doorway to sweat-stained New Orleans on a 13th floor elevator to hell. Parker keeps things moving with enough blood and gristle throughout the flick's 113 minutes to ensure that ANGEL never drags. Also, to stir things up even more there's the much-ballyhooed X-rated soiree between Roarke and Voodoo child Lisa Bone (pronounced "bone me"), the stunning teen queen octaroon seen weekly on TV's COSBY show Bonet's buckets-o-blood grind session with Rourke (and his obvious body double), together with a grand gander at Charlotte Rampling's ravaged rib cage should be more than enough stuff to have all gore-mays hustling their balls in the dark, even if ANGEL HEART's convoluted climax leaves them scratching their noodles in confusion when the house lights come on....-Mark A. Nardone (Ed.Note: Thanks to Mark for bailing us out at press time with this whit trash review of a truly amazing flick that successfully blends the worlds of lobsterdom and low class depravity, proving once again that you can take a derelict out of Boonton, but you can't take Boonton out of a derelict....)

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of THE BEYOND (the completely uncut, English-dubbed version of the Lucio Fulci classic that reached U.S. shores in a heavily-edited version as SEVEN DOORS OF DEATH), DOUBLE AGENT 73, (a rare G.C. find, this legendary 70's sexploitation rarity features Chesty Morgan as a secret agent who battles spies with her 73" chest---must be seen to be believed, truly sick!), SUSPIRIA (at long last, the most requested of all G.G. videos, this is the completely unedited version of Dario Argento's surrealistic gorefest), MARY MARY, BLOODY MARY, (long before making headlines as the coke slut wife of John DeLorean, Christine Ferrare starred in this low-budget vampire sexploitationer filmed in Mexico during the mid-70's) and AFRICA, BLOOD AND GUTS (one of the original and still the best of the oft-imitated shockumentaries, this rarity abounds with repulsive Ubangi hijinx and carnage---for strong stomachs only!) All titles are in VHS ONLY and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 weeks for delivery! Send checks or money orders to the G.C. 460 Hazel St. Clifton, N.J. 07011



**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette;  
c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011

# GORE GAZZETTE

75¢

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

No. 9



A DECREPIT WINO SCREAMS IN AGONY AS HIS INTERNAL ORGANS BEGIN TO MELT AND HE SLIDES INTO A GRIMY BOWERY TOILET IN THIS SCENE FROM THE LONG-AWAITED STREET TRASH, THE FEATURE-LENGTH VERSION OF JIM MURC'S DELETED DIVE 16mm STAPLE. THE FLICK WILL HAVE ITS SNEAK U.S. PREMIERE AT THE MEADTOWN THEATRE IN KINNELON, N.J. ON JUNE 26 AND CONTINUE THERE THROUGH THE MONTH OF JULY FOR EXCLUSIVE WEEKEND MIDNIGHT SHOWINGS. STREET TRASH IS WELL WORTH THE ROAD TRIP INTO THE HINTERLANDS OF N.J. AND GOREHCUNDS CAN CALL THE THEATRE AT (201) 838-7901 FOR MORE INFORMATION AND PUKE BAG RESERVATIONS. THE MEADTOWN IS JUST DOWN THE ROAD APIECE FROM THE WORLD-RENOWNED G.G. VIDEO STORE, SO WHY NOT COME OUT AND MAKE A WHOLE DAY OF IT? A SUMMER SLEAZE FIELD TRIP !!!!

We knew it to be inevitable that sooner or later the fast-buck, "cash-in quick" world of video releasing would meet head on with theatrical exploitation exhibition with disastrous results. After taking a firm stance against sleaze fan couch-potatoism (ie., not patronizing the local grindhouses and waiting for low budget fare to pop up in the video shops), we were delighted to witness first-hand a hard blow to the ever-dominating video industry. During Memorial Day weekend at the posh 42nd St. Lyric Theatre while we were viewing the Concorde Pictures release of HUNTER'S BLOOD (reviewed this issue), an angry young Negro stood up during the flick's first reel and loudly yammered "What is dis shit? I paid \$5 to get in here and my brother Daryl rented da same fuckin' movie las' night for a muthafuckin' dolla! I din' know it be the same picsha!" With that the ebony rebel pitched a full 16oz. can of Miller High Life at the movie screen, rending a large hole in its center. Other brothers showed their support to his plight by following suit, throwing similar projectiles until the screen soon resembled a slice of Swiss cheese and the film had to be stopped. Theatre security guards nabbed the instigating culprit who sputtered his tale of rip-off to the NYPD. The result of this outburst is that the Brandt Theatre chain (owner of most of the non-porn theatres left on the Deuce) issued an edict the next day refusing to book any film into their theatres that is slated for home video release within the coming 6 months. They further add that if a film is found in the shops before this time limit, they will hold back film rental payment from that company's future releases until a full refund is given on the defaulted emgement. The G.G. staff couldn't agree more and commend the trailblazing Brandts for this ingenious move to win back the ever-dwindling sleaze patronage. Other owners of third-world venues should follow this example as well and perhaps we'll once again have a thriving theatrical exploitation network like the halcyon days of the early 80's when the G.G. began. This entire issue is dedicated to that unknown Millerchucker, whose revolutionary outburst may indirectly reverse the tide of movie-going apathy. (Good move, bro-- hope you didn't have any crack on ya!) Anyway, we've got no less than 16 new chestnuts to look at this time out, so let's scan the testimonials and look at what's been around:

CREEPSHOW 2- This long-awaited sequel to the 1982 Warner Brothers box office smash is a boring, unimaginative loser obviously filmed on a fraction of the original flick's budget. Goremeister supreme George Romero was only around to write the screenplay for this dud, leaving the directoral chores to his longtime

can handling three insipid, derivative, EC-minicked tales written by Stephen King, the uncontested gonad of gorefilms. Looking a little like rejected episodes of TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE with some meager bloodletting, vulgarity and brief nudity added to secure the necessary R-rating, gorehounds will yawn through OLD CHIEF WOODEN HEAD (a septuagenarian revenge vignette wherein Geratolers George Kennedy and Dorothy Lamour are proprietors of a dusty general store who are murdered by a gang of sadistic punks and are subsequently avenged by their own cigar store totem), laugh at THE RAFT (a pathetic tale of a group of four teenagers who are menaced by a fake-looking blob/monster who might just be a distant cousin of THE CREEPING TERROR) and if they're still awake be mildly amused by THE HITCHHIKER (a pointless tale of a rich white adultress who runs over the same black drifter again and again during the course of one long night and is eventually driven to madness by his increasingly mangle and bloody state. It is reported that this episode is one of George Wallace's favorites!) F/X whiz Ed French presents some impressive grue and carnage scattered throughout each episode, but bloodletting alone cannot salvage this disappointing snoozefest, leaving CREEPSHOW 2 yet another failure on the cinematic record card of Stephen King.

PROGRAMMED TO KILL- Already slated for mid-July video release as this review is being written, this low-budget female version of THE TERMINATOR is so awful that it nearly cuts the mustard on an Ed Wood, Jr. level. Originally titled THE RETALIATOR, this cliché-ridden corker features former CONAN concubine Sendah Bergman as a PLO-influenced terrorist who is captured by the CIA and turned in to a brain dead cyborg assassin who is returned to the mid-East and programmed to snuff her former towel-head buddies. Mid-way through the killing spree she fries a chip, realizes she's slaughtering her own people and heads back to the US, intent on murdering all the CIA nerds responsible for turning her into Arnold Schwarzenegger with tits. As the US brass begin to get rubbed out individually in somewhat gory fashion, the government calls out ace mercenary and ex-TERMINATOR Robert Ginty (no doubt the real-life president of the Hollywood chapter of A.A.) to put an end to their experiment gone awry. After a few skirmishes with Bergman (who for some reason has dressed up in a Joe Jett-style leather jumpsuit and frizzed out his hair to Tina Turner proportions) where he gets a sound thrashing, Ginty jumps into a nearby bulldozer and squashes the femme fatale in a lackluster finale that brings the flick to an abrupt end. Not really recommended, but if lame script, bad acting, disregard for continuity, cheesy gore, atrocious dialogue and

hilariously out of synch soundtrack sound appealing to you, PROGRAMMED TO KILL is definitely your cup of tea. For Grade Z completists only!

AMERICAN NINJA 2: THE CONFRONTATION- Never ones to disrupt a successful moneymaking formula, Golan and Globus, Cannon Releasing's premiere purveyors of kosher schlock once again team up actionmeister director Sam Firstenberg with Wally Cleaver look-alike Michael Dudikoff and shitkicking spearchucker Steve Jones in this rollicking exploitationer that is the closest thing we've ever seen to transferring a comic book to celluloid. As in prior outings AMERICAN NINJA and AVENGING FORCE, the duo play crack Army servicemen called in to handle a problem when all other military branches have failed. This time they are called upon to investigate the disappearance of a group of Marines on a small Caribbean island where they soon learn that the troops are being kidnapped by a fascist coke kingpin and cloned into Ninja assassins who will enable him to strongarm the drug business worldwide. From this fanciful plot NINJA 2 glides from one preposterous battle to the next, with the pair dispatching hundreds of "superhuman" black-hooded Ninja clones and local island thugs without suffering so much as a scratch between them. Added to this is aging ex-50's sci-fi teen monster man Gary Conway (I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN) providing lots of laughs as the Nazi-esque dope overlord and newcomer Jeff Weston giving away his real-life penchant for felching as he lispis his way through a flaming portrayal of the island's US Marine commander. The most jaded gorehounds may disapprove of the flick's relatively sparse use of bloodletting, but the wild, relentless pace of AMERICAN NINJA 2 more than makes up for the lack of graphic gristle, leaving it one of the best action potboilers to be released this year.

THE GATE- The old stalwart entertainment industry tabloid Variety gave this anemic epic a shot in the box office arm after its first weekend of release when it announced to newspaper wire services across the country that THE GATE had outgrossed the Warren Beattoff/Dustin Hasbeen ego extravaganza ISHTAR by a hundred thousand bucks during its first three days. Wow, what an achievement! Unfortunately, aside from some nifty Craig Reardon special effects showcased far too late in the film, this ponderous tale of a portal to hell being unearthed in a suburban kid's backyard has little else to brag about. Filmed in Canada last year on a fairly lavish (for an independent) budget, THE GATE is a bit too cutesy and juvenile for die-hard sleaze fans with its plot concerning a giant demon lord and his stop-motion gremlin minions whose attempt to take over the Earth is fortold in the liner notes of a heavy metal LP owned by young Stephen Dorff

(star of STILL THE BEAVER to those who'll admit to watching the Disney channel). After waiting nearly an hour for the onslaught to begin, all of Reardon's excellent creations (including ghastly mini-demons and reanimated rotting corpses) are restrained by the PG-13 parameter under which the flick was obviously shot. Ad to this a hokey ending by which the fierce reptilian demon lord is sent back to hell by the power of sibling love and THE GATE emerges a waste of good f/x that is more suited to kiddie matinee fare than the depraved standard of G.G. readers.

THE STEPFATHER- The G.G. staff approached the screening of this sleeper with a great degree of trepidation, as although it had been praised in a few horror fanzines across the country (including a solid commendation from all-around nice guy Michael Gingold in his SCAREAPHENALIA monthly), the flick was also garnering raves in the lobster press from the San Francisco Rum Wrangler Times (or some such rag), the dreary Village Voice (our mortal enemies) and other simpering liberals who described the flick in terms of that deadly euphemism "psychological terror". Well, THE STEPFATHER might be the first film to unite the art bears with the sleaze mongers as this sick little tale of a quiet psychotic who murders his family and then moves on to another town and another marriage with the intention of duplicating the terrible deed is a restrained masterpiece and easily the best horror/suspenser to come down the pike since 1961's original PSYCHO. Based on a real-life 1971 New Jersey incident, Terry O'Quinn steals the show as the disturbed turnip who one minute can lovingly cradle a frightened puppy and the next bludgeon the brains out of a snoopy psychiatrist who suspects that he has a problem. With a solid support cast headed up by Shelly Hack (ex-CHARLIE'S ANGEL last seen as TROLL mom), THE STEPFATHER doesn't deliver gouts of gore (although its snippets of bloodletting are disturbingly realistic), but its claustrophobic air of dementia and tension will keep all gorehounds more than satiated and on the edge of their seats for the film's entire 90 minutes. Easily one of the best films released this year, THE STEPFATHER is required viewing for all G.G. readers, even if you have to go to an art house to catch it!

ENEMY TERRITORY - 1987 may be the first year in the G.G.'s seven year history that the coveted G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD is doled out to a non-gore entry. Produced by N.Y.'s exploitative couple extraordinaire Cindy De Paula and Tim Kincade (whom limp-wristed gorehounds might know better as Joe Gage, notorious pioneer of hard-core Crisco classics in the early 80's) ENEMY is one of the wildest, most relentless and hilarious blaxploitation quickies to come down the pike since the days of Rudy Ray Moore

and his DOLEMITES series. The flick's token whitey, Gary Frank, is sent by his sadistic boss to collect an insurance premium from an old woman in a Harlem ghetto project at sundown. He soon runs afoul of the ruthless black gang known as the Vampires while innocently asking for the lady's apartment number. The balance of ENEMY'S tense 90 minutes concerns Frank's attempt to escape the apartment building as the sadistic burrhead punks crash, pillage, rape and kill their way through every apartment in the huge complex in their search for him. Ray Parker Jr. attempts to recoup some of the money he lost from his GHOSTBUSTERS plagiarism conviction by being on hand as a kindly telephone repairman who attempts to help the wimpy white salesman survive his night of terror. A blown-out Jan-Michael Vincent virtually steals the entire show in his 10 minute bit part as a demented Vietnam veteran who also resides in the slum and is the one person even the blood-thirsty Negroes fear. When his opening line is "Fuck off, you Mau-Maus!", you know you've got a winning flick. Rampant blood-spurting, graphic gore, ample nudity and a screenplay that reads like a K.K.K. member's stand-up comedy routine make ENEMY TERRITORY by far and away the best film the G.G. has seen thus far this year. Do not miss it!

HUNTER'S BLOOD - This is the infamous rabble-rousing epic that touched off a mini-riot on 42nd St. by being released to home videocassette two days after its theatrical break (see our long-winded editorial for more information). A decidedly non-descript title hurts this grisly little effort, which is essentially an effective hybrid of DELIVERANCE and THE HILLS HAVE EYES. A bunch of dorky businessmen go on a hunting trip in the Arkansas backwoods and soon fall prey to a band of psychotic inbred poachers who kill and grind up any meat they can find for sale to a Grade-Z meat packing firm. Directed at a sluggish pace by Roger Corman protege Robert C. Hughes, HUNTER'S still redeems itself by way of some truly demented hillbilly portrayals and some graphic carnage that will get gorehounds stamping their feet with glee. (One such scene features a chunk-blowing view of a face being blown apart by a 12 gauge shotgun blast is definately in the "x-rated for violence" league of state-of-the-art repulsion). Although it will only be remembered in the N.Y. metro area as the film that pushed the urban minions too far, HUNTER'S BLOOD is an effective little shocker in its own right and is well worth seeking out!

MUNCHIES - To call this low-budget Roger Corman quickie a rip-off would be a misnomer as this ultra-low budget effort from first time femme director Bettina Hirsch makes no bones about its attempt to jump on the GREMLINS bandwagon in this well-intentioned, but ultimately unsuccessful slapstick parody. Washed-up T.V.

comic has-been Harvey Korman plays a usual ro as an absent-minded archaeologist who discovers one of the title creatures in the Peruvian mountains and also as his own evil brother who kidnaps the critter to exploit it for television commercials. After discovering that the munchies (so named because of their penchant for devouring junk food) can regenerate after being cut in two, a meager band of the mischievous varmints go on a budget-restrained wave of terror in a beat up old American Motors Gremlin automobile (the flick's funniest in-joke). The monsters themselves are obvious hand puppet the special effects strictly poverty row and the cornball humor around 5th grade mentality leaving MUNCHIES recommended only for gorehouse parents who are looking for something to give their pre-school kids pointed in the right direction.

As always, our tendencies to get a bit longwinded and our constant tardiness in putting the G.G. out on a timely basis has really left us in the lurch, with a remaining gore-glut of eight pictures. In order to catch up once again for all, the remaining flicks will be subject to capsule reviews in an attempt to give our opinions before the flicks leave area screens.

MONSTER IN THE CLOSET - The nefarious TriStar Releasing tag line that this flick was "the first gay monster" movie was yet another of that scurrilous distributor's half-truths. This 1983 PG-rated homage to 50's monster classics makes only the slightest inference that Doug Beswick's impressive creature creation is a turd burglar. The rest of the film is a godawful cornball spoof featuring a slew of veteran character actors like John Carradine, Stella Stevens, Jesse White, etc. mixed up in a lightweight plot about a San Francisco-based monster who gets his energy from close proximity. Forget this one! (Neil the Wheel and other trivia needledicks note: Kevin Peter Hall, who plays the monster in this hapless grade Z-effort, is currently bursting box offices all over America as the amphibious human-hunting title creature in Arnold Scharzenegger's PREDATOR).

NECROPOLIS - Given scant release (only dates) by Empire Pictures in the N.Y. area, this 75 minute classic no-budgeter is concerned with a six-breasted, 300 year old vampire "13 force sucker" on the loose in Manhattan with an axe to grind against the descendants of a group of 1600's clergymen who put her to death. Acting, tits aplenty, excellent Ed French gothic zombie makeup and KY slime hijinx make NECROPOLIS a dark horse winner and one of the most entertaining films this year.

THE MESSENGER - An aging Fred Williamson finds time between King Cobra endorsements to create out a low-budget globe-hopping blaxploitation

to commemorate his 50th birthday. This time out the cigar-chomping ebony stud seeks vengeance in Italy, Chicago and Los Angeles against a cocaine ring (headed up by Joe Spinell) that snuffed out his drug dealing wife shortly after he was released from serving a three year term in a Rome prison for cat burglary. Veteran burnouts Cameron Mitchell (who seems to forget which movie he's acting in) and Chris Connelly are on hand as the incompetent cops trying to stop Williamson's vendetta mission and along with some seedy nudity, graphic violence and cornball macho dialogue THE MESSENGER is passable exploitation fare that goes well with a bottle of MD 20/20 and a bag of fried pork rinds.

COMMANDO SQUAD- Fred Olen Ray, schlockmeister supreme who can usually be counted on to deliver a good dose of gore and ample nudity in all of his projects no matter how inane the plot or miniscule the budget offers neither in this lackluster actioner which features former Playmate Of The Year Kathy Shower and some Mark Hamill clone named Brian Thompson as D.E.A. agents sent down to Mexico to break up a cocaine empire (hmm, common plot these days) assembled by ex-D.E.A. turned sour William Smith. Gorehounds bored beyond belief by this plodding dud can amuse themselves by playing "Spot the Has-Beens" as Olen packs his borefest with such venerable B-vets as Robert Quarry, Sid Haig, Ross Hagen, Russ Tamblyn and Marie Windsor in some amusing supporting roles. Apart from that, COMMANDO SQUAD offers nothing else to us voracious viewers and should be sentenced to the firing squad for wasting your \$5.00 admission.

STRIPPED TO KILL- G.G. readers with breast fixations (that's nearly all of us) will enjoy this 1980's update of THE GORE GORE GIRLS as an unknown killer bumps off topless dancers at an L.A. strip club. Former Clint Eastwood bone dancer Kay Lenz really hits the skids here as an undercover policewoman who gets a job at the club and tries to bait the killer by baring her rib flaps nightly. STRIPPED is a bit long on the endless dance routines, but its passable gore and unending barrage of flesh will keep gorehounds working their Johnsons through the more tedious exposition. Top all this off with a nifty twist ending ala BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS and STRIPPED TO KILL is an enjoyable entry well worth seeking out.

BLOOD HOOK- This original variation on the stalk and slash subgenre from Troma Releasing has one major problem: it has no ending! Set at a lakeside fishing resort, this mini puke-fest about a mad tackle shop owner who gorily hooks unsuspecting vacationers and then grinds them up to sell as bait is an enjoyable little depraved outing featuring unrestrained bloodletting and sadistic back-bitten sadism.

of bad acting. However, the filmmakers may have run out of money as HOOK comes to abrupt halt with the killer still on the lo and the police in pursuit when the house lights come up. This major faux pas aside, BLOOD H is an entertaining gut-wrencher recommended gorehounds and outdoorsmen alike!

THE BELIEVERS- This overtly talky occult thriller has been getting rave reviews in mainstream press, but most gorehounds should be unimpressed by this lengthy voodoo out concerning an oddball religious sect believe that the sacrificing of young child will make them wealthy and successful. Wh shying away from the graphic display of any these ritual sacrifices, BELIEVERS quick sinks into soap operatic tedium as recently-owed Martin Sheen woos lobster landlady He Shaver while his young son is stalked by array of Cuban wetbacks and a shiny-eyed voo king and earmarked as the next sacrifice. T kind of religious mumbo jumbo was handled m better 10 years ago in the blaxploitation horror classic SUGAR HILL AND HER ZOMBIE MEN, so gorehounds seeking a summer gris fix would do better seeking out that chest than settling for the watered-down vers delivered in THE BELIEVERS.

PREDATOR- Not much room left as we go to pre but this wild mega-buck outing features cigar-chomping Arnold Schwarzenegger as head of a super-macho rescue team that destr a Communist jungle outpost in South America then becomes the prey of an amphibious al from outer space who lands in the jungle fo recreational weekend of human-hunting barbecuing. A great creature creation and s neo-X rated mutilations and skinings from S Winston help push this somewhat tedious e into the recommended column. Many big lea reviewers have slagged PREDATOR as being rip-off hybrid of RAMBO and ALIEN, which exactly what it is. What's so bad about th A successful summer gore diversion.

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of THE SAD (the much sought-after Arch Hall, Jr. t psycho extravaganza from 1963), WANDA WICKED WARDEN (Dyanne "Ilsa" Thorne dons a wig and changes her name but is still up to demented sadistic behavior as the head o women's prison in this extremely revolting l release from Jess Franco), CALIGULA: THE I STORY (the uncut Italian rip-off of the Guccione classic featuring the sultry La Gemser and an array of brutality, rape, beast lity, beheading and gore that will kr sleaze mongers out of their seats-- recommended!), A WOMAN WITH LIZARD'S SKIN (for L Fulci fanatics only, this 1972 rarity completely in Italian language, but featu sequences containing the patented Fulci brand violence including a scene of skinned

Italian judge on charges of animal cruelty) and available in both VHS and BETA (see note 1).  
COFFY (for those G.G. readers requesting specify format) for only \$19.95 each (plus  
exploitation classics, this as-yet-unreleased- \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for  
on-video-in-the-US gem features Pam Grier, delivery. Send checks or money orders to the  
grisly violence and crushed velvet jumpsuits. G.G., 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011  
Order today!!!



LEEANNE BAKER, SEXTUPLE-BREADED VAMPIRE NYMPHET STAR OF EMPIRE PICTURES' WILD NECRO-  
POLIS SHOWS G.G. READERS WHY SHE WAS SELECTED G.G. BONE DANCE BEAUTY OF THE MONTH IN  
THIS ALLURING PINUP. (NOTE: WE PUT THE PHOTO ON THE OUTSIDE PAGE THIS ISSUE SO THAT  
GORE-HOUNDS WOULDN'T GET THE PAGES STUCK TOGETHER!!!)



Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011

RICK SULLIVAN'S

# GORE GAZZETTE

75¢

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

No. 92



ALTHOUGH A KNUCKLEHEAD PUBLICIST TRIED TO CONVINCE US THAT THE WITHERED CHAP DEPICTED ABOVE WAS AN EXCLUSIVE SHOT OF LIBERACE'S LAST MATING CALL FROM HIS AIDS-INFESTED PALM SPRINGS DEATHBED, IT IS ACTUALLY A HAPLESS VICTIM FROM CLIVE BARKER'S NEW FILM HELLRAISER, THE DIRECTORAL DEBUT FROM ENGLAND'S NEW KING OF HORROR PROSE. GOREHOUNDS WILL NOT WANT TO MISS THIS DEPRAVED RELEASE FROM NEW WORLD PICTURES WHICH BLASTS IN TO THE NEW YORK AREA ON SEPTEMBER 18 !!!

As always, the months of summer are devoid of low-budget and independent sleaze/exploitation product as the major film distribution conglomerates glut area screens with their mega-buck releases in hopes of sucuring a smash in the dozen or so weeks where moviegoing attendance is supposedly at its highest. With not much to cover on the horror beat and still "exhausted" from the harrowing move of our offices, the G.G. staff decided to take a sorely-needed vacation. After wrangling a set of quasi-legal tickets from a shadey New York ticket broker, we jetted off to North Africa shortly after the July 4th weekend in search of rest, booze, contraband and maybe even some real-life cannibals to feature on the cover of the next G.G. Landing in beautiful Marrakesh, Morocco, we revelers clashed head-on with the quirky Moslem religion within an hour of setting foot on the continent. These sanctimonious towel-heads are forbidden by their religion to consume alcohol or listen to any kind of rock music, but are encouraged by their god Allah to openly smoke brain-warping hashish and defecate in the streets. After scoring a few cases of black-market beer, we headed for the sparsely-populated countryside, where at a local beach we learned of a third Moslem law which we had already unwittingly transgressed: white men are never to hit on Moslem women! While traveling back from the beautiful sunbleached beaches of Agadir with two veiled Moroccan beauties in tow, no less than a full police roadblock was set up as we left the village to remind us of our offense. With visions of MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-type atrocities imminent, we stammered our ignorance of the local customs to the burly Arabic gendarmes, who let us go after we promised to take the babes straight home, and not speak to or even look at another Moslem woman for the balance of our trip. (Did we fool them!) Anyway, after this little skirmish, we were pretty soured on Arabic life and we wandered around Marrakesh trying to behave and act like normal tourists. Soon, we stumbled upon a Moroccan twin cinema with lines extending a full city block. Certain that the attraction must be MOHAMMED: MESSENGER OF GOD or some other gem of moralistic piety, we were slackjawed to learn that these camel-humpers were lined up in droves to see an Arabic-dubbed version of Umberto Lenzi's CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD. Joining the line, we entered the theatre and viewed a fully uncut print of the zombie classic and were amazed to hear the audience cheer as every graphic sequence of entrail-munching and blood-spewing splashed across the screen. After the film, we learned that zombie and cannibal epics are among the most popular films in the area, with George Romero's DAWN OF THE DEAD being one of

Morocco's biggest money-makers in the country's history. Talk about a nation with a weird set of values--- maybe we're all lucky these dudes don't drink! Anyway, after almost 10 days of culture clash and near-escapes, your editor solemnly pondered the encumbrances of all modern-day religions while jetting back over the Atlantic when there, right in the back pages of SOLDIER OF FORTUNE magazine screamed the key to eternal salvation. A tiny 1 inch ad promised that for only \$25.00 one could become a genuine ordained minister. Thinking that the use of this ploy had gone out of style when the draft ended in the early 70's, I nonetheless hastily sent off my check upon returning home. Four weeks later I received my official ordination certificate proclaiming me the Rt. Rev. Rick Sullivan and giving me permission from the Ordained Ministries of America to assemble the congregation of my choice. Since the Moslem religion seems a sect based on the most obtuse of rules, why not form a Church of Sleaze with our own set of values which will protect us from persecution and scorn from the outside world? Before readers start thinking that I've spent too much time sucking on some greasy rug-trader's hookah, let me add that this way-out church idea is just a thought (and is sure as hell filling a lot of space in what otherwise would be a pretty lean issue), but be advised that I am really a reverend now, and as such demand some secular respect from you wormbags..... Anyway, before this issue becomes a third-rate Hunter S. Thompson self-indulgence tome, let's get on with what we're here for in the first place:

STREET TRASH- Back in early 1984 when the late, lamented G.G. film series was in full swing at NY's trashiest nightspot THE DIVE, a gangly, quiet kid came up to me at the projection booth one night and shyly asked if I'd be interested in showing a 13 minute film he'd made in one of my pre-feature trailer programs. Suspiciously pegging him as an art boho/lobster, I inquired as to the subject matter of his effort. Nervously shuffling his feet, he explained that the film was about "a bunch of Bowery winos who drink some radiation-contaminated Thunderbird wine and turn into melting, screaming masses of pus.....uh, it's called STREET TRASH." The plot and title seemed OK by me and I told him to bring down the 16mm short to next week's show. At the first screening, gorehounds went nuts for this mini puke-a-thon (that was filmed for under \$2,000) and demanded that it be presented week after week. By the tenth encore presentation, I offhandedly suggested to the kid (who by then I'd come to know quite well as Jim Muro) that he expand STREET into a full-length feature. Jim agreed that

it would be a good idea and soon after ducked out of sight for over half a year. The next time I heard from him, he'd fallen in with famed NY film instructor Roy Frumkes (DOCUMENT OF THE DEAD, TALES THAT WILL RIP YOUR HEART OUT, etc.) and actually raised over \$700,000 to bring his short to feature fruition. Less than a year after that, the new STREET TRASH was completed and scheduled for a world premiere at Manhattan's posh Zigfield Theatre in the summer of 1986. Talk about a whiz kid! Muro landed a lucrative distribution deal with the newly-formed Vestron Pictures in early 1987 and one of the earliest state-side test screenings was held at the G.G.-related Meadtown Theatre in the wilds of North Jersey at the end of June. STREET TRASH makes a great-looking transition to 35mm with Jim's excellent steady-cam work and the super-gross f/x of Jennifer Aspinall giving a lavish, slick gloss to the production that belies its relatively small budget. However, in realizing his jump to the big leagues, Muro got a bit overenthusiastic about the plot, adding enough additional characters, subplots and flashbacks to the original tainted wine premise that he has enough material to stretch out for three other STREET sequels squished into this one vehicle. As such, the film digresses badly, meandering aimlessly and confusingly throughout its 90-odd minute running time. But to gorehounds who could care less for coherence, STREET TRASH has it all: ghastly melting, puking, raping, pissing, castration, mutilation, humiliation, beating, racism and general gore hijinx amidst an entertaining balance of black and elementary school style toilet humor that should help you forget that you really don't quite know what the hell is going on in the film. Most certain to be rated X for violence, STREET TRASH boasts one of the most depraved sequences ever committed to celluloid as a group of junkyard bums play catch with the severed penis of a wino from a rival clan. Although Jim has probably stopped speaking to us because of our harsh criticism of his screenplay (Frumkes should know better—he teaches film for Christ's sake!), STREET TRASH is a crowning achievement for a debut effort from a filmmaker barely into his twenties, and gorehounds should look forward to and encourage the next effort from this sleaze pioneer. Catch STREET TRASH at all costs!

INNERSPACE—Pity poor Joe Dante, who in four short years has gone from being a film industry darling with his multi-million dollar smash GREMLINS to a soon-to-be outcast with the back to back commercial failures of 1985's THE EXPLORERS and this, a 1980's update of 1966's FANTASTIC VOYAGE. It's not really Joe's fault either, as like THE EXPLORERS. INNERSPACE is a wild slapstick



A SHIFTY GOREHOUND/P.L.O. SYMPATHIZER POSES IN FRONT OF A POSTER FOR THE UMBERTO LENZI CANNIBAL CLASSIC CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD IN A GRIMY BACK ALLEY IN MARRAKESH, MOROCCO.

fantasy tailor-made for fans of 1950's sci-fi quickies and state-of-the-art f/x pyrotechnics from Rob Bottin. Harrison Ford clone Dennis Quaid plays a hotshot test pilot who is to be miniaturized and injected into the bloodstream of a laboratory rabbit. After a surprise attack by some industrial espionage mercenaries, he is accidentally implanted in the body of a neurotic grocery clerk played by Martin Short. The balance of INNERSPACE is one long extended chase scene as the spies pursue Short to get control of the microscopic Quaid who in turn is trying to get out of Martin, all of which is mixed with some convoluted sub-plots involving love triangles, old rivalry and a Hispanic strongarm man named The Cowboy. Dante packs the usual homage to his film heroes of decades past, so trivia nerds can amuse themselves spotting Dick Miller, Kenneth Tobey, Henry Gibson, Orson Bean, etc. throughout the flick's slightly overlong 120 minutes. Not even the sanctified blessing of "Steven Spielberg Presents" could stop INNERSPACE from going belly up at the box office—most likely due to its rather nondescript title and truly awful ad campaign. But don't let the empty theatres fool you—INNERSPACE is an entertaining tour de force right up there with the best of Dante's work and is definitely not to be missed!

ROBOCOP—Former Dutch lobster auteur Paul Verhoeven (THE 4TH MAN, SPETTERS) obscures his European heritage with this futuristic slice-of-Americana crime drama packed with so much relentless action that it makes THE

TERMINATOR look like SOPHIE'S CHOICE. Originally rated X for its explicit violence and later trimmed of 42 seconds to secure an R, this tale of a cyborg policeman let loose to clean up crime in a turn-of-the century (2000) Detroit is a sci-fi DEATHWISH that'll keep gorehounds salivating from the first reel as Verhoeven packs enough explicit violence, profanity, sadism and sick humor to make ROBOCOP look like an underground comic book come to life. An interesting sub-plot involving a sinister totalitarian corporation that engineered the avenger, coupled with Rob Bottins's nifty android creations whisk this 103 minute gem along at a breakneck pace, making ROBOCOP a strong contender for G.G. GORE FILM OF THE YEAR. A must see!

THE LOST BOYS - Many G.G. readers have already written in to express their displeasure with this comedy/horror FRIGHT NIGHT clone, but perhaps the drugs had just kicked in when we saw it because we found LOST to be a witty, energetic spoof providing both good laughs and shocks. Director Joel Schumacher (ST. HOMO'S FIRE) drags out the first half of this tale concerning a small California coastal village in the thrall of a gang of teen vampire metalzoids who prey on a pair of brothers who have just moved to town, but packs the last two reels with some acceptable gore and plot twists to make LOST a rare example of a successful blend of yucks and chunks. Gaping plot holes abound throughout the flick's 92 minutes, but the show is stolen early on by Corey Feldman (FRIDAY THE 13TH, STAND BY ME), and Jamison Newlander as the Frog brothers, a group of pre-teen Van Helsing's who hold the key to defeating the bloodsucking clan. LOST BOYS never really delves into its opening "missing kids on milk cartons" premise and wastes the delectable Jamie Gertz by not once displaying her milk mounds, but it is still an enjoyable trash throwaway mucho welcome in these gore-barren summer months.

JAWS: THE REVENGE: Reviewed here only for the record (and to fill up space), this Grade Z disaster was still being filmed in early June for its July 17 release date! Technically inept and boring beyond belief, this fourth installment of the timeworn shark saga is notable only for its wretched special effects and the atrocious acting of Mario Van Peebles as a Jamaican marine biologist wearing a hilarious Negro rasta wig. A martini-bloated Michael Caine pops his head in here and there for some comic relief, but JAWS: THE REVENGE really sucks the dorsal fin and is easily the worst film to be released this year.

MONSTER SQUAD - Fred Dekker, who brought us last summer's grisly sleeper, NIGHT OF THE

still having we... this well-intentioned homage to the classic monster classics of the 30's & 40's that could serve as an introductory gore primer for the pre-teen set, while still keeping older gorehounds mildly amused. Clocking in at a scant 81 minutes, MONSTER is concerned with a group of children who have a treehouse fraternity devoted to monsters. Through no apparent reason, Count Dracula, the Wolfman, the Frankenstein monster, the Mummy, and even the Creature from the Black Lagoon invade their town to steal a mystic amulet that "controls the balance between good and evil" on the planet. Of course the kids are the only ones hip to this invasion and, christening themselves "The Monster Squad", they set out to battle the famous villains. SQUAD features some excellent F/X and monster make-up from gore whiz Stan Winston and packs some pretty strong violence for a PG-13 rating (which may cause the film to miss its potential audience), but overall the flick is pretty dumb. Aging gorehounds may recall a bit of their halcyon younger years in the characters of the pre-teen monster enthusiasts (FAMOUS MONSTERS references abound), but MONSTER SQUAD is strictly relegated to the kiddie matinee set. (Take your nephew or the kid down the street as a good excuse!)

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of MACABRE (the 1983 ultra-rare directoral debut of Lamberto Bava, this Hitchcockian melodrama concerns a disturbed divorcee and her perverted lovemaking with a severed head-- subtle, but recommended; with a sick, sick finale!), GRIM REAPER II (the domestically-unreleased sequel to Joe D'Amato's 1982 Greek island gorefest, this time the legendary cannibal giant is on the loose in America, featuring some X-rated slaughters and mutilations that have kept the film banned in Great Britain!), SALO: THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM (the oft-requested art film from the late, ultra-decadent Pierre Paolo Passolini, this perverse stomach-churner makes THE PIG-FUCKING MOVIE look like a Walt Disney outing! Truly revolting!), THE PSYCHIC (a rare Herschell Gordon Lewis soft-core outing from the 1970's patched together from an unfinished film, this epic is low on gore, but high on Ed Wood-style ineptitude and a laugh riot!), & THE CRAWLING EYE (many G.G. readers have asked us to offer some of the rarer 1950's horror classics, this is one of the best-- completely uncut from the television version).

Titles are available in both VHS and Beta (be sure to specify format) for only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Send checks, money orders or cold, hard cash (preferred) to the GORE GAZETTE, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Order today!

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**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

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# GORE GAZZETTE

75¢

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

No. 93



AS THE HOLIDAY SEASON DRAWS CLOSER AND FAMILIES GET TOGETHER FOR DINNERS AND THE CARVING OF XMAS ROASTS, WE AT THE G.G. WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND THE WARMEST OF GREETINGS TO OUR DEMENTED LEGION OF READERS BY OFFERING THE ABOVE JUICY SHOT OF THE "CARVING" OF A HAPLESS NUBILE FROM SCARED STIFF, A LOW-BUDGET REMAKE OF THE 1962 MEXICAN TACO-BENDER CLASSIC THE BRAINIAC THAT OPENS TO NY AREA THEATRES ON DEC. 11.

Over the past seven weeks since we last published, area screens have been deluged with a torrent of low-budget and related-genre flicks the likes of which we haven't witnessed in our entire 7 year checkered career of publishing. The G.G. staff has spent 4 nights out of every week burning our optic nerves (and pounding down smuggled-in brews) in the theatres trying to get through this record-breaking bumper crop of sleaze. Before diving headlong into the myriad of reviews, we must pause to give an interesting update in the ongoing war between video releasing and theatrical distribution. As the "window" (Gary Hertz-style film industry yuppie jargon for the amount of time between a film's theatrical release and its sale to the video stores) gets smaller and smaller on low-budget and independent product, theatre owners are hesitant to book such features to avoid incurring the ire of annoyed patrons who plunk down five bucks only to find the epics pop up in their video store a few weeks later, available for rental for as low as 99 cents. This causes a problem for the low-budget producer, who makes his video pre-sale deal predicated on the number of theatrical runs he is able to play his picture off. With theatres shunning this product, panicking producers in the NY area have begun offering their movies to the theatre owners for free, solely for the means of satisfying their video sale requirements! Several of the flicks reviewed in this issue of the G.G. were subject to this deal, until area theatre owners became miffed at being used as little more than a treadmill for helping a producer secure a more lucrative video advance. Spurred on by the vindictive flicks at lovely Paterson, N.J.'s Fabian Fiveplex (one of the city theatres hurt worst by the video boom), theatre owners have actually begun charging distributors for running their "soon-to-be-on-video" quickies in a regular theatrical engagement. Since not having played theatrical runs greatly limits their video advance, producers have no choice but to bend to the theatre owner's demands and pay through the nose to have their own films shown. The G.G. staff salutes these ballsy exhibitors in their fight to survive against the adversities of the video explosion and growing trend of couch potatoism that threatens to make the downtown grindhouse extinct. As echoed in prior G.G. editorials--- leave your VCR for the rare and unobtainable movies only, go out and support your downtown sleaze parlors regularly before they become a thing of the past. Winos, drug addicts, prostitutes and yammering Negro brothers alone will not keep the action houses open--- the support of all gorehounds is necessary. Make a point to visit the urban venue of your choice at least twice this month! A G.G. public service announcement.) On to the films:

**HOUSE II: THE SECOND STORY:** This hastily-concocted sequel to last year's box office smash is pale, comedic loser that looks as if it may have originally been intended as a made-for-epic. A quartet of nerds move into an old house where one of the group's parents was murdered 25 years earlier. They soon discover a jewel-encrusted skull and a 170 year old friendly reanimated corpse who helps them battle with an evil zombie gunslinger who wants the mystical cranium for himself. The special effects and hokey make-up look as if they were lifted from an Iron Maiden video, and the introduction of some cutesy critters like a baby pterodactyl and a puppy/caterpillar hybrid relegate HOUSE II to neo-kiddie matinee fare with no interest at all to die-hard gorehounds.

**PENITENTIARY III:** Swahilli auteur Jamaa Fanaka brings us this wild, rollicking actioner that might just be the best exploitation potboiler to be released this year. III stars ebony coondream Leon Isaac Kennedy as boxing champ Too Sweet, a Sugar Ray Leonard clone who is railroaded into prison after killing an opponent in the ring under the influence of a powerful violence-inducing drug. Inside the slammer, he runs afoul of a jailed homosexual Mafia kingpin who controls the prison by dominating gambling-addicted warden. When Kennedy declines to join the Godfather's prison boxing squad, he is attacked by The Midnight Thud, a 4'2" wild man cannibal owned by the mobster who butt-fucks prisoners that refuse to do his bidding. After Kennedy defeats the sodomizing demon, the two become friends and the Thud becomes Too Sweet's trainer, putting him on a regimen of gruelling gymnastics and freebasing cocaine (!) to defeat the tyrannical gay overlord's fighter in a prison boxing finale extravaganza. There must have been a bit of freebasing going on behind the cameras as well, as Fanaka packs III's terse 91 minutes with enough exaggerated graphic violence, (eye-gouging, neck-breaking, limb-snapping, etc.) nonsensical ethnic banter, homo hijinx, smarmy sex and preposterous plot twists to get sleaze mavens howling in glee. At one point, after Kennedy refuses to take a dive in a boxing match so that the Mafia's man can win, the kingpin mumbles aloud "This guy has seen too many bad prison movies!" We couldn't agree more, and PENITENTIARY III emerges as some of the best racist mindrot to come down the pike since THREE THE HARD WAY. Don't miss it!

**THE CURSE-** Veteran B actor David Keith turns director in this liberal adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's short story THE COLOR OUT OF SPACE. Originally known as THE FARM until a scant 3 weeks before its first regional release date, this predictable epic concerns a meteorite that lands on a small Tennessee farm and oozes some





A CRAZED CANNIBAL PATRON NOSHES ON A NYMPHET'S ARM IN THIS SCENE FROM BLOOD DINER, THE SHOE-IN FRONT RUNNER FOR G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR AND THE ANXIOUSLY-AWAITED BLACK COMEDY ORIGINALLY ANNOUNCED DURING PRE-PRODUCTION AS BLOOD FEAST II !!

glop that contaminates the area water supply, causing the fruit and vegetables to get pus and maggot-infested and farm family members to become disfigured killers. Ex-STAND BY ME crustacean Will Wheaton and his real-life little sister are the only ones who don't ingest the contaminant and they spend the balance of the flick's overlong 90 minutes on the run from their infected clan, which includes alcohol-bloated Bible-thumper Claude Akins (looking more like he's suffering from a chronic case of hemorrhoids rather than some interplanetary space fungus) and an ensemble of unknowns who realistically portray crazed white trash hillbillies. Some neat make-up effects from Frank Russell cannot salvage this directionless clunker which surprisingly had Italo goremeister supreme Lucio Fulci as its associate producer, leaving THE CURSE a mediocre entry recommended only for the most die-hard Fulci

completists and gorehounds majoring in agriculture.

HELLRAISER- Britain's horror novel whiz ki Clive Barker picks up the directoral reins with this celluloid adaptation of his short story THE HELLBOUND HEART that should get gore maven jizzing in the theatre aisles and prove shoe-in for the coveted G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR AWARD later next month. HELL concerns a mystic Oriental rubix cube-style box that enslaves its owner in a world of S&M-inspired pains and pleasures, ultimately resulting in one being torn to shreds by the ghastly-countenanced rulers of the depraved dimension known as the Cenobites. One such box owner narrowly escapes the torture world with having all his skin torn from his body and he seeks refuge in the attic of his brother's new home. He soon convinces his sister-in-law (and ex-lover) t

ture men up to the attic where after d...  
 them by smashing their heads in with a hammer,  
 he devours their skin and blood in an attempt  
 to rejuvenate his own. Some convoluted sub-  
 plots ensue with a nosy step daughter, etc.  
 culminating in HELL'S wild finale wherein the  
 Cenobites come to Earth to reclaim their  
 skinned prisoner. Throughout the flick's brisk  
 93 minutes, Barker packs the flick with un-  
 flinching gore, sex and strong sadism, leaving  
 one to wonder how the film ever squeaked by the  
 MPAA intact with only an R-rating. Some jaded  
 gorehounds have already written to castigate  
 the film for some of its rubbery-looking  
 prosthetics and excessive use of ALIEN-esque KY  
 slime, but HELLRAISER transcends these minor  
 flaws to become a first-rate, must-see gore-  
 frenched delight!

THE PRINCIPAL- James Belushi finally breaks out  
 of the constrictive shadow of his late blowhound  
 brother in this quirky high violence/comedic  
 80's update of THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE. He plays  
 Dick Latimer, a drunken, burnt-out high school  
 teacher who is "promoted" to principal of the  
 most dangerous of East L.A.'s ghetto schools  
 after becoming involved in a rampaging bar  
 brawl with his ex-wife's new boyfriend. At the  
 school he wages a two-man war (with the assist-  
 ance of ballpeen-head security guard Lou  
 Rossett) against the Spanish youth gangs and  
 black drug pushers led by vile burr-head Victor  
 Duncan, who heretofore has proclaimed himself  
 the "principal" of the chaotic school. PRINCI-  
 PAL really doesn't have much of a plot, as its  
 meandering series of vignettes are connected  
 purely as a vehicle for Belushi to punch in a  
 few heads while spouting hit and miss one-  
 liners. Rae Dawn Chong is on board as the  
 necessary rape victim as is Esai Morales (LA  
 BAMBA) as the wussified wetback who "wants to  
 be somebody". THE PRINCIPAL wavers between  
 being "a serious film" and an out-and-out  
 money-grabbing exploitationer, but its realistic  
 violence and racial stereotyping should give  
 sleaze mavens more than a few chuckles. Catch  
 it!

CHINA GIRL- Abel Ferrara, who has gained mucho  
 praise in the pages of the G.G. for past  
 triumphs like DRILLER KILLER, MS. 45 and FEAR  
ACTIVITY, attempts to go semi-legitimate with this  
 violent ROMEO AND JULIET/WEST SIDE STORY  
 hybrid. Set in lower Manhattan and based on  
 the real-life rivalry between Chinatown youth  
 gangs and Little Italy's blue collar pasta  
 merchants, CHINA spins the tale of an ill-fated  
 love affair between the young sister of a  
 fellow Mafia gang goon and a soft-spoken John  
 Travolta-clone pizza vendor. Ferrara's tale is  
 quickly bogged down with cliched dialogue and  
 soap operific love mooning, but still gives a

violent insight into the underbelly of Itali  
 organized crime and the cold-blooded indiffe-  
 rence of the Oriental protection racket.  
 also packs the flick with a heaping dose  
 graphic violence which places CHINA into  
 unsettling Catch-22: gorehounds will be put o  
 by the film's stylish film noir producti  
 design and FLASHDANCY club scenes which firm  
 entrenches it into the claw-clacking realm  
 lobsterdom, while mainstream filmgoers are su  
 to be unnerved by Ferrara's unorthodox use  
 ultraviolence and a depressing, morose surpri  
 ending, leaving it essentially a film witho  
 an audience. As such, CHINA GIRL is a gre  
 film for gorehounds to use to take a girl on  
 first date--- she'll be impressed at your tas  
 in obscure, pseudo-arty cinema while you g  
 boners over the rampant bloodspurting....

THE OFFSPRING- Although recent anthology horr  
 entries (CAT'S EYE, CREEPSHOWS, etc.) have be  
 nothing more than pale imitations of t  
 classic TALES FROM THE CRYPT, this sick litt  
 sleeper which snuck into the NY area virtual  
 unnoticed may be the best omnibus package ev  
 released. Originally filmed under the tit  
FROM A WHISPER TO A SCREAM, the shaky frame  
 device of Vincent Price as a town librari  
 discussing the evil heritage of a small Tenne  
 see town gives way to a quartet of dement  
 vignettes that escalate in degrees of depravit  
 Clu Gulager (RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD) kic  
 off the festivities as a sexually-dement  
 psycho whose necrophile hijinx produces  
 hellspawn from beyond the grave, followed by  
 racist tale of voodoo and gris-gris in t  
 swamp bayous that features an exceptional lev  
 of bloodspurting. The flick then really kic  
 into high gear with a FREAKS-inspired tale of  
 glass eater in a circus who is in the thrall  
 a Tina Turner-clone witch, with the finale  
 four-star chunk-blower featuring a booze-sodd  
 Cameron Mitchell (how the hell does this du  
 stay alive?) as a ruthless Civil War offic  
 who runs afoul of a village of mutilated a  
 deformed Confederate cannibal children! Add  
 all these wild episodes some grisly go  
 effects from young f/x whiz Rob Burman (son  
 Tom) and THE OFFSPRING emerges a dark hor  
 winner and one of the sickest flicks to  
 released this year. To be tracked down at a  
 costs!

BLOOD DINER- Gorehounds should be on t  
 lookout for this new release from Lightni  
 Pictures as it is really the much-ballyhoo  
 production formerly known as BLOOD FEAST  
 After California entrepreneur/rockabilly rav  
 Jimmy Lee Maslon couldn't strike a deal  
 bring Herschell Gordon Lewis out of retireme  
 to helm the epic, he landed femme exploitatre  
 supreme Jackie Kong (THE BEING) to direct th

hilarious, X-rated-for-violence carnage classic. Nearly 25 years after the first film, the warp-minded nephews of Fuad Ramses (now known as Uncle Anwar for legal purposes) exhume his brain and eyeballs and follow his instructions for assembling "the bloodfeast of sluts" to revive the ancient Egyptian goddess Sheetar. Operating out of their chic L.A. vegetarian restaurant, the pair hack, chop, slice and dice their way through a variety of punk-rock trollups in order to carry out their uncle's orders. More like a remake of THE UNDERTAKER AND HIS PALS than an actual FEAST sequel, BLOOD will get gorehounds salivating in glee with Bruce Zaslava's graphic entrail-spewing effects and screen writer Michael Sonye's irreverent, immature, sexist elementary-school toilet humor. Add some interesting sideplots including a homosexual wrestler named Jimmy Hitler and a busty Pam Grier-clone homicide detective and BLOOD DINER emerges as one of the sickest, funniest and most offensive films to be released since BLOODSUCKING FREAKS and another strong contender for G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR!

NEAR DARK- Two of Hollywood's yup and coming whiz kids Kathryn Bigelow (THE LOVELESS) and Eric Red (THE HITCHER) collaborate on this violent new wave cum vampire backwoods thriller that is every bit as hard-hitting, depraved and stark as Tobe Hooper's TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. NEAR concerns teen wrangler Adrian Pasdar's obsession with mysterious blonde nymphet Jennie Wright. While preparing for the bone dance ritual in the cab of his pick-up truck, Jennie sinks her teeth deep into the farmboy's jugular, cursing him with the affliction of vampirism and forcing him to join her Mansonesque "family" of bloodsuckers on a midwest killing spree. All morals and most plot credibility is then chucked out the window as Red's slick screenplay spends the balance of NEAR'S taut 95 minutes on a wild ride of graphic slaughters, bloodspilling and carnage incited by maniacal Lux Interior lookalike Bill Paxton and vampire group leader Lance Henriksen, both of whom make the T.C.M. elements seem like Boy Scout camp counselors by comparison. Though only sporadically displayed, Gordon Smith's make-up f/x push the flick close to the parameters of "X rated for violence" gut-wrenching depravity, leaving NEAR DARK a first-rate smash and yet another late-coming dark horse for G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR. Don't miss it!

SURF NAZIS MUST DIE- Though sporting one of the most intriguing titles in recent exploitation memory, this overbearing one-joke exercise in tedium is yet another Troma travesty released on a mini theatrical break to no doubt satisfy a lucrative video pre-sale. Set at the turn of this coming century, SURF depicts a post-earthquake L.A. wherein all law and order has vanished and rival beach gangs surf, rob, and

rape their way through this 79 minute abomination that (even at this scant running time) padded out with endless surfing acrobatic footage to compensate for its non-existent plot. The scattered gore effects and violence are pretty anemic and the acting appalling (ie Adolf the leader of the Nazis can't hide the fact that he is a real-life mincing pickle-garler, the 300 lb. yammering Negro heroine looks as though she were lured to the set with a few bottles of Night Train, etc.), leaving SURF NAZIS MUST DIE a no-budget, inane abomination best avoided by all. Even the memory of Adolf Hitler deserves better than this!

SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY- Empi Releasing, having a backlog of minor budget in-house productions and independent pick-ups have formed a new division called Urban Classics Pictures (love that name!) which is releasing B-flick exploitation and horror double bills on a monthly basis to ethnic action venues across the country before selling them to video six months later. SLAVE GIRLS is the first release from this exploitation braintrust which hit 42nd St. the first week in October. Directed by the infamous Ken Dixon (known johnson-working gorehounds as the compiler of the FAMOUS T&A video series), the flick is futuristic blood 'n tits remake of THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME featuring a trio of buxom slave girls who crash land on a planet ruled by psychotic hunter who seeks to hang their heads on his trophy wall. Clocking in at a scant 70 minutes, the film promises little, but delivers more with nearly every frame of this fast-paced epic filled with scantily-clad femmes, close-ups of exposed Russ Meyer-style rib flaps, some sort of exaggerated comic-book violence making SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY an acceptable sleaze diversion and an excellent way to kick off the Urban Classics series mind fungus.

CREEPOZIDS - Sharing the double bill with SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY, this underplotted piece of dreck has a lot of balls even calling itself a movie. With a budget of zilch CREEP attempts to spin the tale of a group of post-apocalyptic holocaust survivors who hide out in an abandoned Army laboratory to escape an acid rain thunderstorm. They soon discover a monster inside (actually some retard wearing an ALIEN face mask) and spend the rest of the flick's ultrashort 70 minutes running from and a variety of large rat head hand pupes that shoot out from the shadows at regular intervals (and would even embarrass Bert Gordon). Not even RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD boner idol Linnea Quigley's nude shower scene can spark this wretched turkey into life leaving CREEPOZIDS an eye-straining model of technical ineptitude and easily one of the worst

films to be released this year.

**ZOMBIE HIGH** - Although distributor Cinema Group Pictures gave away a free pair of imitation Wayfarer sunglasses emblazoned with the **ZOMBIE HIGH** logo with every paid admission, cinema goers stayed away in droves for this pseudo-comedic disaster set at a preppy New England boarding school. Similar in plot and stylish execution to 1981's **STRANGE BEHAVIOR**, **ZOMBIE** spins the sordid tale of a group of immortal professors who retain their youth by mainlining a serum concocted from the brain tissue of students who subsequently become neo-lobotomized after the radical surgery. The interesting premise is fumbled by first-time director Ron Link who plays the flick more for laughs than chunk-blowing; eschewing any decent gore or sex for campy humor and MTV-styled camera angles. Add to this some abysmal dialogue looping (much of the close-up conversations appear dubbed like a Japanese **GODZILLA** movie!) and second-rate, restrained gore effects from Chris Biggs and **ZOMBIE HIGH** resembles throw-away made-for-TV fodder of no interest to die-hard sleaze fans.

**HELLO MARY LOU: PROM NIGHT II-THE HAUNTING OF HAMILTON HIGH**- Although the marquee-bending title would lead one to believe that this flick is a sequel to the 1980 Jamie Lee Curtis stalk & slash classic, the two films are linked by their fatal prom themes only, leaving the usually above-board Samuel Goldwyn Co. looking a bit like the Troma boys with this attempt to deceive the movie-going public. This criticism notwithstanding, **PROM II** stands on its own as a slickly-packaged **CARRIE/EXORCIST** hybrid concerning the vengeful spirit of a disfigured 50's slut prom queen entering the body of a demure blonde Canadian virgin 30 years after her death in order to exact revenge on those responsible for maiming her. Veteran B-flick scumbag Michael Ironside (**SCANNERS**, **VISITING HOURS**, etc.) is on hand as the quiet high school principal who just happens to have been the dude who secretly torched Mary Lou back in 1957 after he discovered her playing "hide the salami" with his best friend the night of the senior prom. Director Bruce Pittman keeps the flick moving at a brisk pace, packing its 96 minutes with a substantial amount of blood-spewing, profanity and even some full-frontal nudity tied up in a package spiced liberally with black humor. Add a rocking 50's soundtrack for older gorehounds and **HELLO MARY LOU: PROM NIGHT II** emerges a surprising winner that surpasses its supposed original. (Note to H.G. Lewis fans: Ray Sager, the notorious actor who set the profession back 50 years as the title dementoid in **THE WIZARD OF GORE** co-produced this made in Canada epic.)

**BLUE MONKEY**- This 80's homage to the "giant-in-

sect-on-the-loose" low budget classic of the 50's was originally shot under the title **GREY MONKEY** but was changed just before its theatrical release after a marketing survey revealed that the title made people think it was an AI movie, since one popular theory of the origin of the dreaded rump wrangler virus is that it came from oversexed Ubangis screwing the human-like green monkey in Africa. The producers would have served themselves better conducting a survey as to why this turd was even made, as this agonizingly slow sci-crudball sent the G.G. staff into snoozeville in the middle of the fourth reel. A preposterous plot about a caterpillar-like parasite that puked out of a hospital patient's mouth and subsequently grows to gigantic proportions after being fed steroids by a band of pesky kids gives way to an actionless hunt by detective Steve Railsback and buxom nurse Susan Anspaugh beneath the catacombs of the old hospital. When the creature is finally revealed, it looks like an imitation of the **BEGINNING OF THE END** grasshoppers, with wires quite visible on its legs in many scenes. **BLUE MONKEY** offers "gore, no tits, no sex" (sing that to "King of the Road") and as such really spansks the monk for being such an utter waste of time. Forget it!

**THE OUTING**- The pressbook for this insipid little no-budgeter sports a quote from its producer Warren Chaney stating that "this is the first film ever made to present a genie as evil!" When one has to dig that low to find something positive about one's own production you can get a representative idea as to how good the film must be. Originally filmed under the title **THE LAMP**, this Grade Z embarrassment concerns a 5000 year-old genie who emerges from an Arabic lamp in a museum and terrorizes a group of randy teens who are spending the night there. Each of the obnoxious adolescents is knocked off in rather graphic **FRIDAY THE 13th** fashion, but the boring pace, abysmal acting and predictable "s&s" plot will not hold gorehounds' attention between the slaughter. I'll stop this all off with a ridiculous stop-motion genie monster that looks like he was borrowed from the prop storage closet of **FLESH GODDARD** and **THE OUTING** can be recommended for copulating teen completists only.

**SURVIVAL GAME**- With a title inspired by the popular yuppie weekend paint-pellet sport, the low-budget actioneer has a great plot premise that ultimately gets bogged down by He Freed's low-gear direction. Having real nothing to do with war games at all, **SURVIVAL** is concerned with Dr. Dave Forrest, a Timoteo Leary-esque acid manufacturer who has just be-

released from a 17 year stretch in prison for concocting a particularly strong blend of hallucinogen called "Forest Fire" at the end of the 60's. Now older and quite burnt out, he is the object of desire of both the F.B.I. and his ruthless ex-hippie partners who are seeking the 2 million dollars he supposedly made on the drug's sales before he was busted. Enter dorky Mike Norris (son of Chuck) who has fallen for Dave's young daughter and seeks to protect her and rescue him after he is abducted by a gang of thugs. Freed fumbles what could have been a minor exploitation classic by offering no gore, no nudity and the most lamely executed action sequences ever committed to celluloid. The flick is not a total write-off, however, with the aging doctor's introduction into the 80's world of yuppies and technology good for a few hoots as well as a corny vintage psychedelic soundtrack (Bubble Puppy, Count Five, etc.) that blares during the far-too-few chase and fight sequences. SURVIVAL GAME clicks on the basis of its own ineptitude and as such may be of interest to fans of "so bad, it's good" cinematic swill.

BIG BAD MAMA II- Former Fangoria bullshit artist Jim Wynorski helms this Roger Corman low-budget pseudo-sequel to the 1974 Angie Dickinson drive-in smash. Though in her early 50's, the titular Ange still looks delightful, once again reprising her role as Wilma McClatchie, the gun-toting femme Robin Hood of the 1930's. Along with her two daughters, the trio rob corrupt banks and help out depression-stricken farmers throughout the balance of MAMA's short 83 minutes while seeking personal revenge on a lizard-like politician named Crawford who slaughtered the family patriarch in cold blood after foreclosing on his small farm. MAMA II is pretty devoid of plot, but long on relentless graphic gunshot violence and Russ Meyer-influenced breast displays as Dickinson & Co. shoot and screw their way through endless episodic vignettes in backwoods Southern villages. Even Ange herself beds down with Philadelphia reporter Robert Culp for a quick bone dance in a brothel, but it is sadly evident that a body double was used to replace her sagging JFK-suckled nurps. Younger daughter Julie McCullough will have sleaze fans slapping the bishop in the men's room with her portrayal of a slightly-retarded nymphet who loves to bathe topless in ponds. All in all, BIG BAD MAMA II is a mindless, rollicking exercise in endless squib explosions and large pendulous breasts that should be actively sought out by gorehounds and exploitation mavens alike!

ROLLING VENGEANCE- Somewhat lost in the morass of low-budgeters released over the past weeks, this little backwoods revenge opus pits a young trucker named Joey Rosso against a band of

DELIVERANCE-type hillbilly rednecks who kill his family and rape his girlfriend just for the hell of it. Led by a scenery-chewing Ned Beatty (best known for getting corn-holed by mutant in the aforementioned flick, now apparant siring them), the thugs push Joey to the breaking point, forcing him to retreat into his garage and weld up an 8 ton, armored monster truck that spurts fire and is able to run down and flatten assorted small houses, bars, cars etc. to exact revenge. The bulk of this minute Canadian-made quickie is packed with director Steven H. Stern with a heavy dose of demolition carnage and vehicle chases, with nubile shanty tramps flaunting their luscious breasts down at Beatty's topless go-go bar whenever the plot drags down. More jade gorehounds may be put off by ROLLING VENGEANCE lack of any graphic grue, but its non-stop pace, vile villains and the nifty monster truck designed by motorhead Michael Welch make it recommended for more than just a passable diversion. Try and see it!

PRINCE OF DARKNESS- After the successive failures of CHRISTINE, BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA and his being dismissed from the set of BLACK MOON RISING, one might wonder if the former master of terror John Carpenter has been spending too much time on the receiving end of a Malibu crackpipe dreaming about how to win back Adrienne Barbeau as this overly-complex symbolically-contrived mess is easily his worst film to date. Sort of a sci-fi thriller for physics majors, PRINCE is an embarrassing attempt to explain in detailed scientific theory why Satan has appeared in the basement of an abandoned Catholic church in the form of a canister of green slime. Looking much like a fermenting lava light from the 60's, the demon possesses insects and homeless people (headed up by a brain-dead Alice Cooper outside the church to use them to stop a gang of young scientists inside the cathedral from discovering his secrets and subsequent plan for world domination. Fairly goreless for its R-rating, the flick plods along for a lengthly 101 minutes until the pus is finally repelled by a co-mingling of quantum theory and religious angst by Victor Wong and Carpenter stalwart Donald Pleasence respectively, by which time most gorehounds will have either zoned out or gone home entirely. Even Carpenter himself must have realized this project was in deep shit as he removed his name from the film as the screenplay writer, replacing it with the hokypseudonym Martin Quatermass, thus giving further proof that PRINCE OF DARKNESS is feeble, jumbled no-gore bore best avoided altogether!

THE HIDDEN- Jack Sholder, veteran schlockmeister director who reached both the highs and lows of

his career with ALONE IN THE DARK and NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PART 2 respectively, brings us this wild sci-fi/action outing which surprisingly opened to dismal box office reception across the country. Sort of a quirky hybrid of Cronenberg's THEY CAME FROM WITHIN and an intergalactic LETHAL WEAPON, HIDDEN is concerned with a slug-like alien who crawls down the throats of various humans and turns them into murdering zombies with a penchant for fast sports cars and heavy metal music. L.A. detective Michael Nouri is baffled by this outbreak of violent crime and becomes even further confused when emotionless F.B.I. agent Kyle MacLachlan (BLUE VELVET) is assigned to help him crack the mystery. It is soon revealed that Kyle is an alien law enforcement agent himself assigned to Earth to apprehend the heinous slug monster. With this wild premise, Sholder takes us on a non-stop 96 minute rollercoaster ride chock-filled with action from the very first frame of the film, including endless car chases, squib-packed violent shootouts and a continuous undercurrent of sick humor that keeps things rolling at a brisk pace. The more staunch blood demons in the audience may complain that THE HIDDEN relies too much on action to carry it along than any actual graphic entrail-spewing, but it is still yards ahead of most of the dreck being released these days and well worth a viewing.

Not too much space left as we go to press, but we shouldn't overlook some of the more marginal genre entries that have come down the pike that may be of interest to sleaze completists:

NIGHTFLYERS- Only sci-fi nerds who ejaculate over the likes of the DR. WHO series and endless STAR TREK reruns will have a field day with this tedious space opera concerning an ominous black space cruiser that is alive and seeks to possess its exploratory crew. Sort of a poverty-row 2001, NIGHTFLYERS is an overlong talky bore featuring little gore and a pathetic scenery-chewing performance by has-been hard rocker Michael Des Barres as the crew's psychic who is one of the first to fall under the spell of the evil vessel spirit. Yet another flick that caught us dozing midway through, NIGHTFLYERS is one of the dumbest flicks to be released this year. Skip it!

THE KILLING TIME- Not even LOST BOY Kiefer Sutherland as a wild-eyed, maniacal psycho can rescue this boring, snail's-paced murder mystery. Set in a small backwoods town and originally titled A PERFECT STRANGER, this soap-operaic tale of adultery, suspicion and double-crossing has its highlights of grisly bloodshed, but the agonizingly slow direction of Rick King makes THE KILLING TIME resemble an GATHA CHRISTIE IN MAYBERRY outing and as such is instantly forgettable.

DERANGED- In the gorehounds throughout the tri-state area salivated at the thought of this being a re-release of the elusive 1974 AIP shocker based on the life story of cannibal Ed Gein, it is in fact an overbearing low-budget remake of Polanski's REPULSION made by scumbucket porn pioneer Chuck Vincent and featuring an all hard-core cast (Jamie Gillis, Veronica Hart, etc.) in a lobstery tale of a schizophrenic woman and her psychotic delusions that take place in her claustrophobic NY apartment. More like a cinematic record of a one-act off-Broadway play, the flick's fairly grisly gore sequences are unnecessarily padded out by dull monologs and useless flashbacks that make the flick seem much longer than its scant 7 minutes. Even Vincent's tossing in of some soft-core sex, rape and even an incest sequence cannot salvage this failed experiment, leaving DERANGED unsuitable for either the loft aspirations of the art house crowd or the perversions of the ethnic grindhouse minions.

FEEL THE HEAT- Another example of a "free" feature being offered to theatres to satisfy video presale, this wacky exploitation features sultry slopehead karatress Tiana Alexandra as an LA narcotics detective sent to Buenos Aires to break up has-been Rod Steiger international heroin ring. It seems that the old Rodster is posing as a South American talent agent scouting for dancers to come to New York. When he finds prospective bimbo candidates, he gets them to submit to silico beef-ups, and unbeknownst to the girls he fills up their hooters with heroin instead of silico and subsequently offs them by having goons tear off their tits when they reach the U.S. The radical plot premise could have been handled a lot grislier by restrained director Jo Silberg as its blood count is quite anemic, but FEEL THE HEAT still packs enough double-entendres, killings, assorted vulgarities and groan-worthy crunchings by Alexandra to elicit a bunch of chuckles from fans of Grade B depravity. Worth a look!

DEADLY ILLUSION- Cult hero screenwriter/director Larry Cohen (THE STUFF, a zillion others) dismissed from this interesting action/comedy mid-way through production and replaced with mainstreamer William Tannen (FLASHPOINT) who may account for the disjointed pace of this budget effort featuring blaxploitation pre-teen boy Billy Dee Williams as a private detective seeking to apprehend the drug kingpins who framed him for a murder. Originally titled LOVE YOU TO DEATH, this convoluted film is a satire also featuring ex-Prince concubine Valerie as Billy's main squeeze and Morgan Fairchild at the head of a murdering cocaine syndicate. Offers an impressive body count and hilarity.



lewd dialog, but its juxtaposed directorial styles make DEADLY ILLUSION more like two different films than one and as such is a bit too uneven to recommend to anyone but members of the Joe Spinell fan club who appears in a nifty psychotic cameo at the film's outset.

DEATHWISH IV: THE CRACKDOWN- Surprisingly, Charles Bronson dissappoints as geriatric hitman Paul Kersey in this third sequel of the landmark vigilante series. This time out, the daughter of his girlfriend Kay Lenz O.D.'s on some bad coke, sending Bronson out on a killing spree against the entire coke-dealing populace of Los Angeles. Unfortunately, instead of taking to the streets and confronting the vile urban crackmen in one-on-one showdowns, most of IV is concerned with Bronson infiltrating the contraband cognisenti and the top dogs of the drug operation. As such, director J. Lee Thompson plays the flick as kind of a BRONSON VS. THE GODFATHER melodrama with none of the gritty street violence or ethnic yammering that made the first three installments exploitation classics. Also, IV contains almost none of the expected ultraviolence that former series director Michael Winner always leaned so heavily upon, leaving DEATHWISH IV: THE CRACKDOWN by far the weakest Bronson vehicle released to date.

Although it will be reviewed in greater depth next issue, THE HOWLING III has hit NY literally as this issue is being run off at the printers, and it should not be missed as director Phillippe Mora (THE BEAST WITHIN) has concocted a wildly horrific satire of werewolf flicks featuring a tribe of marsupial lycanthropes in Australia who carry their babies around in pouches---don't be put off by the PG-13 rating, this is first-rate stuff..... Also, alcohol-swilling sleaze mavens should not overlook BARFLY, a pseudo-lobster epic in sleaze clothing that is easily the funniest flick to be released this year! Tie one on before you see it!

RARE VIDEOS- Excellent quality copies of THE TOUCH OF HER FLESH (a mid-60's sexploitation ultrararity concerning the exploits of wheelchair-bound misogynist Richard Jennings who bludgeons, decapitates and tortures various femmes in a revenge vendetta against his adulterous wife, the G.G. staff recently uncovered this Roberta Findlay-directed "adults only" classic and it is highly recommended); THE BLACK KLANSMAN (also known as I CROSSED THE COLOR LINE, this racist exploitationer from T.V. Mikels is concerned with a light-skinned negro who joins the K.K.K. in an attempt to find out who set his little daughter on fire by hurling a molotov cocktail at her. A classic for fans of AMOS 'N ANDY style piccaninny humor and a great flick to boot); NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS (the completely uncut version of the

first installment of the legendary Spanish BLIND DEAD series featuring the dreaded flesh-eating zombies known as The Knights Of Templar-dubbed in English); THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE (the newest chunk-blower from Spain's Paul Naschy, this opus features the unflappable Pablo as a wizened hunchback trying to revive his terminally-ill love muffin and features severed limbs, burning rats, flesh-eating slime and repellent freak sex that should please even the most jaded gorehound); and THE G.G. SALUTES WILLIAM CASTLE (an in-house production featuring all the rare gimmick trailers of horror's tackiest sleazemeister, see the cigar-chomping hustler tout THE TINGLER, MR. SARDONICUS, BUG and much more in this rare compendium- a must!) All tapes are available in either VHS or Beta format and are only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 for postage and handling). Orders received by December 10 will be sent in time for Christmas; all others will have to wait 4 to 5 weeks since the holiday help will have been laid off. Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o Sullivan 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Order today!

Since we changed our masthead logo, more astute gorehounds have written to tell us that we no longer offer subscription info in our pages. The story is still the same as always: subs are \$13 for 12 issues (monthly publication seems to catch up with us) and all back issues are 7 cents each. Send the cabbage c/o our masthead logo.

## ATTACK OF THE DOUBLE FEATURE

THE MOVIES YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T TAKE YOU TO SEE.



YOUR FLESH WILL CRAWL  
RIGHT OFF YOUR BONES.

CREEPOZIDS

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Urban Classics

AD SLICK OF THE YEAR AWARD DEFINITELY GOT OUT TO EMPIRE PICTURES' NEWLY-FORMED "URBA CLASSICS" DIVISION (WHAT BALLS!) FOR THIS NIFTY EXAMPLE OF CRASS BIMBO SEXPLOITATION. KEEP 'EM COMING, CHAS. BAND !!

# GORE GAZZETTE

75¢

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation &amp; Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

no. 38



THE DOUBLE-FACED MUTATION DEPICTED ABOVE IS THE SINISTER LEADER BEHIND A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL TERRORISTS PLOTTING TO OVERTHROW THE U.S. IN THE ILLUSTRIOUS NEW RELEASE FROM THE DRECKMEISTERS AT TROMA CALLED SIMPLY WAR. NOT YOUR AVERAGE COMBAT FLICK BY ANY STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION, THIS HEINOUS CLAN OF SCOUNDRELS USES THE AIDS VIRUS AS ONE OF THEIR METHODS OF ASSAULT, RESULTING IN SEQUENCES SO REPULSIVE THAT REPORTEDLY MANY EXHIBITORS WALKED OUT IN CHUNKBLOWING DISGUST FOLLOWING A RECENT SCREENING. ANY FILM UTILIZING THE TAG LINE "THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GOOD WAR TO MAKE HEROES OF US ALL!" SOUNDS RIGHT UP G.G. READERS' ALLEY, LEAVING THIS EPIC (STILL UNRATED AS WE GO TO PRESS) A MUST-SEE FOR ALL GOREHOONDS WHEN IT OPENS IN THE NY METRO AREA LATER THIS MONTH !!!

Anticipating this summer's bleak draught of gore and related exploitation fare as the major film companies hog nearly all available screens, the G.G. staff kicked off and carried on through most of the season outside of the bijous, with endless mind-numbing parties, barbeques, road trips and motorcycle forays (highlighted by enough alcohol and substance abuse to land your editor the leading role in CLEAN AND SOBER II should it ever materialize) occupying most of our time until after the Labor Day weekend when low-budget quickies begin running rampant. In the midst of this much-needed hiatus, an emissary from the Passaic County Sheriff's Dept. paid an unexpected visit to the G.G. offices one steamy August morning. Identifying himself as an investigator via an elaborate shield and state I.D. combo, the plainclothes dick (no disrespect intended) asked for your editor by name and requested to enter the premises to "ask a few questions". Needless to say, my usual flippant, irreverent self felt my testicles dancing against my pancreas as I thought about which poverty-row film distributor had finally gotten pissed off about having his oddball product advertised as a "rare video" offering in the pages of the G.G. and decided to get even by blowing the whistle on the ol' reverend. My fears were quickly allayed when the cop asked if I knew of a Steven Ford from Soda Springs, Idaho. I quickly shot the name through my not-yet-crippled cranium and recalled that he had been a G.G. subscriber for the past three years. The investigator replied that Ford was an eighteen year old who has committed suicide the week before and was found in his bed after slashing both his wrists in a bloody exodus from the planet. At the time of his death, he was wearing a Walkman containing an Ozzy Osbourne cassette (that poor bastard gets blamed for everything--why don't teens ever commit heinous acts while listening to Bruce Springsteen or Billy Joel?) and the wall behind his headboard was plastered with posters of METALLICA, ELVIRA, and ---- the last 16 covers of the G.G.! The agent asked if Ford had written any letters to the G.G. (he had not) and then requested a handful of samples "for his own edification". Thanking the powers that be that I was not being busted for video piracy, I cheerfully handed over a random half dozen, but my coffee started going down slowly as the officer scowled while perusing the humble pages of the G.G. I soon realized I had made a big mistake when he came upon issue #69 featuring the infamous cover photo from Thinery Zeno's THE PIG-FUCKING MOVIE. With that, he started up suddenly, thanked me for my time and asked if he could contact me if he had any further questions. I nodded in the affirmative, walking him to the door and noticing that he still had the G.G. back issues with him....Now it might be my 30-ish police paranoia, but since that August morning, I've been stopped no less

than five times in my home hamlet of Cliff for routine vehicle credential checks, sobriety check points while driving both personal and company vehicles as well as motorcycle. Who can you blame now that we way past 1984?...The point of this rambling editorial is that (besides the fact that we ne some padding since there were only 14 films review in the past 90 days!) this issue dedicated tot he memory of Steven Ford ( must've had good reasons for offering himself and also to point out to other G.G. subscribers/readers that if things are that bad your life that you want to check out, please considerate enough to burn all your G.G. before you do the deed to at least make my li a little easier and not make it look like a warped flair of this rag helped you along your decision. If you don't, remember, I'll find you in hell, motherfucker!! On to light topics--namely the reviews we're here for!

AMERICAN GOTHIC - This grisly little Briti production filmed in Canada opened to barely dozen theatres in the N.Y. metro area mid-June before being dumped into the vic retail outlets a scant five weeks late. Deserving far better than this slipshod treatment, GOTHIC is concerned with six yuppie campers whose plane is forced down on a remote island off the coast of British Columbia. T half dozen soon come upon a cabin inhabited a deranged, bible-toting, hillbilly cl (headed up by ex-Oscar contender-turned-alcohol bloat Rod Steiger as the patriarch and forr Lilly Munster, Yvonne DeCarlo (now looking li a stand-in for the GIANT BEHEMOTH as t mother) who live in Depression-era style a force their now middle aged (and quite retarded offspring to still dress and behave as tot As expected, the yups are soon dispatched one by one in stalk and slash FRIDAY THE 13 fashion by various family members, but wh prevents GOTHIC from sinking to becoming mere a tired teenslay retread is the truly dement screenplay of director John Hough who depicts the inbred siblings (headed up by real-li burn-out Michael J. Pollard) as frightening sadistic powder kegs ready to fly into acts violence for any reason. Add some gris graphic special effects featuring knitti needle impalement, bloodily broken necks a some usually-taboo dead baby hijinx and AMERIC GOTHIC emerges as one of the sickest sleeper released this year. Track it down!

THE DRIFTER - Leave it to schlock-meister Roger Corman's Concorde Pictures to foist a low-budget, reverse re-work of last years FAT ATTRACTION on the exploitation market for so quick bucks in between the summer's mega-bu releases. A liberal-minded businesswoman do the bone dance with a long-haired hitch-hiker she has picked up on the way home from

convention trip in an isolated "No-Tell" motel on a desolate California highway. After returning to L.A., the handsome stranger (sadly played by ex-TARZAN, Miles O'Keefe, obviously on board for some quick drug money while his career backslides fearlessly) refuses to acknowledge their tryst was a one-night stand and bothers the lovely Kim Delaney incessantly in both her professional and personal life. When Kim's pregnant girlfriend is found brutally murdered, all except the already-bored audience figures the pony-tailed dickman as the culprit, so that when the "surprise" ending is revealed at the end of this 91 minute clunker, all but the most fanatical of horror fans will have either fallen asleep or gone home. Directed at a snail's pace in a goreless "made for TV" style by newcomer Larry Brand, THE DRIFTER is an easily-forgettable genre entry best avoided by all!

BULLETPROOF - Yet another low-budgeter released theatrically back in June but now available on all local video shelves, BULLETPROOF is an action potboiler featuring a pre-sobriety period Gary Busey (he now does anti-drug ads) as Det. "Bulletproof" McBain, so named because of his insistence on wearing the a protective vest 24 hours a day and also by the fact that he had 37 bullets pulled out of his body during his career as a Dirty Harry-type cop. He is pulled from his local L.A. law enforcement duties by his ex-C.I.A. operative bosses and sent to Mexico to recover some futuristic nuclear tank and save a group of Army soldiers that have been kidnapped and tortured by a group of Communist rebels led by veteran B villain scumbag Henry Silva (ABOVE THE LAW, BRONX WARRIORS, etc.). This far-fetched comic book plot is merely a setting piece for 94 minutes of non-stop action highlighted by bloody shoot-outs, dismembering explosions, sadistic beatings and even a dash of rape to satisfy all but the most jaded of sleaze mavens. Add William Smith as a maniacal Russian General who has a penchant for blowing up churches and burning Jesuit priests and you can't get an R-rated flick much wilder than this in the Reagan-repressed 80's. In his candid anti-drug interviews, Busey admits to being so messed up on blow during the flick's production that he doesn't remember even making it, leaving BULLETPROOF even further recommended for fans of sleaze cinema.

RED HEAT - Poor Walter Hill hasn't had a box office success since 1982's smash 48 HRS., with more recent projects like STREETS OF FIRE, EXTREME PREJUDICE and a few others scoring resounding box office thuds and making the future look bleak for the former whiz kid who roared into Hollywood with his 1979 gang war classic THE WARRIORS. Obviously panicking at the six year blight, Hill took the successful 48 HRS. formula and exchanged Arnold

Schwarzenegger and James Belushi in the Ed Murphy and Nick Nolte roles for this far-fetched tale of Russian police enforcer Arnold comes to Chicago to extradite a psychotic murdering, raping Commie drug overlord who has been arrested on a technicality in the U.S. bumbling, foul-mouthed loser policeman Belushi. The pair are as different as day and night both their lifestyles and techniques of enforcement and RED HEAT becomes essentially 103 minute exercise of lewd grips and "fish of water" slapstick humor, all sewn up with Hill's expected high degree of Peckinpah-es-graphic bloodletting. As with usual Hill outings, the plot has enough holes to disable a four-wheeler, but the fast pace of Hill's witty screenplay and the positive chemistry between Arnold and Jim leave RED HEAT a rare example of a successful action/comedy one of the few mega-budget releases worth checking out this summer!

POLTERGEIST III - Reports have it that young Heather O'Rourke died of a rare intestinal affliction shortly after the completion of the second sequel to the Steven Spielberg blockbuster of 1982, but upon viewing this abomination, it is more likely that she kicked the sheer embarrassment of sitting through the rough cut of this 97 minute dud. Veteran exploitation director Gary Sherman (VICE SQUAD, WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE, etc.) sets up a series of interesting premise by having the pesky specter of the evil Rev. Kane transported out of suburbia and into a high-tech Chicago condominium complex where young Carol Ann has been farmed out to live with her aunt and uncle after destroying her parent's second home in the finale of POLTERGEIST II. But 15 minutes into the flick, the budget limitations easily seen and III becomes an unoriginal showcase for some decidedly unspectacular special effects from John Caglione (BASKET CASE) that look like they might have been shot in Troma Releasing basement. Both Nancy Allen and Tom Skerritt look embarrassed as O'Rourke's well-heeled relatives and Zelda Rubinstein adds to the irritation by reprising her role as Tangina the annoying midget psychic who knows how to combat the ghostly hordes. Thankfully, by the end of this epic, most of the cast has either been killed off in the script or in real life (if you don't know about the POLTERGEIST decurse, book remedial sessions with back issues of the Weekly World News at once!), leaving little chance for yet a third sequel and perhaps the only good thing that can be said about POLTERGEIST III --- a dog to be avoided at all costs!

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF TENNESSEE BUCK - What such an awkward marquee-bending title and an ill-conceived campaign making it look like just another Indiana Jones rip-off, sleaze fans mi-

erlook this nifty adventure outing about  
rned out safari hunter who agrees to take an  
noxious, thrill-seeking wealthy couple on a  
akend outing through a cannibal-infested  
rneo jungle. Former Oscar contender David  
ith (AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN) toplines as  
e title character in this Italian co-product-  
n which is crammed full of racist and sexist  
mor, brutal brawls, dismemberments, nudity,  
pe and enough fairly graphic cannibal hijinx  
make it more suited to the depraved tastes of  
G. readers than mainstream cinema patrons.  
rison Ford should consider making his next  
quel in this mold, leaving TENNESSEE BUCK one  
the most enjoyable surprise finds this year.  
e sure to check it out!

THE BLOB- Easily the smash hit of the summer  
nd perhaps a shoe-in for gorefilm of the year,  
uck Russell (NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3) is  
ne man to praise for this no-holds-barred \$20  
million dollar remake of the quintessential  
950's "monster run amok" drive-in classic.  
essentially sticking to the storyline of the  
iginal, Russell puts wise-mouthed punk Kevin  
illon in the Steve McQueen role of the juvenile  
ho witnesses the meteoric landing of a blood-  
ungry space ooze but is disbelieved by the  
ocals of an off-season resort community  
ntil it is almost too late. Russell's blob is  
far cry from the stop-motion cherry Jello  
sed by skinflint pioneering schlockmeister Jack  
. Harris in 1958--this monster from f/x whiz  
yle Conway is a mean spirited, fast-moving son  
f a bitch that devours human bodies by tearing  
hem apart and often eating them from the inside  
ut, all displayed in gruesome pastiches of  
raphic gore that will have horror fans squeal-  
ng in glee. The added plot twist of having the  
reature not really from outer space, but a  
iological warfare creation gone awry from the  
U.S. Government is a further plus, adding a  
RAZIES-like paranoia to the already fast-paced  
proceedings. Sexist gorehounds will no doubt  
snicker at the monster's vagina-like appearance  
in many sequences which an insider from the  
Conway camp revealed to the G.G. as intentional  
(whew, for a second there we thought we might  
ave been perverts) leaving THE BLOB a must-see  
for horror fans of all ages! One of the best!

THE REJUVENATOR- West Orange, N.J.'s own sleaze  
naven Steve Mackler (DEADTIME STORIES, NEON  
MANIACS, etc.) brings us this low-budget, enter-  
taining 80's update of the WASP WOMAN. Origin-  
ally filmed under the title REJUVENATRIX (which  
still can be seen on some prints in circula-  
tion), but changed to the above at the request  
of some conservative Sony video honchos, the  
flick spins the familiar tale of a wealthy,  
aging screen queen who underwrites the research  
of a slightly wacky scientist to discover a  
serum to reverse the aging process. He soon  
does, and transforms the old bag into a boneable

ingenue, but discovers that she can't  
continual transfusions of live human brain  
extracts to avoid changing into a hideous  
monster, courtesy of some top-notch f/x work  
from genre veteran Ed French. As expected, the  
doc can't keep up with the brain supply and the  
villainess soon takes to the streets to bite out  
the brains of live victims for herself. Sort of  
an anachronism in the 80's by virtue of its  
slow 1950's pacing and campy overacting, the  
flick still packs a grisly punch once it gets  
moving and its graphic mutilation and brain-mur-  
dering sequences make one wonder how it ever  
secured an R-rating in the first place, leaving  
THE REJUVENATOR a commendable entry in the  
rapidly-dwindling low budget theatrical market.

DIE HARD- Not really deserving of a full G.  
analysis, we might have overlooked this gem  
not for trying to slip inside the panties of  
Bruce Willis MOONLIGHTING fan who asked your  
editor to take her to see this much-publicized  
epic. Suffice to say that I don't think there  
is anyone on the entire planet who despises the  
real-life Mr. Demi Moore more than me, so I was  
quite flabbergasted to find myself cheering  
this 2 hour and 20 minute hi-tech action  
classic. Willis plays a burnt-out N.Y. cop who  
comes to L.A. at Christmas time to try to patch  
up his failing marriage and ends up waging  
one-man battle against a group of German  
terrorists who have held hostage an entire  
30 floor office building during his wife's Xmas  
party. Surprisingly violent and chock full of  
gritty street obscenities and anti-Orient  
epithets (the building is owned by a Japanese  
electronics cartel), DIE HARD is a cross-over  
winner sure to delight all but the snobbiest  
sleaze fans. If you know someone who adores  
Bruce as the darling dork pussywhipped week  
by Cybil Sheppard on T.V., take her to see  
this flick and watch her cringe as Willis tears  
out about a half-dozen shards of glass from  
mutilated feet in a sequence that looks as if  
it were directed by Lucio Fulci! Recommended

DIRTY HARRY V: THE DEAD POOL- If not for the  
exploitation film sub-plot which frames the  
clunker, gorehounds would find little interest  
in this fairly-restrained installment of Clint  
Eastwood's vigilante cop series. Look  
rather haggard and drawn (as if the duties  
being Carmel, Ca.'s mayor are tougher than  
cinematic psycho he has come up against)  
Eastwood is out to catch a psychotic horror  
fan who is rubbing out everyone on the list  
sleaze director Peter Swan who is playing  
morbid game with his cast and crew involv-  
ing compiling lists of celebrities whom he  
will die within the next year. Though some  
of the murders are fairly gory, Clint looks  
better and one-dimensional through much of this  
mintue meliority, dispatching criminals with  
his usual deadpan flair and never even say

standing, THE DEAD POOL is easily the weakest entry in the DIRTY HARRY saga and recommended for most desperate rainy-day matinee viewing only.

PHANTASM II- Nine years after unleashing his independently-made surreal gore classic to salivating depravoids everywhere, Hollywood major Universal Pictures called on reclusive director Dan Coscarelli (soured on Hollywood since the flop of 1982's BEASTMASTER) to produce a multi-million dollar sequel. While nowhere near as groundbreaking in the originality department, II successfully picks up where the original left off as the now adolescent Mike from the first flick once again teams up with ex-Hippie ice cream man Reggie in their continual search to destroy the evil Tall Man who is trying to enslave all the world's dead to do his evil bidding. All the gore elements that made the first film a winner are back (zombie dwarves, yellow pus-spewing and three (count 'em) blood-spurting cranium spheres), but the MPAA's originally-imposed X-rating has forced the removal of much of the violence, leaving II a somewhat disjointed effort that doesn't pack the wallop of the original. Coscarelli adds some surprising full-frontal corpse nudity, a kinky sex scene involving a dead woman with a penchant for bald heads and a flesh-tearing chunkblower finale showdown with The Tall Man, but PHANTASM II ultimately emerges a slightly entertaining disappointment when one considers that he delivered an inferior follow-up with ten times his original budget to work with. Don't

MONKEY SHINES- Though George Romero continues to tell the press that he'd like to break out of the stereotype of being "the guy who makes zombie pictures" he'd be better remembered that than as the maker of the 115 min. agonizing excess in tedium concerning a jealous female spider monkey and her murderous protection and devotion to a quadriplegic ex-jock who has been run over by a truck. After being injected with brain tissue from yet another scientist, the cute monkey gets an insane boost of superintelligence and is able to mentally communicate with the handicapped athlete. If he gets angry at someone, the monkey goes out and kills the person for him. Unfortunately, most of Romero's cast are unsympathetic and physically ugly (including his real-life wife, here cast as a Natchez clone) that the audience quickly aligns itself with the cute little monkey totally screwing up the plot mechanizations making the flick somewhat of a mock laugh riot. Tom Savini gets a special credit for visual effects, but one wonders why as the gore in this clunker is virtually non-existent. Except for one brief and truly depraved handicapped oral sex sequence, MONKEY SHINES is a total loser from the former goremeister that should have been avoided like the plague. Easily one of the worst films to be released this year, gorehounds would do better staying at home and spanking their own monkey than shelling out bucks to view this drivel.



FREDDY KRUGER PROVES HE'S A NON-DESCRIMINATING SADIST AS HE FOLLOWS HIS OWN WARPED AFFIRMATIVE ACTION PLAN BY PREPARING TO CRAM HIS WART-INFESTED TONGUE DOWN THE GULLET OF A TERRIFIED NEGRESS IN THIS TOUCHING INTER-RACIAL MOMENT FROM A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. 4: THE DREAM MASTER, NOW SHOWING AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE.



**PICASSO TRIGGER**- Leave it to the unflappable Andy Sidaris to concoct yet a second sequel to 1984's **MALIBU EXPRESS** (a box-office flop to begin with) concerning the mis-adventures of Det. Travis Abilene, a womanizing dickman with the adroit flaw of not being able to shoot a gun straight. **PICASSO** is similar to last year's first sequel **HARD TICKET TO HAWAII** in that it presents a convoluted espionage plot against a backdrop of exotic locations merely as a vehicle to display the voluptuous boobs of various ex-Playboy bunnies cast ludicrously as undercover agents. Nowhere nearly as wild, bawdy or violent as either of the series' predecessors, **PICASSO** stands out as an anachronistic white elephant as this type of R rated action/nudie/spy comedy seems now as outdated as an 8-track tape deck. With little gore and an interminable running time of 99 minutes, **PICASSO TRIGGER** emerges a poor man's Russ Meyer sexploitationer destined to gather dust even on the 99 cent rental video racks....

**A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. 4: THE DREAM MASTER**- Not much room left as we go to press, but this fourth installment of the ever-popular Freddy Kruger saga is strong on state-of-the-art gore effects, but extremely short on plot as the talon-gloved psycho returns from the grave to claim the souls of the three survivors from last year's excellent **PT. 3**. After dispatching these kids two reels into the film, **4** takes a quick nosedive as Freddy possesses a brooding young girl and gets her to bring him fresh victims via her dreams. As mentioned before, the f/x pyrotechnics are excellent, with no less than three independent teams (Steve Johnson, Kevin Yagher and ex-MAD band leader Screaming Mad George) working to provide such grisly sequences as a human head pizza, a cockroach transformation and a brilliant finale mutilation of Mr. K., but director Renny Harlin (**PRISON, BORN AMERICAN**) is severely hampered by the sophomoric script of Brian Helgeland that has Freddy sporting sunglasses in one scene and spouting witty one-liners throughout the movie, thus reducing his character from being evil and terrifying to becoming the Spuds MacKenzie of the gore set. A major disappointment after Chuck Russell's classic **DREAM WARRIORS**, **A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. PT. 4: THE DREAM MASTER** still went on to break all previous **ELM ST.** box office records for the first week of its release, so gorehounds can rest assured that a 5th installment is already on the way. Let's just hope that Russell comes back to helm it.

Videophiles searching for some really obscure and unreleased stuff are urged to send off \$4.00 today for the new 1988 updated edition of the **G.G. PRIVATE LIBRARY LISTING** featuring nearly 100 new titles since the last catalog was published 18 months ago. Included in this edition are offerings that we don't dare

mention in print as well as some related-g and rock music curios that we don't normally advertise in the pages of the **G.G. PLUS**- 4 bucks will be fully refunded with your video order. How can you lose? Send off order now to the **G.G. c/o our masthead address**

**RARE VIDEOS**- Excellent quality copies of **THOUSAND PLEASURES**, (those gorehounds who already purchased the 60's sleaze classic **CURSE OF HER FLESH** and **THE TOUCH OF HER F** will want to pop for this 1968 soft-core re-release from Roberta and Walter Findlay which American Film Institute index describes featuring "Negroes, Lesbianism, Mental retardation, Torture, Suffocation, Oral Sex Murder." They don't lie, so check it out. **BAD TIMING: A SENSUAL OBSESSION**, (Nick Roeg's rare lobster outing featuring Garfunkle as a necrophile psychiatrist ravages the sultry Theresa Russell after she committed suicide. A bit heavy-handed, still contains some really sick stuff!), **OF G.G. KUNG-FU BATTLES**, (after many requests the **G.G.** staff has compiled this 85 mi series of the most bloody, violent and dispiriting acts committed in martial arts cinema since 1973. Most of the plots of these films re-suck, so we've gleaned the highlights for as various slopeheads poke each other's out, tear off their balls and other assorted hijinx accompanied with the expected exaggerated sound effects), **THE GRIM REAPER** (for the first time, the X-rated cut of Joe D'Amato's **ANT POPAGUS** running a full 91 minutes (the release ran 82) and featuring the legendary finale where George Eastman eats his intestines after being shot by Tisa Farrow), **PHENOMENA** (at last-- the full 110-minute version of the Dario Argento classic released domestically in a butchered form as **CREEPERS** fully dubbed in English! A must!) and **DEEP** (from Japanese laser-disc, the 121 minute cut of Dario Argento's slasher classic. Not much gore, but a lot more convoluted plot-- but and bore yourself silly!). All tapes available in either VHS or BETA format and only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 for postage handling). Send checks or money orders to **G.G. c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, NJ 07011**. Allow 4 to 5 weeks delivery, impatient buggers!

Apologies go out to Keith Brewer whose 'zine plug we really botched up last issue! Let's try again: **A TASTE OF BILE**- gore/sleaze fanzine. 50¢ per single issue plus one stamp (cheap bastard) or 7 issues for \$5. Overseas orders add \$2. Write: **A.T.O.B.**, c/o Keith Brewer, P.O. Box 7150, Waco, Tx. 76714-7150. All contributions are accepted and Keith will trade zine subs with you.....

Rt Rev.

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

# GORE GAZZETTE

\$1.00

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

No. 97

**GIANT THROBBING XMAS ISSUE!**



TWO COLD MUGS OF BEER, SOME MASHED POTATOES, PEAS AND CLEAVED HEAD OF PORK MAKE UP THE ULTIMATE HOLIDAY FEAST FOR GOREHOUNDS AS AN UNFORTUNATE COP FINDS HIMSELF THE SPECIAL OF THE DAY IN THIS MOUTH-WATERING SHOT FROM "HORROR SHOW", AN MGM/UA RELEASE SET FOR MAY '89.

It's hard to believe that the end of the year is almost upon us, meaning once again this issue of the G.G. is unconscionably late. A plethora of no less than 2 dozen entries have kept us captive at the cinemas since last September's report from the front as well as attempting to escape the notoriety we've received from August's unfortunate subscriber suicide. Since chronicled in our last editorial, parents of younger G.G. readers have written in to blame the over-worked reverend and the views expressed in this rag sheet for everything from bad report cards, drug addiction, lack of respect and even chronic masturbation. Needless to say, some subscriptions have been abruptly terminated, resulting in our well-intentioned editorial making your besmirched editor out to be the Ozzy Osbourne scapegoat of the horror fanzine set. It's a tough life.... Anyway, the sheer volume of films released and the incessant annoyance of the above-mentioned fingerpointing have sent the staff fleeing on a much-needed vacation to the quiet seclusion of a tropical section of the U.S. (which will remain unnamed so that angry subscribers won't be able to say "Dude, you were here and you didn't call?" or "You could've come over and seen my great video collection...") which is where this editorial is now being written. Though we've continually chastised the couch-potato lot who sit at home and watch videos for their sleaze fix instead of patronizing the local drive-ins and grindhouses, we didn't realize until taking this backwoods road trip that most areas of the country don't have the scuzzy, urine-stenched urban venues that we take for granted in the NY metro area and can only see many of the flicks reviewed in the G.G. by way of their local video parlors. Outside of our area, the only cinematic alternative is the local multiplex which we found to be playing solely the latest 8 to 10 major studio megabuck efforts and virtually no low budget or sleaze fare at all. With a humble swallow of crow deep in our gullets, we sincerely apologize to the legions of rabid videophiles across the country that we've been unfairly admonishing for over the past 5 years---- if video is the only way, by all means go for it! We only ask that you occasionally spill some soda on your carpet, piss in the corner of the den and invite some T bird-tanked darkies over to yell obscenities and non secquitors at the screen once in a while so that you can view these gems in the same spirit that we've caught them! NY metro area gorehounds shouldn't be so smug when reading this-- with the recent closings of 42nd St.'s Apollo and Times Square theatres and the imminent bankruptcies of both Paterson, N.J.'s Fabian Theatre and Union City's latino-flavored Cinema Triplex, we may all do well to watch the Levitz furniture ads to get a good deal on a comfy couch for our-

selves as even our own sleaze pits seem to be going the way of the pterodactyl..... On a lighter note, as you read this, the G.G. staff will be back from this much-needed hiatus and want to take this opportunity to wish all our readers, subscribers, supporters, friends and enemies everywhere a very Merry Christmas and a healthy, happy New Year chock full of more gore, depravity and graphic debauchery than ever before! In 1989, we hope to hit our 100th issue (maybe) and have plans for an anniversary celebration in Manhattan featuring in-person appearances from such luminaries as Russ Meyer, Dyanne Thorne, T.V. Mikels, Tom Savini and (we hope) Clive Barker. More info on this will be forthcoming, but start saving your pennies for what will probably be an outlandish admission! For now, we've got tons of stuff to wade through, so let's cut the flapping and get started:

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THE HERO AND THE TERROR- Now that he's a successful author (if you haven't read his cornball Charles Atlas autobiography, it's a real hoot!) and right-wing George Bush campaign-er, karate fave Chuck Norris claims that he's tired of being typecast as a one-dimensional fighting machine in mindless action potboilers, so in this latest outing, he gets his wish by actually be able to act in what amounts to be a mindless, actionless potboiler about a sensitive police detective who has recurrent nightmares about his prior encounter with a 6'6" psychotic killer named Simon Moon whom he happened to overcome and subdue during a freak accident under a California pier. He is also troubled about his extremely pregnant fiance who insists that Chuck be present in the delivery room when she squeezes out his pup. Predictably, one reel into the flick Moon (nicknamed The Terror by the press) escapes from a mental institution and holds up in Los Angeles' historic Wiltern Theatre where he hides in the catacombic vent systems and emerges occasionally to snap the necks of ladies who happen to be using the upstairs rest room for a quick whizz between film programs. Norris swallows his fears and combats the Terror in a restrained, predictable showdown only to make it back to the hospital in time to pass out cold while witnessing the birth of his baby in a wretched piece of comic relief. Director William Tannen was ordered to go easy on the violence by Norris himself, so even the Terror's sadistic spine crunchings and hints of necrophilia are bland enough for a made-for-TV epic, leaving one to wonder why this clunker got an R rating to begin with. Perhaps a more appropriate title for this mess would have been THE HOMO AND THE TERROR, as Chuck's new "serious actor" aspirations leave this film an embarrassing failure.

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FREEWAY- Hastily concocted to capitalize on the

real-life freeway killings which occurred in demands of sleaze mavens. Here Chuck plays a L.A. last year, this mindless quickie reveals newspaper reporter investigating the brutal far too soon the gunman to be a deranged, shotgun slayings of 3 women and 6 children at defrocked priest (hammed up to the hilt by an isolated Mormon community in the wilds of lizard-like Billy Drago, last seen as Frank Utah. Director J. Lee Thompson (HAPPY BIRTHDAY Nitti in the remake of THE UNTOUCHABLES), TO ME and countless past Bronson epics) starts leaving the balance of the flick's overlong 91 MESSENGER off in grand style with a grisly minutes an uninteresting manhunt between the graphic depiction of the above-mentioned police, a radio talk show psychiatrist whom the slaughter (including some jolting slow motion killer confides in (comedian Richard Belzer) scenes of kids being blown apart), but then and vengeful widow Darlanne Fluegel (whose cunts out completely by leaving the balance of husband was the first victim of the madman and the flick devoid of any bloodspewing as Bronson sole purpose for being in this flick seems to limps his way through this agonizingly dull, be to pad it out to feature length by having her convoluted mystery. In fact, Charlie doesn't endlessly parade around her apartment sem-shoot, pummel or kill anyone in the entire i-nude and sighing while thinking about the picture, settling instead for learning the halcyon days before her man's face was blown to customs of the orthodox Mormon people and hamburger by the .44 killer's gunblast), trying to figure out who would have them culminating in an unsatisfying car chase finale, killed. A succinct, accurate review of MESSEN- Some of the graphic murders may give gorehounds GER OF DEATH was yelled at the screen by an a giggle, but the threadbare plot leaves FREEWAY angry member of one of 42nd St.'s ethnic worth a viewing only if caught on a double bill. minions during a lengthy, talky sequence where (Kudos do go out to the advertising smarties at Bronson is attending a Mormon church service: New World who sold this flick via what has to be "What the fuck is Bronson doin' in Colorado the best ad tagline this year: "Next time helpin' out da Jews? He should get his tough someone cuts you off, let 'em. FREEWAY: the ass back to da city and start killin' bad traffic is murder!"). niggers!". Our sentiments exactly....

KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE- Sporting a title reminiscent of the outlandish drive-in fare of the 50's, this low budget labor of love from the three Chiolo brothers Ed, Steve and Charles (masterminds behind the CRITTERS pyrotechnics) had a limited NY opening at selected area dives a scant two weeks before popping up on video shelves. While the title malevolent clown monsters are animated via state-of-the-art f/x, the Chiodos must have been munching on mushrooms when they concocted this asinine story about oversized Bozos who land on Earth and shoot people with popcorn-spewing rayguns before spinning them into cocoons of cotton candy and sucking out their vital fluids with a straw. Even worse is that all this is played absolutely straight and we're supposed to believe that a small town is inexplicably under seige from the inhabitants of an alien carnival. Easily the weirdest movie we've viewed this year, KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE is worth a viewing if not only for the antics of the excellent clown monsters, but to try to figure out just what kind of drugs these guys were using when they spent a reported \$1.5 million for a film which is far too frightening for a kiddie show and much too ridiculous to be considered a serious horror entry. You figure it out!

MESSENGER OF DEATH- Exploitation stalwart Charles Bronson (now 68 years old) should be led out to pasture gracefully lest he tarnish his fine exploitation reputation by making any more of these low-key, second rate whodunnits that seem as if they're made for the safer parameters of TV rather than the ultraviolence

7 HOURS TO JUDGEMENT- Yet another "in-the-theatre, at-the-video-shop-in-less-than-a-month" release from Trans World Entertainment, this refreshingly original little exploitationer concerns the revenge exacted upon a judge by a psychotic widower whose wife was killed at the hands of a gang of vicious thugs. It seems that the judge was forced to acquit the killers on a legal technicality, so the grieving husband kidnaps the justice's wife and forces him through 7 hours of torture in an inner city ghetto where he is forced to find the evidence to convict the freed murderers or else his wife will be slaughtered. TV veteran Ron Lieberman is fantastic as the crazed grieving husband and Beau Bridges (last seen looking embarrassed in THE DRIFTER and even directing here) amusing as the yuppified liberal magistrate who spends a tuxedoed night in hell getting his ass kicked in fairly graphic fashion by the very vermin he sets free by day in his courtroom, but ex-Mrs. Springsteen Julianne Phillips elicits little pity as the abducted wife since her acting ability is on an equal par with her estranged hubby's singing and thus slightly flaws an otherwise seamless low budgeter. Add some gritty street violence, a terse screenplay chock full of urban guttergrunting and a giant retard henchman (former University Of California star courtman "Tiny" Ron Taylor who was booted from the team due to his habitual drug use) that likes to peep at Ms. Phillips as she lounges in her teddy and 7 HOURS TO JUDGEMENT is an excellent outing that belies its cumbersome title. Check it out!

**TOUGHER THAN LEATHER** - Older sleaze fans may recall the grand ol' days of the early 1970's blaxploitation boom where week after week scores of mindless, violent, racist quickies blew into town frequently on double bills with such unforgettable titles as BLACK CAESAR, NIGGER LOVER and SUGAR HILL AND HER ZOMBIE HIT MEN. After about six years' onslaught of this type of product, wiser members of the black community got hip to the fact that 95% of these stereotyped classics were being cranked out by scurrilous white schlockmeisters and urged their brothers not to continue this racial exploitation by patronizing the flicks. The request was heeded, and by 1978 black action epics had all but faded from the screen. The young megabuck rapmeisters RUN-DMC probably weren't around to witness this phenomena, as their self-produced debut film quickie **TOUGHER** embraces the worst elements of that blaxploitation era to concoct an amateurish delight that sets the NAACP back 20 years! Portraying themselves in neo-super hero fashion, the overweight Addidas-sporting trio try to find out who murdered Run's retarded (really!) brother and rigged it to look like a crack deal killing. Along the way, they tangle with mafiosos, sleazy Jewish record execs, black-hating rednecks and team up with goof ball pals the Beastie Boys to try to solve the crime. Rap record producer Rick Rubin directed this 85 minute delight in shaky student-film fashion but packed it so full of graphic violence, hilarious profanity, all types of racism and amble nudity that gorehounds will barely be able to notice that none of the actors in this grade Z gem can even read their cue cards! Coming off the success of RUN-DMC's debut in 1985's KRUSH GROOVE, Warner Brothers Pictures had first distribution rights for this gem, but when execs screened it, they deemed it too amateur and unprofessionally-made to be released, so local N.Y. low budget scavenger New Line Cinema quickly snapped up the distribution rights. True sleaze fans can't get a better endorsement than that, so pop on your Kangol hat, drape on some thick gold chains and shuffle on down to catch **TOUGHER THAN LEATHER**, a crotch-pulling delight!

**DEAD RINGERS** - Goremeister extraordinaire David Cronenberg always seemed not to be wrapped too tightly judging from the wild plots he concocted for some of his best classics like THEY CAME FROM WITHIN, THE BROOD, and VIDEODROME, however he seems to have lost touch with reality in this overlong, prosaic adaptation of Bari Wood's books TWINS concerning the real life suicides of two brothers on Manhattan's upper East side. Transferring the locale to Canada and having the brothers be twin gynocologists in the expected twisted Cronenberg fashion, RINGERS falters as a soap operaic character study of

the unhealthy psychological dependance the brothers have on each other as well as the love of the same woman and gradual addiction to drugs that eventually brings down both their prestigious careers. If this sounds more like a Harlequin romance than horror shocker, you got it, as save for a brief umbilical cord chewing dream sequence and the display of some sadistic vaginal torture surgical implements, RINGERS offers virtually nothing for gorehounds throughout its tedious 116 minutes. Jeremy Irons could be an Oscar contender for his superb duel portrayal of both the Mantle brothers, but unless you're into the finer points of classical thesping, DEAD RINGERS emerges sadly as an overblown, disturbed Cronenberg ego trip that should be avoided at all costs. Hopefully, David will have exorcised his personal demons with this box office failure and be back on the trail of depravity for his next feature which is rumored to be an adaptation of William Burrough's NAKED LUNCH. Look out!

**MURDER ONE** - Henry Thomas, the annoyingly adorable little tyke last seen trying to help E.T. phone home has blossomed into a wimpy adolescent apparently hungry for work in this Canadian-made, low budget teenage re-working of IN COLD BLOOD supposedly based on some real-life killing that occurred in Georgia in 1973. Thomas' two evil half-brothers bust out of a Maryland prison with a simpleton black cellmate in tow, stop by to pick up a confused Henry and spend the balance of MURDER's lengthy 95 minutes stealing cars, robbing gas stations, killing farmers and raping women while Thomas gapes wildly on, torn between his own code of morals and backwoods family fealty. Hard core sickies may enjoy the flick's uncompromising ungraphic LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT sadism, but director Grame Campbell builds no dramatic tension or shows no psychological profile of the sickies, leaving MURDER ONE slightly jolting but about as entertaining as watching a FACES OF DEATH video. Your move.

**NIGHTFALL** - During the eight year, 97 issue span of the G.G. we've never once faked a review for a flick we haven't seen nor walked out on a clunker no matter how abysmal. Sure we've nodded out through the occasional reel, but this dismal Roger Corman Concorde Pictures adaptation of an Isaac Asimov sci-fi story sent us scurrying for the exit doors after 60 minutes of unbearable tedium. Sure, it may have been the hangover of the night before, but this plodding, talky tale of a planet orbiting 3 suns causing it to experience nightfall (and subsequent population chaos) only every 1000 years is by far the worst film we've ever had to endure. Not even the introduction of a snake-princess and her lusciously-exposed rib flaps (how'd that get past a PG-13 rating?) can salvage NIGHTFALL, a flick so awful it makes

CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS seem like DAWN OF THE DEAD by comparison. Sorry we scooted, but genre loyalty can only be pushed so far.

PATTY HEARST - Maverick director Paul Schrader (HARDCORE, BLUE COLLAR etc.) pretty much had his hands tied against sleazing up this familiar 1970's abduction/brainwash parable since the screenplay was based on Patty's own biased biography, EVERY SECRET THING and she also agreed to serve as executive consultant in the making of the film. As such, the flick emerges a pretty boring, one-sided recount of Hearst's 50 day bondage and subsequent abduction into the Symbianese Liberation Army, a burnt-out, rag-tag group of revolutionaries hell-bent on over-throwing our capitalist society and using Patty as the ultimate pawn. Schrader does get to throw in some original touches, such as having the buck Negro SLA leader Cinque babble ala Amos 'n Andy about how one shouldn't watch TV "cause the F.B.I. can use it to see in your livin' room" and also graphically showing how Patty wets her pants when finally nabbed by the F.B.I., but sleaze fans would do far better to rent Joe Zito's 1975 ABDUCTION, a much more depraved fictional account of the same story or sit through PATTY HEARST, a flat, quasi-documentary more suited to mainstream cinema patrons than the tastes of grindhouse minions.

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK - G.G. readers of all ages should run (do not walk) down to their nearest bijou to catch this box office flop featuring the top-heavy T.V. host vampiress and an unending onslaught of grade school toilet humor, embarrassing sexual innuendos, endless tit one-liners and a level of corn porn humor not seen since the halcyon days of GREEN ACRES. The flick opens as Elvira is fired from her hostess position for refusing to give the T.V. station owner a blow job (for real!). She then travels to the puritanical Massachusetts town of Falwell where a distant relative has left her a seedy, run down Victorian mansion which she hopes to sell to raise enough money to finance her own Las Vegas review. Once there, she has every male in sight popping rods over her pulchritude (and rightly so!) but the jealous townwomen have her arrested on prostitution charges and seek to have her burned as a witch. Add a tie-dyed punk poodle and some nifty slime creature effects, ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK was laughed out of town as being "lewd, crude, vulgar, sexist and extremely immature" by all N.Y.'s film critics. What are you waiting for? Check out the funniest flick of the year before it's gone!

ALIEN NATION - It's 1991 in L.A. and we are supposed to believe that a saucerful of aliens which had crash landed on earth 4 years ago has successfully integrated into our labor work force. Sporting poverty-row latex masks,



A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL BUXOTICS GET ZAPPED BY DEATH RAYS FROM DAVANA IN THIS TITILATING SHOT FROM THE ROGER CORMAN-RELEASED REMAKE OF NOT OF THIS EARTH.

these creatures are smarter than us, can survive breathing noxious gasses and get high as a kite by drinking sour milk. With this premise, ALIEN engages itself as a sci-fi detective thriller as racist, alien-hating cop James Cann (looking rather tired after a lengthy real-life treatment for cocaine addiction) teams up with honor-role "by-the-book" alien investigator Mandy Patinkin to find out who blew away Cann's former partner during what seemed to be an innocent grocery store hold-up attempt. Originally filmed and prepared for summer '88 release under the title of OUTER HEAT, ALIEN is too obvious in drawing parallels between human distrust of extra-terrestrials and our own present-day racial strife, but still manages to maintain interest with an original plot concerning an organized crime attempt to get the earthbound aliens addicted to drugs. Cann and Patinkin click as a sci-fi version of Oscar and Felix, but the lackluster special effects and dearth of any graphic bloodshed leaves ALIEN NATION looking like an extended OUTER LIMITS episode. Mildly diverting, but recommended for rainy day matinee viewing only.

THE KISS - Yet another critical and box office failure that we found quite engaging, this fragmented, convoluted tale of a Zulu Satanic curse being passed down a family line of daughters via a lesbianic smooch is short on



plot explanation and continuity (never during the flick's terse 99 minutes is the origin of the evil ever explained) but chock full of grisly gore hijinx courtesy of f/x whiz Chris Walas including a chunk-blowing limb dismemberment sequence, turd-like oral slug monsters (ala THEY CAME FROM WITHIN) and a flesh-rending demon that looks like a cross between a Yorkie and a rabid raccoon, all displayed in a graphic bloodspewing manner that pushes THE KISS' R rating to its further parameters. Add the sultry Joanna Pacula as the evil African sorceress who arrives in California to claim her niece's soul for the underworld and is willing to shed her blouse and parade her melons at a moment's notice to obscure the story incongruities and THE KISS emerges a commendable hornivourous horrorthon that will get most oversexed gorehounds hitchhiking under the sheets soon after they've left the theatre.

HALLOWEEN 4 - A stern condemnation goes out to wily Arab producer Moustapha Akkad, original investor in John Carpenter's landmark 1978 horror outing, who after a court descision was recently awarded sole rights to use the monicker HALLOWEEN for all future celluloid sequels. This greasy rug trader must be trying to recoup some of those legal fees as he obviously put no bucks up for this no-frills, uninspired continuation of the Michael Myers saga. A darkly lensed, poverty-row, no gore bore, 4 would not have even held its own during the early 80's stalk and slash boom where any flick about a loony with a knife guaranteed healthy box office success. Picking up where HALLOWEEN II left off in 1980, the white-masked psycho escapes from a prison mental hospital and heads back to the small mid-West town where he originally staged his reign of terror. Finding that Jamie Lee Curtis is dead, (more accurately that she wouldn't be caught dead in this lumbering dud), Myers sets his sights on killing her five year old daughter for no apparent reason other than to carry the wafer-thin plot to its lumbering conclusion. Sadly, Donald Pleasence signed on board to recreate his Dr. Loomis role (probably for some quick booze money as the old geezer never looked worse), lending some credibility to this anemic rip-off wherein all the murders occur off-screen. (Why the R-rating?). UCLA student director Dwight Little proves little more than that he knows which end of the camera to point at the actors, leaving 4 a technically inept production as well. Add a cornball "twist" ending (telegraphed early on) and the fact that an angry John Carpenter has urged horror fans not to patronize this clunker (Akkad also gained rights to Carpenter's original soundtrack music and uses it shamelessly throughout), HALLOWEEN 4 is a brash exploitation of our genre that should be avoided by all. One of this year's worst!

DANGEROUS LOVE - Even our pitiless hearts go out to poor Elliot Gould who has sunk so low that he has to accept supporting roles as a bloated schmuck in low budget Roger Corman-released quickies like this. DANGEROUS spins the passable tale of a high-tech video dating service where yuppies can find their perfect match by programming personal data into a vast network of computer banks. Predictably, some rejected chump begins bumping off a few of the more randy babes enrolled in the service and shifts the blame onto an innocent nerdy bookworm. The balance of the flick's overlong 94 minutes concerns said dweeb's attempts to vindicate himself and finger the real killer, resulting in a ho-hum whodunnit sorely lacking in any visceral violence or blood-spurting, but clocking in a solid 10 on the bared mammaries rating scale. Debuting director Marty Ollstein does what he can to salvage what could really have been a stinker, but save for the most jaded of sexploitation completists, DANGEROUS LOVE is not worth the trip to the theatre.

INTO THE FIRE - Playing around various parts of the country under its original release title of THE LEGEND OF WOLF LODGE since the middle of last year, this re-titled quirky reverse double cross Canadian import melodrama displays ample breast meat via visibly aging ex-bone idol Susan Anspach and newcomer harlot Olivia d'Abo, but generates little gore and even less interest in a convoluted murder/insurance scam that will put most gorehounds asleep long before the final reel. If you manage to stay awake by continually pinching yourself or via some other chemically induced means, you'll be treated to a rather comical climax. Screenwriter Jessie Ballard must've had himself backed into a corner after revealing the flick's final plot twists, so he opted to have every single character die at the end of the movie, leaving INTO THE FIRE notable at least as a genre statistic by being the first horror flick released to end with no living survivors...

TWISTED NIGHTMARE -The G.G. staff have drawn a blank attempting to research this aged, re-titled, virtually unwatchable stalk and slash mess that crawled into the N.Y. metro area via a handful of tattered, emulsion-scratched prints in mid-September for a one-week run at scuzzball grindhouses. Visibly carrying a 1982 copyright on its credits, repeated attempts at quizing both pig-like producer Sandy Horowitz and the lying bastards at Marvin Films (TWISTED's NY distributor) failed to get them to recant their steadfast story that "this high class shocker is a 1988 production and should be publicized as such!" It's not really worth the time shaking down the fork-tongued shysters as the flick is merely a darkly-shot, third rate imitation of the FRIDAY THE 13TH series as

the retarded brother of a young nymphet is accidentally burned to death during a cruel prank at a sacred Indian campground. When five years later the group stages a reunion, all but the most brain dead of gorehounds will swallow TWISTED's premise that an old Indian curse is killing off the campers one by one. In reality of course it is the burned brother (now unexplainably transformed into a big, hairy monster) who is back performing a hackneyed Jason routine amidst gore killings that look as if they may have been passable if director/cameraman Paul Hunt's photography wasn't so fucking dark! As such, TWISTED NIGHTMARE emerges a 94 minute retread exercise in eyestrain and advertising deception best avoided by all. (If anyone out there knows the real title for this turd, please let us know!)

NOT OF THIS EARTH - We had high hopes for this much-touted remake of Roger Corman's 1957 sci-fi classic featuring notorious underage spermurper Traci Lords in the Beverly Garland role, but under the direction of sophmoric hack Jim Wynorski it becomes little more than a 79 minute Saturday Night Live skit instead of a quality sexpoitation update. Sure, Lords (and other underpaid bimbos) bare their knockers at frequent enough intervals to sustain most gorehounds with a constant woody, but the story of a Rayband-sporting alien from the planet Davanna in search of earthling blood to sustain his dying people is acted in forced camp fashion by a string of losers so abysmal that they make the cast of BLOOD FEAST look like Shakespearean veterans by comparison. Add cheesy optical f/x, almost no gore and a telegraphed Carrie-esque ending, NOT OF THIS EARTH scores a resounding thud not even suitable for triple-bill beer guzzling drive-in fare. Somebody send ex-Fangoria crony Wynorski a one-way ticket out of Hollywood now!

GHOST TOWN And another low-budget opus hits town bijous a scant three weeks before its release via New World Video. This quirky little horror/sci-fi/western was one of the last features completed by Charles Band and co. before he decided to fold up his Empire Pictures production/distribution corp. and leave the cut-throat film business. Rescued from limbo by N.Y.-based Trans World Entertainment, this Grade B-er is concerned with a buxom blonde and the deputy sheriff of a small Western town who are unexplainably whisked into another dimension and an 1800's ghost town via a magnetic dust cloud which contains a mysterious phantom rider. Once there, the cop is forced to do battle with a zombie-like villian to save the souls of the townspeople and return himself and the hapless heroine back to the present day. Effects whiz John Buechler maintains some slight interest throughout the flick via some grotesque prosthetics and graphic gunshot violence (which incredibly enough first landed the flick an

X-rating when initially submitted to the MPAA), but GHOST TOWN's weak, unoriginal plot and snail's pacing leave it looking like a mediocre episode of the TWILIGHT ZONE and as such not required viewing.

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM - It's not often that the G.G. endorses lobsteresque art efforts, but this latest outing from the unbalanced mind of Ken Russell is a perverse, graphic outing that resembles a Hammer film on acid. Adapting an obscure Bram Stoker novel to his own twisted ends, Russell spins the tale of an evil baroness who worships an ancient Roman serpent god and seeks to conjure up the critter in the flesh via the traditional virgin sacrifice. Along the way, he packs the flick with nifty snake transformations, gratuitous nudity, lewd sexual innuendos and Russell's trademark stamp of blasphemous religious atrocities (i.e., monks having their throats slit, vomiting on crucifixes, nuns forced to blow attacking Roman soldiers, etc.) to keep LAIR moving briskly along throughout its 93 minutes and making one wonder how it ever escaped the dreaded X-rating since it contains by far the sickest and most violent sequences displayed this year. Top all this off with a finale featuring a worm monster that looks like it was constructed for \$29.99 on a Roger Corman backlot and THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM emerges a completely satisfying, depraved camp corker well worth the journey to your neighborhood art house. Be sure to catch it!

THEY LIVE - The second release from John Carpenter's four picture, low budget (for a major) deal with Alive Films, this futuristic sci-fier owes a heavy debt to the 1961 Canadian 3D classic THE MASK. LIVE is concerned with a futuristic America where the economy is in chaos due to a secret alien invasion where the dastardly creatures are not after our blood, water, land, or women---- but our money! Wrestling retard Roddy Piper stars as a construction worker who stumbles upon a cache of sunglasses that enable the wearer to see the subliminal messages scrawled on walls and billboards that keep the populus in thrall as well as the hideous skeletal visages of the monsters who have infiltrated our society and now work among us as bankers, judges, politicians and cops. The flick takes a long time to get started, but when it finally gets moving it emerges a passable anti-yuppie exploitation parable that might not be so far-fetched considering the current state of George Bush's Republican Americana. Piper really fouls things up with his Ed Wood-style acting and abysmal one-liners (Carpenter cohort Kurt Russell would have been perfect in this role), leaving THEY LIVE an acceptable diversion that shows the gore set's greying ex-whiz kid at least moving in the

right direction after last year's unwatchable  
**PRINCE OF DARKNESS.**

Not much time or room left if we want to get  
this over-sized issue out before X-mas, so  
here's some truncated reviews of flicks still  
playing around as we go to press:

**CHILD'S PLAY** - **FRIGHT NIGHT** director Tom Holland  
had his hands full in trying to stretch this  
blatant rip-off of the **PREY** segment of the 1975  
anthology telefilm **TRILOGY OF TERROR** out to  
feature length, but thanks to the amazing  
animated toy f/x of Kevin Yagher this thin tale  
of a child's doll possessed by the spirit of a  
dying, psychotic, Satanic killer succeeds by  
dazzling with sheer gimmickery. Named "Chuckie"  
by his 6 year old owner, the toy soon becomes  
one mean cocksucker as he stabs, strangles,  
chews and immolates all those responsible for  
his arrest, capture and death when he was a  
fugitive. Though it would have been better if  
tied up in a terse 30 or 40 minute package,  
**CHILD'S PLAY** is still visually entertaining  
enough to warrant a viewing.

**TWICE DEAD**- Aging schlockmeister Bert Dragin,  
ex-sugardaddy bankroller and dickman of punkette  
auteur Penelope Spheeris brings us this dismal  
haunted house S & S-er about the spirit of a  
dead vaudeville actor who comes to the aid of  
the house's new inhabitants after they are  
besieged by a gang of L.A. punks. Michael  
Burnett's fairly grisly gore effects kick in far  
too late to salvage this predictable clunker,  
leaving **TWICE DEAD** destined to gather dust even  
on the 99 cent bargain video rental shelves.

**NIGHT OF THE DEMONS** - Hitting town literally as  
we are on the presses, this wild possession  
low-budgeter from director Kevin Tenney  
(**WITCHBOARD**) is a twisted hybrid of **PORKY'S** and  
**EVIL DEAD** concerning a group of horned-out teens  
holding a Halloween party at an abandoned



**JOHN CARRADINE**  
(1908 - 1988)

A SINCERE FAREWELL TO THE BEST FRIEND  
LOW BUDGET HORROR FANS EVER HAD.....  
WE'LL MISS YOU NIDE !

funeral parlor where a massacre occurred a dozen  
years before. Of course, their partying and  
bone-dancing soon raises some evil spirits which  
possess a few members of the cast ala Raimi and  
**DEMONS** becomes a slow-starting, no-holds-barred  
gore outing containing neo X-rated bloodspurting  
(tongues bitten out, arms chopped off, eyeballs  
gouged, etc.) corny sex entendres, beaucoup of  
immature dick references and more nudity  
displayed than in any other flick this year  
(including some full frontal fur from scream  
queen Linnea Quigley and her amazing lipstick--  
eating left tit---- it's indescribable!) and  
**NIGHT OF THE DEMONS** emerges one of the funniest  
and most daring (how did it ever get an R-rat-  
ing?) trash offerings of the year. Required  
viewing.

**RARE VIDEOS**- Excellent quality copies of **TILL**  
**DEATH DO US SCARE**, (Tom Savini's rare Japanese  
gore outing that has yet to be released in the  
States, this opus is chock full of state-of-the-  
art chunkblowing carnage, check out his own  
**GRANDE ILLUSIONS** paperback if you don't believe  
us!); **OPERA**, (from Italy, the newest offering  
from Dario Argento is uncut, but completely in  
Italian. Hop down to your local pizza parlor  
and grab some immigrant pastawoman to help you  
with the translation, it's really worth it!);  
**CUTTHROATS 9**, (as reported in Rod Sim's diligent  
**GOREFEST**, this is probably the goriest, most  
depraved Western ever made! An early 1970's  
Italian release, it makes **THE WILD BUNCH** look  
like **MY DINNER WITH ANDRE**); **DEMONS 2**, (the  
completely uncut version (from Japanese laser  
disc, but in English) of Lamberto Bava's sequel  
to one of the 1980's sickest offerings that was  
heavily edited and released straight to video  
for domestic release) and **HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY**,  
(after almost two years, we've finally been  
able to replace the ultrarare 94 minute version  
of Lucio Fulci's 1985 classic that some dickweed  
absconded with the first week we opened the  
prestigious **G.G. VIDEO STORE**. Again, crystal  
clear from Slopehead laser disc). All titles  
are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage) and are  
available in either VHS or Beta. Please allow  
4 to 6 weeks for delivery (there's no way you  
can make it for Xmas unless you have a really  
cute sister). Send checks or money orders to  
the **G.G.**, c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton,  
N.J. 07011. Order today!

**LATE BULLETIN:** Clive Barker's long-awaited  
**HELLRAISER II** has finally been set for a  
December 23 release date, but it's been shorn of  
a full 6 minutes in order to gain an R rating  
from the MPAA. Some Christmas present!

**G.G. HUMOR CORNER:**

**Q:** WHAT DID ONE CANNIBAL SAY TO THE  
OTHER AS THEY WERE EATING A PRIEST?

**A:** THIS IS FUN, I'M HAVING A BALL !!!

Rt Rev.

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011

# GORE GAZZETTE

\$1.00

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

no. 98

"A LITTLE LOWER & TO THE LEFT!" INSTRUCTS THE BUXOM BEAUTY TO AN UNSEEN MONSTER IN THIS EXCLUSIVE SHOT FROM SCREAM DREAM, THE NEWEST FEATURE FILM FROM FORMER SPLATTER TIMES EDITOR DON FARMER.. DON IS ALSO WORKING SIMULTANEOUSLY ON ANOTHER GEM ENTITLED MS. MANIAC, WHICH FEATURES THE ALLURING CAMILE KEATON, LAST SEEN CASTRATING RAPISTS IN 1981'S INFAMOUS I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE.



A belated Happy New Year and a standard apology for tardiness to G.G. readers new and old. This issue's alibi for delay stems from the humongous amount of votes we've had to tabulate to arrive at the winner of the coveted G.G. Gorefilm Of The Year Award meted out to some celluloid classic in the first G.G. edition published each year. For 1988, the competition was tough, but when our staff finally cast their own ballots, all ties were broken and Chuck Russell's nifty re-make of THE BLOB emerged the victor. Gorehounds who staunchly supported either Freddy or Pinhead (what a fucked-up name for a monster!) for their 1988 goredrenched choice should try and bear in mind that state-of-the-art pyrotechnics and blood-spurting f/x do not necessarily a classic make. When the characterization of a formerly fearsome slasher descends to a cartoon character level (ELM ST. IV) and a sequel to an excellent splatterfest is reduced to being nothing more than a plotless MTV-like vehicle for a string of latex prosthetic exhibitions (see review of HELLRAISER 2 this issue) something's gone awry in the horror genre. Sure Russell's BLOB pales a bit in the blood quotient when compared to the aforementioned flawed efforts, but the freshly updated script, tongue-in-cheek dialogue, fast pacing and slimy quim-shaped title creature leave it the hands-down winner. (Whew, sounds like we had to convince ourselves...) On other fronts, the advent of 1989 has not helped to raise our pessimistic spirits on the sorry state of area grindhouses and low-budget film exhibition in general. As predicted, on January 2nd, Union City, N.J.'s Cinema Triplex closed its doors permanently owing to dwindling attendance and the inability of the theatre owners to get any first-run films since two major circuit multiplexes had sprung up within a 3 mile radius in the past two years. Besides affording your editor with a hefty weekly booking fee, the Cinema Triplex was the last bijou in the N.Y. metro area that still played the old SANTO movies and Mexican horror flicks (en Españ.ol) on a regular basis, besides being the unofficial headquarters for various wetback social clubs and a spot where one could always cop a quick blow job by mentioning one was a film critic. Less than one month after closing, the hallowed sleaze palace is already undergoing conversions where it will soon become a Korean deli and (tragic irony!) a Palmer Video Store. Adios Cinema Triplex--you will be missed! ¡Que lastima! While we're in an ethnic mode, we'd also like to bitch about reporter David Mills of the Washington Times. It seems that 'round about mid-January, Mr Mills did a piece for his paper about the phenomenon of "underground" horror fanzines and cult film publications that abound throughout the country. He went on to elaborately describe and praise sister rag sheets like The Gorefest, (hey Rod, hope you

enjoyed THE ANAL DWARF--oops, we weren't supposed to mention you ordered it!) Slimetime, Ecco, Fans Of Horror and the newly resurrected Psychotronic, but only gave the G.G. a hollow mention. It was subsequently brought to our attention by an area source that Mills (who is black) thought that the G.G. was "too racist to endorse". Repeated calls to Mills at the Times brought no response until finally his editor informed the Rev. that "he was on assignment for 3 weeks and cannot be reached". Fine. First we're blamed for teen suicides and now we're racists..... Sure, we use some tawdry epithets in our descriptions of many racial groups, but we hold malice toward none of them. The tone of the G.G. is meant merely to inform, entertain and expose those wormbags who may be trying to take advantage of genre fans' hard-earned greenbacks and nothing more. In our 98 issue publishing history, we've poked fun at nearly every ethnic group (ourselves included) much in the spirit of the great Lenny Bruce or his 1980's direct clone, N.Y. "shock-jock" Howard Stern. Irreverence is the by-word of the G.G., so if we've ever offended anyone--it was simply not meant to be. Your editor works shoulder to shoulder with blacks, hispanics, jews, orientals, et al. in his day job at some of the grimmest cinema sleaze pits around and all are ardent G.G. fans, supporters, and most importantly, friends. The only standards necessary for indoctrination into the G.G. legion of heathens has nothing to do with race, creed or color:

1. You must have a heartfelt affinity for graphic bloodletting, seamy nudity, and the sleaziest of celluloid fare.
  2. Admittedly, you have to be slightly left of center.
  3. You must be able to drink a case of Pabst without even thinking about having to take a whizz.
  4. You must have a dick that fits your hand like a glove (ladies, please improvise!).
- If any of the above criteria seems racist than Heil Hitler! Let's start 1989 with thicker skin and begin to enjoy laughing at ourselves...We toyed with the idea of pulling an Iyatollah Khomeni by urging D.C. area gorehounds to track down Mills and put him on the end of a stick, much like the bearded towel-head has issued a contract on author Salmon Rushdie who dissed him in his book The Satanic Verses, but that would only add fuel to Mill's own fire and besides, there aren't that many Negroes around today who know how to write complete sentences... Anyway, enough of the vitriolics, we've got a baker's dozen of flicks to review from the X-mas season to present, so let's take a look at what's beer around:

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HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER 2----- Whilst much of the horror paparazzi (ourselves included) was

bemoaning the supposed six minutes of gore shorn (for a MPAA R-rating) from the sequel to Clive Barker's self-directed classic of last year, no one really stopped to notice that Barker himself had no hands-on involvement with the making of this film, save for a rather nebulous "executive producer" credit. This is obviously evident one reel into HELLBOUND, as without Mr. B's deft screenwriting and crafty directoral skills to carry it, the film emerges a no-story mess that plays like a heavy-metal music video whose intent is solely to highlight endless latex prosthetic Cenobite creatures and related macabre mutilations, without generating any of the thrills, chills and repulsion of its predecessor. HELLBOUND picks up at the end of the first film as a young nubile awakes from a coma in a hospital and tries to convince the staff that her family was rubbed out by the flesh-piercing Canobites. It seems that a mad doctor who is head of the asylum has been trying to contact the Canobite dimension for years, so using the girl's descriptions and another autistic patient who has an uncanny knack for solving puzzles, the ghoule gate is opened once more via the wooden box and the rubber-faced creatures enter our dimension, intent on enslaving souls aplenty. Clare Higgins is on hand once again as the sultry femme fatale Julia, eliciting a few laughs as she seduces the mad doctor without all her flesh being restored to her body, resulting in a rather gooey bone dance, but for the most part the phoney-looking sets, scattershot plot and uncomprehensible pacing causes the unrelenting blood-spurting to fall flat, leaving HELLBOUND: HELLRAISER 2 one of the major disappointments of 1988 and recommended for hardcore f/x fans only.

WAR- Supposedly released to a few areas last fall in its original unrated version, this newest low-budget actioner from the folks at Troma Releasing showed up in the N.Y. metro area at Christmas time in a 90 minute R-rated version, playing a brief one-week engagement to empty houses everywhere. Essentially a mindless hybrid of GILLIGAN'S ISLAND and RAMBO, this moronic epic is concerned with a planeload of tourists who crashland on an uncharted island where they discover a group of ruthless terrorists from enemy countries training to overthrow the U.S. Led by a Nazi-esque General and bankrolled by two mutated Siamese twin brothers joined at the face (see the cover of G.G. #96), this group of invaders refuses to believe the vacationers' plight, instead suspecting them of being a C.I.A swat team sent to stem their invasion. After taking a mild dose of rape, torture and humiliation, the Americans turn patriotic and do battle with their captors to stop the impending U.S. assault in a 35 minute finale that gives a new meaning to the word preposterous. How two dozen ragtag rebels

(comprised of a Jewish grandmother, heavy metal musicians, a blind girl, etc.) can defeat nearly 200 trained mercenaries is never really explained, but then again this is a Troma film, so I guess anything is possible. Also, the cut for the R-rating leaves the film a bit disjointed as the terrorists' original plan to infect the U.S. populus with AIDS is hinted at in the beginning of the flick but never mentioned again, as well as as the Siamese twin leaders being nearly excised completely from the film. Add to that the fact that all graphic bloodletting has been clumsily trimmed from every battle scene, and WAR emerges an anemic cornball atrocity more suitable for mainstream television viewing. Forget this one!

PURGATORY- Pity the plight of poor Tanya Roberts: a decade ago she was the darling of television as one of TV's top-rated CHARLIE'S ANGELS. Following two disastrous Hollywood flops (THE BEASTMASTER, SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE) and a reported reputation of being extremely difficult to work with, she was banished from Tinseltown and now must eke out a living performing in films like this--a low budget, neo soft-core women in prison epic shot on location in one of the most fetid penitentiaries in South Africa. The oh-so-familiar plot has Tanya and her girlfriend as Peace Corps workers framed and jailed on a phony drug charge and sentenced to 11 years hard labor in a scum hole jail known as Purgatory. Once there, she learns from warden Hal Orlandini (doing his best John Vernon impression) that prison life could be made easier for her should she agree to become a prostitute for the guards, army and other visiting dignitaries. When her girlfriend is brutally gang-raped by a bunch of Ubangis for refusing to join the brothel and subsequently commits suicide, Roberts grudgingly opens her mouth and says "Ahh" for the balance of the flick's lumbering 93 minutes. Predictably, a listless escape finale ensues, but not before sleaze fans are treated to endless nude sequences of Tanya (including some full frontal muff hijinx) getting nearly everyone of her orifices plugged in the most dehumanizing manner possible. Films like NAKED CAGE, CHAINED HEAT and THE CONCRETE JUNGLE have mined this familiar region with far better results, but seeing ex-glitz queen Tanya Roberts being put through her paces in such a degrading low-budgeter makes PURGATORY succeed on a sort of HOLLYWOOD BABYLON level of fascination. Surprisingly, PURGATORY was produced and directed by a woman, Ami Artzi, who from the look of this sleaze outing, definitely isn't...

DEEPSTAR SIX- FRIDAY THE 13TH creator Sean Cunningham returns to his gore roots by directing this overly-talky paen to 1950's monster epics via a waterlogged ALIEN update. The film's title refers to the name of a U.S. Navy



underwater construction laboratory sent to the ocean floor to excavate a missile launch site. The crew on board soon blow up a cavern, releasing a hostile prehistoric crustacean that has dwelled there for ages. Ala ALIEN, the creature soon gets inside the sea vessel, causing the dwindling occupants to flee from chamber to chamber until a trio of survivors face it in a hokey finale. While this plot sounds nice and simple, it takes a full 85 of DEEPSTAR's overlong 100 minutes before we finally get even a glimpse of the sea monster. Until then, gorehounds are forced to sit through agonizingly dull dialogue and some of the worst acting this side of a Troma film, so that when Mark Shostrom's creature finally appears on the scene, most viewers will have either fallen asleep or gone home. Too bad, because Mark's monster is a loving throwback to the sci-fi films of the 1950's, looking like a cross between THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD and the title antagonists of ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS. Shostrom also throws in some grisly murders as well such as a graphic vivisection of a diver and a chunkblowing explosion of a cowardly crew member who hasn't been properly depressurized, but these come far too late to salvage this drowned clunker. Even Cunningham's patented Jason-esque false ending is telegraphed at the finale, leaving DEEPSTAR SIX a murky disaster. Glug...

I'M GONNA GIT YOU, SUCKA- Being the Negro-loving film fanatics that we are, you can imagine how excited we were when we heard about this, a big-budget parody of the blaxploitation epics of the halcyon 1970's directed by Keenan Ivory Wayans, the supposed brains behind Robert Townsend's HOLLYWOOD SHUFFLE comedy of last year. What a disappointment to discover that SUCKA is a sophmoric, slapstick romp owing more to the AIRPLANE school of assinine humor than serious spear-chucking satire. When Junebug Spade (doesn't that sound racist, David Mills?) dies of an O.G. (overdose of gold chains) his younger brother (Wayans) enlists black action veterans Bernie Casey, Isaac Hayes and Jim Brown to help him track down and rub out evil enforcer John Vernon who has been putting the squeeze on his mother for an outstanding Junebug debt. Along the way, Wayans uses nearly every overdone comedy sight gag (including talking to the audience) to pad out this 87 minute comedy that is virtually devoid of laughs. Perennial blaxploitation hustler Antonio Fargas elicits a few chuckles in a "Pimp Of The Year" flashback, but Wayans has totally missed the boat on what made the old action epics tick--Where's the crushed velvet jumpsuits? Lincoln Pimp-mobiles? Afro wigs? And, most importantly, where the hell is Pam Grier? (Or at least Tamara Dobson?) Any member of the G.G. staff could have written a far funnier screenplay than I'M GONNA GIT YOU, SUCKA and we're all white! Shame on you, Keenan boy, you be a

discredit to yo' race...

CRIME ZONE- David Carradine has once again returned to the low budget stable of Roger Corman for his paychecks in this futuristic sci-fi potboiler concerning the exploits of a post-nuclear holocaust Bonnie and Clyde (here updated to Helen and Bone) as they strike out at a 1984-ish totalitarian government that keeps the population isolated into a strict caste system. Here cast as an unscrupulous villian, Carradine cajoles the couple into pulling off a robbery for him with the promise of getting them a promotion into the "first tier" of societal strata. After they complete it, he reveals himself to be the area's head law enforcement honcho who recruits criminals with false promises merely to "give the police force something to do". The young couple then go on the lam, knocking over a few more government institutions as a political statement as they flee to a fabled Utopia. This somewhat original idea is handled adeptly by first-time Director Luis Llosa, who uses Corman's poverty-now budget restrictions to the fullest and concocts a nice mix of futuristic s/f style sprinkled with adequate nudity and bloodletting. Add Carradine's excellent portrayal of the slimy, bloated, cigar-chomping, double-dealing scum bubble and CRIME ZONE emerges a passable B flick perfect for rainy day matinee fare.

SATURDAY THE 14TH STRIKES BACK- Here's an interesting anecdote to show how screwy the film distribution business is becoming. On Thursday, January 12, the New York Post carried a half page "Starts Tomorrow" ad for this turkey, a Julie (Mrs. Roger) Corman-produced sequel to a flick that originally bombed miserably at the box office back in 1984. However, on January 13th, not one of the theatres listed in the ad was playing the movie, except the fabulous Fabian Fiveplex of Paterson, N.J. who had it buried as a co-feature deep within their regular program. A call to the always-astute Fabian management to find out what had happened elicited this response: "SATURDAY THE 14TH?...Oh yeah, the picture sucked so bad when we saw it at a preview that we decided not to play it. Then the distributor calls us up and offers to pay us 150 bucks to play it for a week--with no film rental! I says, send da check, you gotta screen!" The above statement pretty well sums up the content of this 77 minute, PG-rated abomination featuring washed-up TV hacks Ray Walston and Avery Schreiber with grown-up Patty (BAD SEED) McCormack and some bratty pre-pube thesps in a contrived tale of an inherited house built on an entrance to hell that allows demons to enter into our dimension once every SATURDAY THE 14TH (doesn't that sound familiar?). When three scantily-clad vampire girls broke into a Las Vegas-style song and dance number 58 minutes



Our "good pals" at Troma Releasing have informed us that everybody's favorite unrated, ultraviolent superhero the Toxic Avenger is slated to return for more mayhem this spring when THE TOXIC AVENGER PART II is released to area sleaze pits. Why a supposed do-gooder is shown choking the guts out of a wheelchair-ridden invalid (see above) is anybody's guess, but we'll find out soon enough when this latest Troma travesty hits town!

into this turd, I downed my last long neck and walked out. Is my patience wearing thin? I think not.....

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**WHITE ELEPHANT: BATTLE OF THE AFRICAN GHOSTS:**

Every time we start to soften in our opinion of the scurrilous celluloid merchants at Troma Releasing (after all, they did put BLOOD-SUCKING FREAKS back into circulation and TOXIC

AVENGER was kind of funny) they turn around and pull crap like falsely sub-titling and releasing this 1983 pseudo-documentary about a white businessman seeking to build a furniture factory on a religious plot in Ghana, Africa with a completely contrived and misleading ad campaign leading one to believe it was a voodoo/zombie horror yarn much like THE SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW. While lobster auteur Werner

Grusch's opus contains a mild supernatural angle, ELEPHANT is much more suited for broadcast on the Discovery Channel or as a National Geographic special than to be unspooled at grindhouses where the angry patrons of the Fabian Theatre pelted the screen with an onslaught of Colt.45 cans as soon as the lengthy diatribe regarding Western Industrialization vs. religious rights of natives showed it was not going to contain any zombie assaults. The G.G. once again flips Troma the official bird for this unspeakable deception and suggests any patrons sucked in by this scam write directly to Troma President Lloyd Kaufman at 733 Ninth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 and demand a refund for their admission to WHITE ELEPHANT: BATTLE OF THE AFRICAN GHOSTS.

PARENTS- Vestron Pictures flopped miserably at the box office with this enchanting, quirky little sick black comedy about the exploits of a cannibal family in 1950's suburban America. First-time director Bob Balaban draws heavily from the influences of John Waters, Paul Bartel's EATING RAOUL and even the old LEAVE IT TO BEAVER TV series in spinning this tale of a traumatized 6 year old boy who is positive that his parents are eating and serving him human meat every night for dinner. The gorespewing is restrained to a minimum throughout the flick, but when depicted packs quite a whallop as in the sequence where little Michael wakes up in the middle of the night to find his mom and dad cavorting naked on the living room floor with a mass of human entrails in their mouths. Balaban also decorates his sets in perfect 50's retro style, so that greying gorehounds will get a kick out of reminiscing over the impeccably-recreated clothes and furniture from their era during the flick's numerous dull interludes. Add an obviously alcohol-addled Sandy Dennis as a social worker who discovers the twisted family secret and subsequently gets slated as the main course and PARENTS becomes an eccentric gem earmarked for certain boxoffice death by mainstream cinema goers, but perfect fare to be embraced by the depraved tastes of G.G. readers.

THE PURPLE PEOPLE EATER- Reviewed here merely for the record, this innocuous kiddie-cum-monster outing is better suited to Saturday morning television screens than area grindhouses where it received a sound boozing from ethnic minions on its Friday opening on 42nd St. and was literally yanked off the marquee by early Sunday of that same weekend. A particularly obnoxious 12 year old summons the furry title creature from space by playing the old 1959 Sheb Wooley hit single on his dad's portable phonograph. Looking like a plush reject from the old H.R. PUFFINSTUFF TV show, the monster (who emits animated musical notes from a unicorn horn on his head) sets out to form a garage band with other kids in the neighborhood while

trying to save a group of poverty-stricken senior citizens from being evicted from their apartments by a greedy landlord. Both Chubby Checker and Little Richard put in brief musical cameos for some quick crack money and Ned Beatty as the absent-minded grandfather hasn't looked this embarrassed since he got cornholed in DELIVERANCE (hmm...maybe that's why he seemed so nervous whenever the creature came near him with the horn...), leaving THE PURPLE PEOPLE EATER a G-rated clunker not even suitable for nurturing the tastes of pre-school neophyte gorehounds.

KINJITE- In an apparent attempt to atone for last fall's dismal MESSANGER OF DEATH, the indefatigable Charles Bronson returns in this sordid, violent, lewd actioner concerning white slavery, drug trafficking, underage sex and Japanese sexual mores in one terse 97 minute package. This time out Bronson plays a somewhat racist vice cop who is out to bust weasely drug-dealing wetback Juan Fernandez who runs a kiddie porn ring on the side for some spare change. Extremely overprotective of his blossoming 15 year old daughter, Charlie hits the ceiling when he learns that she has had her crotch fondled on a crowded bus by a Japanese businessman. The convoluted plot has Bronson ultimately protecting the slanty-eyed pervert when his own daughter is kidnapped and sold into white slavery by the Hispanic villians. Along the way, veteran Bronson sleazemeister director J. Lee Thompson packs the flick with first-rate graphic violence, surprisingly kinky sex and nudity (the scene where Charlie buttfucks a potential child molester with his own large dildo is a showstopper!) and an awesomely accurate vision about the dangers of Oriental businessmen taking over the economy of America. As such, KINJITE emerges one of the best and most depraved Bronson exploitationers released in years. Catch it!

THE FLY II- Former f/x whiz kid Chris Walas (GREMLINS, THE FLY) graduates to the director's chair for this sequel to David Cronenberg's 1986 classic remake of the 1958 sci-fier. This may rattle a few cages, but Walas surpasses his Canadian mentor in this ultra-gory, darkly sardonic installment of the Brundle saga that picks up where FLY I left off as the son of Jeff Goldblum is born to a sinister scientific concern bent on using his unique genetic pattern to somehow enslave the world. Aging at an alarming rate, at 5 years old the flyboy becomes Eric Stoltz, who gets to flash his panty-creaming baby blues at the ladies for about 30 minutes before starting to mutate into a humanoid insect like his pop. Stoltz is no stranger to heavy prosthetics, having already played the hydrocephalic retard in THE MASK, so he handles his rotting admirably. Besides directing, Walas' own effects company handled

crushing of a human head that pushes the flick's R rating close to the X parameter), leaving THE FLY II a gore-drenched gem with a solid storyline and our first strong contender for best Gorefilm of 1989.

PARTY LINE- Ever wonder what happened to Leif Garrett, early 1970's teen recording artist heart throb who appeared as a pre-pube homosexual psychopath in a seedy little late 60's opus entitled DEVIL TIMES 5? No, huh? Well for those who did, ol' Leif is now a late 20's, overweight, balding blow addict who has been reduced to playing a middle-aged homosexual psychopath in this thoroughly enjoyable scumbucket thriller concerning a crazed brother and sister who lure victims to their house via the currently-popular teen phone dateline craze and subsequently slit their throats with their dead dad's straight razor when they arrange a face to face meeting. This nifty plot is further sleazed up by the fact that Leif's entire family was one big Oedipal incestuous mess and also that Mr. G. spends his idle hours masturbating while dressed in his late mother's wedding gown! Flicks this depraved don't come along often in the repressed 80's so gorehounds should flock to catch PARTY LINE, one of the sickest gems we've seen this decade. When viewing it, try to remember that just 17 years ago, the bloated Leif Garrett was headlining concerts at Madison Square Garden. How the mighty have fallen!

PLUG CORNER- Since genre-related releases have been a bit meager this time out, it's time to catch up on some plugs for 'zines, products and services that: A) are outstanding and really deserve your attention or B) really bite the big weenie, but the pesky bastards keep pleading with us for a mention. Caveat emptor... First up is Tom Stockman's SHOCK REVIEW, a rag sheet similar in execution to the G.G. and helmed by a longtime G.G. subscriber. Write for a sample copy to Tom at 1435 Sprouk, St. Louis, MO. 63139... Gorehound Charles Pinion has concocted a video called TWISTED ISSUES which he refers to as "a psycho-punk splatter comedy". Nihilist N.Y. film lobster-director Nick Zedd has been quoted as saying "I really hated TWISTED ISSUES!", so it's probably worth a look-see. Just 15 clams brings you the 80 minute movie plus a 90 minute cassette of hardcore soundtrack music. Super.... Order from Charles Pinion, Box 1261, New York, N.Y. 10013-0867... From across the Atlantic, Limey Paul J. Brown brings us FANTASYNOOPSIS, a CINEFANTASTIQUE-inspired examination of a handful of classic genre releases such as CLOCKWORK ORANGE, TAXI DRIVER and INDIANA JONES 3. Awesome, man. Send off about 4 bucks to Paul at 1 Bascroft Way, Godmanchester, Huntingdon, Cambs, PE18 8EG, England... J. Adler and a group of his demon devil-brat pals have concocted GRINDHOUSE, a hand-written 'zine chronicalling the last days of 42nd St. with reviews so scathing that they

make the ol' G.G. seem like FILM COMMENT. These dudes should be soundly caned by the headmaster. Subscriptions are \$5.00 per year to J. Adler, c/o S.L.P., P.O. Box 7460, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163-6030... Lastly, we highly recommend travelling to the Washington D.C. area for the best video store in the universe! Jim and Jane McCabe run THE VIDEO VAULT at 706 Duke St., Alexandria, VA. 22314 where they rent and sell an assortment of rare sleaze, gore and related genre titles that makes the humble G.G. VIDEO STORE seem like a mainstream neighborhood video hovel by comparison. The McCabes accept telephone memberships and will even do mail order rentals to those pikers who are too lazy to travel. Rumor has it that Jim's Dixie cutie Jane can also whip up a mean Southern-style barbeque as well. Call (703) 549-8848 for membership info. and be sure to tell 'em the G.G. sent you...

The sleaze world experienced another great loss when Joe Spinell, everybody's favorite MANIAC! and stand-up comic supreme (check out the BEST OF G.G. INTERVIEWS tape) died in his home in New York on January 12, 1989. Spinell was a hemophiliac and his death may have been caused by existing weather conditions. Sadly, Joe was set to reprise his most famous role in MANIAC 2, slated to roll in Canada this month. Though women's libbers the world over despised you, we gorehounds loved you, Joe. You will be missed..

RARE VIDEOS- Good quality copies of POSSESSION (when this wild tale of wife-beating, suicide and Carlo Rambaldi monster-rape was released in the U.S., it was trimmed down to an incomprehensible 78 minutes. Our version is in English and completely restored to its 126 minute running time. At last, domestic gorehounds will see exactly why the sultry Isabelle Adjani had that white vomit spew running out of her mouth and vagina. Extremely rare and highly recommended); THE RAREST G.G. TRAILER COMP. EVER! (we've finally gotten off our asses and come up with another 80 minute assortment of trailers so rare that Mad Ron is already running for cover. Choice titles like THEY CALL HER ONE-EYE, Franco's SUCCUBUS and ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD make this labor of love one item you won't want to be without); RAW MEAT (oft-requested for years by G.G. subscribers, this 1973 Christopher Lee cannibal rarity has been re-titled DEATHLINE, but is completely uncut and just as depraved as the day it was released); THE PSYCHIC (Lucio Fulci's uncut chunkblower starring Jennifer O'Neil and a high priority on most video collector's want lists) and MARK OF THE DEVIL PT. 2 (rinse out your vomit bags from the original!). All tapes are available in either VHS or Beta (please specify) and are \$19.95 each plus \$2.50 postage. Please send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.Y. 07011. Order today!

Rt Rev

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CRIMSON-COATED ACTOR MICHAEL ROOKER GIVES AN ENTIRELY NEW MEANING TO THE EXPRESSION "GETTING SOME GOOD WET HEAD" IN THIS JUICY SEQUENCE FROM HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER. BASED ON THE CRIMES OF REAL-LIFE MASS MURDERER HENRY LEE LUCAS, THIS UNRATED RELEASE FROM M.P.I. PICTURES IS ONE OF THE SICKEST CURIOS THE G.G. STAFF HAS RUN ACROSS IN A LONG TIME. CURRENTLY IN RELEASE ACROSS THE COUNTRY AT MIDNIGHT SCREENINGS AND REPERATORY HOUSES, THIS IS ONE SLEAZE SMORGASBORD GOREHOUDNS WILL NOT WANT TO MISS! DEMAND IT BE BOOKED INTO YOUR LOCAL GRINDHOUSE!!!!

The nearly 90 days which have passed since the publication of our last issue have brought a flurry of activity on both the exploitation scene and the structure of the G.G.'s future unparalleled in our nine year history. Over two dozen genre items have been unleashed in the N.Y. metro area since March, reminding us of the halcyon days of 42nd St. where both sides of the fabled strip were packed with dank grindhouses offering double (and sometimes even triple) bills of the awesome and awful arrivals on the sleaze scene. Back then we had to publish every two weeks (albeit in one page form) just to keep up with the flow of rampaging releases. Unfortunately many of the 26 flicks reviewed in this issue were placed in sporadic theatrical runs around the area merely to satisfy a contractual obligation for a pre-sold video deal. With little or no advertising behind them, these flicks play a quick 5 or 7 day run to empty houses everywhere. (C'mon, would you choose to go see a flick called THE SIEGE OF FIREBASE GLORIA) if you caught no news ads, commercials or even one-sheets?) But since bitching about video killing downtown urban venues for nearly 2 1/2 years now has not made the couch potato phenomena go away, the G.G. staff has decided to throw in the towel and heed the old adage, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!" As of this issue, we'll be including reviews of selected video titles that we feel deserve your attention. We're not cunting out by any means, the G.G. will still feature mostly theatrical reviews of every flick that plays somewhere in the N.Y. metro area, but we figure if reviewing videos nets PSYCHOTRONIC icon Michael Weldon three bucks an issue for his new rag, plus guest spots on MTV as well as a lucrative international lecture circuit, it's time for us to wake up and smell the dogshit (oops) roses! Speaking of international fame, on July 26 gorehounds everywhere should rush out to their video stores to pick up the first issue of GORGON VIDEO MAGAZINE, a self described "timely electronic media magazine glorifying the guts, gore, carnage and splatter of the horror and special effects film genres". Brought to you by Stuart Shapiro, mild-mannered production pervert responsible for such past gems as TUNNELVISION and the rodent-munch classic MONDO NEW YORK and released through the FACES OF DEATH bad taste-meisters at M.P.I. Home Video, GORGON'S first issue will feature such juicy segments as an in-depth interview with Wes Craven, a tour around the effects workshop of splatter pyrotechnicians KNB, Inc. (HORROR SHOW, THE INTRUDER, etc.) a poolside chat (and a revealing with scream queen/cream dream Linnea Quigley and an on-camera review section of the upcoming theatrical and video releases hosted by none other than your humble (?) G.G. editor. That's right, a segment known as RICK'S REVIEWS will appear in every issue of GORGON, so now G.G. readers can watch me in action as I make an ass out of myself with the standard G.G.-styled

opinionated, sexist, racist commentaries. Female gorehounds should keep an ample supply of Durocells on hand for their vibrators as test screenings of this segment have elicited rave in Hollywood and your editor just might be elevated to the position of horror sex symbol, sharing the limelight with other hunks like Michael Berryman, Sid Haig and Cameron Mitchell! The suggested list price for GORGON is just under 20 bucks so gore fans might actually want to buy a copy to get the great box graphics rather than just rent it for two bucks and dub off a ratty copy. Before the G.G. agreed to get involved, it was decided that GORGON would feature uncompromising, unrated, powerful stuff, so gorehounds shouldn't be worried that we've sold out -- if a movie blows, we'll tell you the honest truth, just as we do every month (?) in the G.G.. I know this intro is beginning to ramble, but just as we started to go to press, spurred on by the advance publicity of GORGON, your editor has been invited to defend the gore/splatter genre in a June 7th taping of the infamous MORTON DOWNEY, JR. SHOW. The Reverend will be locking horns with a State Senator who is seeking to pass a bill banning the access of "overtly violent videos" to anyone under the age of 21(!) and a group of Jersey-based old bags known as M.A.S.G. (Mothers Against Splatter and Gore). This arrangement certainly smells like a set-up to us, so gorehounds may wish to check their local television listings around mid to late June to see your illustrious editor probably get booted out of the studio on-camera by that motor-mouthed dork known as Mort. Anyway, enough of the Hollywood hoopla and self-promotion, we've got a slew of flicks to review and the space is getting smaller as we ramble.

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VICIOUS- Banned by many theater circuits across the country for excessive violence, SVS films' VICIOUS is a sadistic little low budget import from Australia perfectly suited to the tastes of hardcore gorehounds. First time director Carl Zwicky also wrote this ultra-violent tale of a bored, wealthy Sydney adolescent who seeks thrills by teaming up with a pack of poverty-stricken teen cat-burglars. He soon realizes he's gotten more than he'd bargained for, as the gang adds murder, rape and torture as sidelines to their petty theft activities. Released unrated stateside on grounds of excessive violence by N.Y.'s own SVS Films, VICIOUS plays like an Aussie hybrid of LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT and STRAW DOGS that achieves a level of skeezy debasement and repulsion not often seen in most movies released these days. Available in its uncut version on video just as we go to press, horror has never been better from the land down under and VICIOUS just might be the sleeper depravity of 1989. Catch it!

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LEVIATHAN- The second of this year's sea monster melodrama trilogy (with James Cameron's THE





THE PITIABLE LASS DEPICTED ABOVE THOUGHT MENSTRUAL CRAMPS WERE ROUGH UNTIL SHE HAD TO DEAL WITH THE SPECTRE OF DEMENTED MEAT CLEAVER MURDERER MAX JENKE DEEP WITHIN HER QUIM EATING HIS WAY OUT IN THIS SENSUAL SHOT FROM THE HORROR SHOW.

ABYSS now pushed back to mid-August), LEVIATHAN plays like a shot-for-shot copy of January's DEEP STAR SIX, substituting a bio-hazard contaminated bottle of Russian Vodka for a dynamite explosion as the catalyst for releasing an amphibious monster within the confines of an underwater work camp. Stan Winston's monster effects look superb when finally revealed but the choppy direction of Greek grape leave sucker George P. Cosmates (COBRA, etc.) leaves much of the flick extremely difficult to watch, with the creature only glimpsed in milli-seconds and never in a full shot, so gorehounds never even get to see just what the hell it looks like! Further disappointment is added by the fact that out of the two women on board (one the sultry Amanda Pays (THE KINDRED) and the other an unknown flabbed-out bimbo), only the fat one displays any rib flaps in a hokey suicide sequence that will leave even the most over-sexed gorehounds flaccid and yawning. Add a snail's paced plot line and some murky, incomprehensible photography and LEVIATHAN emerges a 98 minute bore best left unviewed. Even 1977's laughable

SLITHIS shines in comparison to this turkey!

DEAD BANG- Since most TV watchers can get a weekly dose of Don Johnson as a maverick cop for free every Friday night, they stayed away in droves from this John Frankenheimer actioner that is actually a pretty good film. Casting off his pastel, yupped-out MIAMI VICE image, Johnson plays a lonely alcoholic, disheveled L.A. detective assigned to track down a psychotic cop-killer when he stumbles across a group of Hitler-loving white supremacists who plan to take over the U.S. by causing race riots across the country. Teaming with a posse of ten huge black deputies (all of whom look like NFL linemen), Don storms the Nazi field headquarters in a 20 minute finale of graphic gunshots, brawling, stabbing and general testosterone spewing that would even make Sam Pekinpah smile. Along the way, Frankenheimer packs DEAD BANG with an onslaught of graphic violence and depravity (i.e. a hung-over Johnson pukes in the face of a murder suspect after a lengthy foot chase) that will hold sleaze fan's interest throughout the

flick's slightly long 105 minutes. No one hates dickhead Don more than the G.G. staff, so don't be put off about paying to see him: DEAD BANG is an entertaining exploitationer reminiscent of the 4 star blood fests Clint Eastwood used to churn out before his arteries began to harden -- Give it a chance!

976-EVIL- We here at the G.G. are going to go way out on a limb and predict that 1989 will be the year that Freddy Krueger will go the way of the pet rock. What with acute overkill generated from the anemic Freddy TV shows, disco LPs, MTV appearances, endless product endorsements and this almost unwatchable "directorial debut", Robert Englund might be the first gore genre casualty slated for "hasbeenism" and if he's not careful he might be spending the rest of his days hanging around with the likes of John Travolta, Peter Frampton and others of similar ilk. 976 attempts to tell some kind of tale about a victimized nerd (Stephen Geoffreys from FRIGHT NIGHT) who begins to transform into a demon after repeated calls to the eponymous title phone number to obtain his "horroroscope". The incomprehensible plot gives no explanation for the transformation (others call the same number with no effect) and Geoffreys begins killing every one in sight (both good and bad characters), leaving audiences shaking their heads about just what the fuck is going on. Not even f/x whiz Kevin Yagher's nifty gore murders and cool monster creation can save this abysmal dud which looks like it may have been assembled on a deli cutting board. An unnamed industry insider has informed the G.G. that Englund (who allegedly has a severe blow habit) submitted the finished film to the producers in an even more jumbled format with a running time of two hours and ten minutes! After being heavily edited and having some entire sequences reshot (by another uncredited director), this 93 minute version was apparently the only salvageable way to release the film. Even with this heavy doctoring, 976-EVIL still really sucks and Englund should stick to staying in front of the camera instead of behind it, and as it stands now, 976-FEEBLE seems a much more appropriate title for this clunker.

THE SIEGE OF FIREBASE GLORIA- As mentioned in our opening editorial, this is one of the flicks that played sporadically around the N.Y. area with little advertising solely for the sake of satisfying a pre-sold video deal. Attended only by dwindling members of the Wings Hauser (VICE SQUAD, MUTANT, etc.) Fan Club and a few confused negroes who thought the flick was about an attack on a crack smoking prostitute, GLORIA is an extremely violent Vietnam War actioner supposedly based upon a true story about how the Viet Cong went apeshit killing Americans during the Christmas cease fire of 1968. Hauser is in fine form as the sadistic marine Lieutenant Di Nardo who wastes attacking slopeheads of all ages and

sexes at the blink of an eye making real-life slaughterer Lt. William Calley seem like Joan Baez by comparison. Filmed in Australia last year on a fairly lavish budget, THE SIEGE OF FIREBASE GLORIA offers nothing for hard core horror fans, but for those who dig nearly 100 minutes of non-stop unrelenting graphic carnage this flick is recommended and comparable to what the late Sergio Leone would have served up if he was to make a Vietnam War flick. Savory, but for special tastes...

CAMERON'S CLOSET- After apparently being tossed aside for his camp value by John Waters (who did not use him in last summer's HAIRSPRAY), 50's teen heartthrob-turned-homo Tab Hunter is sadly now reduced to being decapitated by a Mayan demon in this boring derivative shocker that finally hit the New York area in mid-April after at least three well-advertised false starting dates. The hokey plot has the title brat being preyed upon by his dad (Hunter) and fellow real-life bone smuggler Chuck McCann in a series of psychokinetic experiments that unleash a monster which hides in the kid's bedroom closet. You'd think that since Tab already came out of the closet he'd be safe, but he's the first of a series of victims to fall prey to E.T. creator Carlo Rambaldi's blood-hungry demon that looks so phony that when finally revealed in the flick's last reel, it looks like it was made from left-over high school art supplies. The fairly graphic murders come too few and far between to sustain any real interest, and coupled with a totally limp ending, CAMERON'S CLOSET is best left shut tight. Just released to video stores as we go to press, this dud is to be avoided at all costs!

I, MADMAN- Apparently not going on to mainstream Hollywood success following 1987's dark horse smash hit THE GATE, director Tibor Tíkcás heads straight down to the poverty row of Trans World Entertainment for this original, yet plodding low budget thriller about a 1950's pulp novel horror villain coming alive and haunting the life of trash paperback enthusiast Jenny Wright, (the alluring vampire femme fatale from NEAR DARK). Written by ex-New Line Cinema office-drone-turned-screenwriter David Chaskin (ELM ST. 2, THE CURSE) under its original title of HARDCOVER, MADMAN gets off to a promising start as we learn that a psycho named Malcolm Brand has cut off all of his own facial features with a razor after his love for the heroine of one of his novels is rejected. To please her, he goes around murdering attractive people and removing various facial parts with a scalpel which he then stitches on his own face in an effort to improve his own looks to win her love. Naturally, this hackneyed attempt leaves him looking like a Leatherface lookalike, and coupled with a Lionel Atwill-esque hat and cape, it makes for quite a foreboding countenance. Un-

fortunately, the bulk of the film is concerned less with Brand and more with Wright's feeble attempts to convince authorities that a character from an old novel has actually come to life. When it becomes evident through a boring sub-plot that Jenny is a dead ringer for the girl Brand originally mutilated his face for, the triteness and derivivity becomes too much and MADMAN sadly goes belly up. Not even a kick-ass, blood-spattered stop-motion jackal monster battle from f/x whiz Randall William Cook (who also plays the role of the demented Brand) can alleviate the 80 odd minutes of tedium that preceded it, leaving I, MADMAN recommended for animation completists and stroke fodder (that Jenny is hot!) only!

CYBORG- After proving himself a mainstay on the exploitation circuit after last year's excellent BLOODSPORT, that self-proclaimed "Muscles From Brussels" Jean-Claude Van Damme is back in a no-holds barred post apocalyptic MAD MAX rip off that is so unrelenting and action-packed that sleaze mavens will forget they've been walked through this plot a zillion times before. Basically, Van Damme agrees to escort a beautiful female cyborg (half human, half robot) to Atlanta from New York where he plans to deliver a cure for an AIDS-like plague that has decimated our planet in the not-too-distant future. She is soon abducted by a band of futuristic punk rebels led by a blue-eyed psychotic Negro tackily named Fender Tremelo (?). It seems that many years ago Fender ruthlessly murdered Jean Claude's lover and her son, leaving him to die bleeding at the bottom of a well and kidnapping her infant daughter who has now blossomed into a buxom punk slut but does not remember that the muscleman was her step-father. With this plot set in motion, director Albert Pyun (DANGEROUSLY CLOSE, DOWN TWISTED) packs CYBORG's taut 85 minutes with a groundbreaking barrage of knife fights, gun battles, a grisly crucifixion, torture and enough chopsocky hijinx to keep exploitation fans on the edges of their seats. G.G. subscriber Patrick McArdle worked as an assistant cameraman on the film and he wrote to describe just how gory some of the filmed battles really were (i.e. eyeball gouging, intestine impalements, etc.). However the film was slapped with an X-rating twice by the MPAA, forcing over seven minutes of cuts to secure an R-rating, so most of the carnage described in Pat's letter was left on the cutting room floor. There's still enough left to warrant gorehounds running out to their local urban bijou to catch CYBORG in the company of the altered-state urban masses who scream their natty heads off every time Jean Claude dispatches a villain! Don't miss it!

RIDING THE EDGE- Embarrassing low budget Iron Eagle/Top Gun flag-waving rip off from Trans World Entertainment that rides my sphincter

ring. A total and complete waste of time. 'Nuff said.

BAD TASTE- Released directly to U.S. home video after grossing out theater patrons throughout New Zealand, Peter Jackson's low-budget blood drenched horror farce BAD TASTE would seem to be the hands-down contender for Gore Film Of The Year thus far in 1989. A true auteur, the multi-talented young Jackson directed, wrote, produced and even acted in this slapstick splatterthon concerning a group of aliens who descend upon a remote New Zealand village, killing all the inhabitants and then chopping them up and packing the parts in boxes to be served at an intergalactic fast-food restaurant chain. A dimwitted commando team known as the "Alien Defense Squad" is disbursed by the government to avenge this dastardly deed and halt the cannibalistic smorgasbord cargo from leaving our planet. With this wacky plot premise set up, Jackson packs BAT TASTE's terse 90 minutes with an onslaught of EVIL DEAD-influenced graphic chunk-blowing special effects including decapitations, mutilations, disembowelments, chainsaw hijinx and other assorted blood spattered carnage that will leave gorehounds salivating in glee. Add slapstick comic relief that plays like a hybrid of MONTY PYTHON meets THE THREE STOOGES and BAD TASTE emerges a thoroughly original depraved delight that will keep horror fans alternating between gagging and giggling! An absolute must-see!

TOXIC AVENGER 2- The schlockmeisters at N.Y.'s Troma Releasing arranged a special screening of this unrated version of the sequel to their 1985 grossout hit for area genre magazines, fanzines, and the general burnout coterie, so the G.G. staff really didn't get to see exactly what went out to the public in R-rated form when this clunker was released to the metro area during the first week of April. Basically picking up in storyline where its predecessor left off, trying to envision TOXIC II without Pericles Lewnes' (REDNECK ZOMBIES) X-rated gorespewing and demented carnage would be like getting a blowjob without ejaculating in the woman's mouth! Director and head Troma honcho Lloyd Kaufman drags this mess out to an interminable 95 minutes with the moronic tale of the TOXIC AVENGER's chronic depression and a search for his father in Japan. Slophead investors must have coughed up the bucks for this entire outing as his boring nonsensical two-reel foray to the Orient even elicited groans in the screening from such dyed-in-the-wood Troma buttsuckers as Michael Gingold (SCAREAPHANALIA) and Tim Ferrante (FAGORIA). Coupled with the usual level of Tromatic drama skills, technical ineptitude and surprising restraint in the nudity department, the flick's lame attempts at NAKED GUN-inspired slapstick humor fall flat, leaving TOXIC AVENGER II a total failure even in its

unrated format. (Note: Apparently, Kaufman used so much film to shoot this clunker that even when edited down to 95 minutes, an entire subplot about the TOXIC AVENGER discovering that the Devil himself was the head of a sinister corporation out to take over Tromaville was not used and those slimy shysters now are taking this footage and assembling some flashback sequences and wrap-arounds for a TOXIC AVENGER III to be released in early September of this year. Talk about sleazebags! You are warned!

EDGE OF SANITY- Though not officially confirmed, this wild hybrid of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE and the JACK THE RIPPER legend produced by ex-white slave trader, tax-evader, U.S. convict and general all around lowlife Harry Alan Towers was more than likely directed by sleazemeister supreme Jess Franco using the pseudonym Gerard Kikoine. Gorehounds can enjoy playing count the anachronisms as this tale unfolds of Anthony ("I'm tired of being typecast as a psycho!") Perkins, who as the esteemed research physician Henry Jekyll discovers that combining ether and pure cocaine and lighting it in a glass pipe might not be the new anesthesia he's looking for, but can sure give him one hell of a buzz! This 18th century basehead then turns into a red-eyed Mr Hyde and prowls the back alleys of London looking for prostitutes to slash with his straight razor throughout the 85 minutes of this sleaze howler. Nudity, gore (i.e. a graphic eyeball gouging with a scalpel almost made the Rev. toss his cookies), sexual perversion and flagrant drug abuse run rampant throughout this classic, making one wonder how in the hell it ever got an R-rating to begin with! Perkins chews the scenery nicely as the crack-smoking deviate reprobate, leaving EDGE OF SANITY as an easy hands down winner for one of the sleaziest films released this year. Don's miss it!

We're just about halfway through our 26 reviews, severely late for our distribution obligations (sorry, Ted at SEE HEAR) and rapidly running out of room to boot, so the balance of the G.G. will be made up sadly of severely truncated reviews so gorehounds will know what's worth blowing money on. We sincerely apologize for this format, but we'll make it up to everyone with our next gala 100th anniversary issue out in August with news of the G.G. convention to be held in Manhattan this October! Sorry, dudes!

STRIPPED TO KILL 2- A sequel in title only to 1987's Roger Corman-financed titfest, this is a nifty slasher whodunit cranked out nicely on an obvious Grade Z budget by the husband and wife team of Andy and Katt Shea Ruben. Gorehounds with breast fixations (who isn't one?) will have a field day with this bloody little sexploitationer that emerges one cut above a soft-core porno outing. Well made, quite hornivorous and recommended. Bring the baby oil.

PET SEMATARY- Straight to the litter box for yet another overblown, ponderously dull Stephen King abomination. George Romero should feel proud he was fired off the set of this trite clunker and replaced by MTV murchette Mary Lambert whose only prior horror film experience was directing Madonna videos. A New England gravesite reanimates the corpses of a road pizza-ed cat and an obnoxious 2 year old tot, both of whom return as murderous zombies. King sadly violates one of the basic horror tenets -- zombie children can fuck up even the best of horror films. Overly long, terribly acted and trimmed of most of its gore by the MPAA, this is one of King's worst to date. Forget it!

THE HORROR SHOW- While Sean Cunningham was off directing DEEP STAR 6, he delegated the directoral reigns to f/x whiz/protege James Isaac who does what he can with the flick's NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. copycat plot premise. Brion James is great here as the demonic mass-murderer Max Jenke whose only request before being executed by the state is that he be buried with his meat cleaver. Extremely violent and depraved for an R-rating (i.e., Jenke rapes cop Lance Hendriksen's daughter and then re-materializes in her womb), the flick loses steam during its final half-hour and suffers an incomprehensible finale, but still warrants a viewing. B+ for effort.

THE TERROR WITHIN- Roger Corman remakes IT, THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE via the ALIEN turnpike as has-been thespys George Kennedy and Andrew Stephens pick up some quick booze and blow money respectively. Cheaply made, but quite gory with a great monster suit designed by Dean Jones. Worth going out of your way for.

VACACIONES DE TERROR- Screened at N.Y.'s formidable Spanish language-only Hollywood Twin, this lame BEYOND THE DOOR PG-styled possession opera was directed by Rene Cordona III in memory of his grandfather (flashed in the closing credits) who died in early 1988. Gramps was the dude behind such classics as ROBOT VS THE AZTEC MUMMY, NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES, etc., so he is probably screaming "Maricon!" from the grave when he sees what pussyweight gore fare his bloodline is offering up. VACACIONES is strictly "caca de vaca" which even the most nitpicking horror completist would do well to avoid.

OUT OF THE DARK- Virtually the "Who's Who" of Hollywood's hip underground enclave (Paul Bartel, Divine in his last role, Tab Hunter, Karen Black, Bud Cort, etc.) appear in cameos in this stylish slasher whodunnit about the operators of a sleazy phone sex bureau who are being brutally slaughtered by a pervert in a clown mask. Steamy nudity, graphic gore and tits aplenty abound this entertaining New Line Cinema release that vanished after a scant 7 day run at area



"ISE-ASS WETBACK GETS A DEMON-RIELED DAGGER SHOWN HIS TACO SUCK-  
ING THROAT AFTER DISSING THE DARK POWERS IN THE MEXICAN IMPORT DIMENSI-  
ONES OCULTAS, NO" PLAYING AT A BARRIO NEAR YOU. ¿COMO ESTAS, GRINGO?

bijous. Worth seeking out--keep your eye on the new release video shelves...

**HEATHERS-** Worthy of a much lengthier review, this riotous black comedy from New World Pictures is carried along wholly by the sidesplitting screen play of Daniel Waters, who claims he picked up most of the flick's wild dialogue from years of being a video cassette rental clerk and listening to kids as they talked in the store. Gorehounds will find such common G.G.-inspired epithets as "boning", "chunk-blowing" etc. scattered throughout this tale of a psychotic high school "new student" who starts bumping off the cuntish yuppies and doltish jocks who make the life of his new found love muffin (alluring Winona Ryder) miserable. Jack Nicholson should kick the ass of Christian Slater for feebly imitating him throughout the flick's 102 minutes in his role as the maniacal juvenile delinquent, but this minor annoyance aside, **HEATHERS** is the funniest warped comedy to come down the pike since **EATING RAOUL**.

**DEAD CALM-** **MAD MAX** director George Miller had a hand in producing this high seas thriller about a psycho who invades the yacht of a grieving couple after he has slaughtered all the inhabi-

tants of his own vessel. This cat and mouse suspense has some great acting, pacing and sporadic bloodletting, but supposed maniac Billy Zane is such an obvious real-life fag that Negroes at 42 St.'s famed Selwyn Theater screamed "Dat queer can't even get it up--he wants to suck the husband's dick!" during **CALM**'s poignant rape scene, trashing the flick's entire credibility. "A homo will never a threatening villain make!"-R. Sullivan '89.

**RED SCORPION-** A reported \$15 million budgeted **RAMBO** clone starring Dolph Lundgren (**MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE**) that really sucked my stinger. The worst.

**RETURN OF SWAMP THING-** Poverty row sequel/re-make vagabond Jim Wynorski brings us this tongue-in-check sequel to Wes Craven's 1982 cinematic adaptation of the D.C. Comics slime avenger that actually outshines its predecessor. From the opening strains of Credence Clearwater Revival belting out **BORN ON THE BAYOU** as returning **SWAMP THING** Dick Durock battles a leech monster to the finale where the creature actually slips the ol' swamp bone to **DYNASTY**'s sultry Heather Locklear, the flick is the closest thing we've seen to a true celluloid version of a comic

book. It's PG-13 rating may let down some of the more hard-core gorehounds, but RETURN is great kiddie matinee fare to begin warping the impressionable young.

DIMENSIONES OCULTAS- Another gem from the coffers of Latino cinema, this mildly interesting little bloodfest concerns two wetbacks who insult the dark forces by spilling tequila on a Ouija board during a drinking contest, causing one of the beaners to mutate into a latex-skinned mutilator while his buddy gets migraine-induced visions of the heinous acts he's been committing. Grab a Hispanic date for the evening to help with translations, and seek out this quite gory, bloodspattered curio from Mexico directed by Ruben Galindo, Jr. Latin America's answer to Herschell Gordon Lewis.

HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER- A brilliant film accorded our cover this issue, HENRY will be reviewed in-depth for G.G. # 100. A smash hit when previewed at Manhattan's Late Show Film Series, this masterpiece is loosely based on the real-life exploits of mass murderer Henry Lee Lucas and stands as one of the sickest, most harrowing flicks to be released since DERANGED or THE STEPFATHER. Distributor M.P.I. Releasing is refusing to make any cuts on the MPAA imposed X-rating, so look for HENRY to pop up for spot screenings at your local lobster reperiatory house. YOU MUST SEE THIS FILM!!!!

NEKROMANTIC- Remember when the Sex Pistols did their aborted 1978 North American tour to disappointed crowds everywhere only to break up at the end of their last San Francisco date after Johnny Rotten extolled the immortal phrase "Ever feel like you've been cheated?" This sums up the legendary German import NEKROMANTIC entirely, for after hearing how it had been banned in so many countries and been the smash hit of last summer's SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK film festival in Britain, a May 17th screening at N.Y.'s Late Show Film Series showed it to be an amateurish, lobstery bore whose highly touted special effects sadly make H.G. Lewis' crimson-stuffed condoms of two decades ago seem like I.L.M. state of the art pyrotechnics by comparison. Even the legendary masturbation/disembowelment sequence had a guy using a plastic dildo instead of his real dick! NEKROMANTIC is limp in every sense of the word. Don't believe the hype.

HIT LIST- Director William Lustig (MANIAC, VIGILANTE, etc.) brings us this 4 star actioner that went virtually unnoticed when released in the N.Y. metro area. Demented hit man Lance Henriksen wastes the wrong family after a house number is jumbled, and incurs the wrath of embittered Vietnam vet Jan-Michael Vincent whose young son he has kidnapped. Violent, sadistic, graphic and extremely lewd, featuring solid support from such veteran exploitation stalwarts

as Charlie Napier, Rip Torn and Leo Rossi, HIT LIST is the G.G.'s favorite sleaze sleeper thus far in 1989. A must see!

RARE VIDEOS- Good quality copies of NEKROMANTIC (leave it to the G.G. to offer for sale a flick which we've trashed in our regular review section. However some gorehounds seem so amped over this Arayan pud-pulling exercise in necrophilia that we offer it here for sale as a public service- and to make a few bucks, of course! In German, with English sub-titles. Caveat emptor!); G.G. MEETS MORT (even though it hasn't been broadcast yet, this 60 minute shoutfest over whether or not slasher flicks are bad for kids is certain to be a barroom favorite. Your publisher puts the inimitable Morton Downey Jr. in his place until airhead Fagoria editor Tony Timpone fucks things up and makes all gorehounds look like dorks. With Michael Berryman (HILLS HAVE EYES), a real reverend named Doug Harpool, assorted lesbians and clips from LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, THE HILLS HAVE EYES, and SPLATTER GIRLS. A must!); SUCCUBUS (the uncut version of Jess Franco's 1969 sexploitation sleaze classic originally rated X when released in the States by A.I.P.); A TASTE OF BLOOD (Herschell Gordon Lewis' rarest 120 minute gore outing updating the Dracula legend to 1969 Chicago.) and BELL, BARE AND BEAUTIFUL (before becoming the Godfather of Gore with 1963's BLOOD FEAST, H.G. Lewis cranked out nudist camp films like this to put bread on his table. Featuring 4 months pregnant stripper Virginia Bell and BLOOD FEAST's Thomas Wood, this is actually sicker than anything Lewis made to gross audiences out!). All tapes available on VHS and BETA and are \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage and handling). Send checks or money orders to GORE GAZETTE c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, NJ 07011. Please put your name and address on your order letter. Also, you must allow allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery (no rush orders accepted unless you include a naked picture of your mother!) Order today!

## Trio Have A Violent Party

Mrs. Zelma Neal, 55, of 2311 Union, became involved in a disturbance and created a general mouthy confusion. Lips were glibbing as Austin kicked Ben Robinson's behind which caused Ben to break wind in Zelma's face. She resented it and laid some ax on Ben's posterior. All three were arrested. Zelma was arrested for first degree assault for beating Ben's head and back without pity.

Mrs. Zelma Neal, 55, of 2311 Union, became involved in a clash party. She used an ax to attack the head of Benjamin Robinson, 26, of the same address when he kicked in the rear door of her residence early this month in the wee wee hours falling between midnight and the break of day. Austin Delaney, 23, also of 2311 Union, entered into the



Rt Rev.

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write Gore Gazette,  
c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011

# GORE GAZETTE

FREE

Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area

NO. 100

## SPECIAL 100th ISSUE !!

Well, we've finally made it! Welcome to the 100th issue of the world's oldest living fanzine. It's hard to believe that exactly 9 years ago we started this rag as a one-page, bi-weekly giveaway sheet in reaction to the disparaging opinions being spouted at the time in Bill Landis' increasingly limp-wristed Sleazoid Express, as well as the non-coverage of genre product by the mainstream press. Although over the years our frequency of publication has been spread from fortnightly to neo-quarterly (owing in part to the loss of our Exxon Corporation subsidy 'round about G.G. #51), our circulation has increased from a measly 100 to a whopping 4,000, with subscribers in all 50 states and dozens of foreign countries. Our wise-assed style and rather curt demeanor has sometimes put off thin-skinned supporters and more serious horror fans, (like the no-dick, pencil-necked, cocksucking publisher of a magazine called GORE TIMES who had the temerity to refer to your editor as "a jerk...". Kiss my sack, pal!), so we'd like to take this opportunity to be serious for a second and offer sincere thanks to all who have supported us throughout any part of our checkered 100 issue lifetime and put up amicably with scores of delayed issues and lengthy video mail order backlogs -- we know who you all are and deeply appreciate your unwavering loyalty! It's not often easy to boast your allegiance to the G.G. these days when AIDS, sexism and racism are not popular topics of humor, so in the words of your solemn reverend, let me sum up this rambling diatribe by altering a popular Biblical quote: "Blessed are those who have struck blows for or against the G.G.; for they shall be called fearless." Well that'll live over a while and thanks again -- let's hope it doesn't take another decade to reach our 200th



# THE RT. REV. CARVES UP A SEMI-NUDE NUBILE ALA BLOOD FEAST STYLE TO COMMEMORATE THIS GALA 100TH EDITION OF THE CORE GAZETTE !!!!!

be a "ringer", or impostor paid by the Downey camp to say outrageous things solely create dissent and throw the argument by flaring tempers) set the audience against us and gorehounds of the world emerged as little more than a bunch of depraved bastards who hang around parks and sniff little girls' bicycle seats. Thanks again, Tony -- you're fucking brilliant!...Readers have been writing in to say that they've been having problems locating COREGON VIDEO MAGAZINE at their local video shops. For those unfamiliar, COREGON is your editor's shot at the big time, a bi-monthly video show featuring interviews with genre directors, behind the scenes looks at state-of-the-art gore pyrotechnics and a video review segment hosted on-camera by yours truly. The first issue was released in late August and showed your editor to be a bit nervous and unusually reserved. We can now reveal that this restrained performance resulted from the fact that: 1) I had never been on camera before, 2) the script was written the night before the segment was shot and I had to read it off the table (were it was scotch taped) with my sunglasses on and try not to look down to reveal that I was reading and 3) the director of the segment was a horrifying Nazi-like, emasculating bitch who hated horror films and would not allow your editor to have any cocktails during the entire 12 hour shoot! Now as everyone knows, depriving me of alcohol is like denying Dracula blood, or Seka mannequin hence my lackluster performance. For COREGON II (now in the video shops as we go to press) I was given full permission by the male director to tie one on, and as you'll see, my persona is back to that of the bombastic loudmouth we all know and love (?). For the those having trouble finding COREGON, there is a toll-free number at 1-800-323-0442, so that your local video store can order it direct from its distributor, M.P.I. However, this labor of love (brainchild of goremistress supreme Laurie Kaye) retails for only \$19.95 so G.G. readers might want to order their own personal copies (the box alone is worth the price) to help your editor fatten his bank account as well as to possess what is certain to become a future collector's item...Many fanzine editors must be confused and think my last name is Solomon instead of Sullivan as I've been asked to intervene on the controversial issue of CORETEST-bashing which has been in vogue for the last couple of months by the more outspoken of fellow fanzine editors. For those unfamiliar, CORETEST is an Indianapolis-based fanzine run by a rabid horror fan named Rod Sims, whom I've known for some years and found to be a soft-

spoken, personable dude who formats his "zine in a style unlike the iconoclastic full frontal assaults of the G.G., SHOCK REVIEW and GRINDHOUSE. He also likes a lot more of the swill that comes down the pike than your average fanzine editor. Because of this "aw, shucks" approach to reviewing and coupled with a few unfortunate typographical errors, Sims has been branded a "homo", "rump wrangler" and "colon cowboy" by some of the more maverick fanzines around and personal attacks on Sims in 'zine editorials are all the rage. Although I disagree with Sims' reviews quite frequently, I know for a fact that he is not a sucker of cocks, and I would ask those CORETEST tormentors to leave him alone. His low-key style of reviewing may not suit everyone's tastes, but his reverential tone is no different from that of Michael Gingold's SCREAMPHANIA, yet I don't see anyone accusing him of being an AIDS poster boy! There are few enough of us gorehounds to begin with without splitting into rival factions, so let's quit all this bullshit! If you don't dig CORETEST, don't read it, but leave Sims alone. If you must pick on someone, why not Tony Timpane, who looks as if he's taken a few renters here and there.....R.I.P. to Steve Buchsleit who has ceased publication of his excellent SLIMETIME owing to some personal problems which I infer to be some rat bastard who turned him in for printing the zine on the job. The G.G. offered Steve some editorial space to air his dirty laundry regarding the demise of SLIMETIME, but he has not responded as we go to press. We clip our hats to what was the best publication of the fanzine set. Condolences and/or votes of support may be sent c/o 1108 East Genesee St., #103, Syracuse, N.Y. 13210.....Canook subscriber Eric Hyld has written to warn fellow Canadian video customers that Canada Customs authorities has now placed a few tapes that he never received and subsequently received a notice reproaching him for ordering "morally offensive" material and advising him that his tapes had been seized. The G.G. has contacted this stigma by using a phony return address (Jack Melhoff, 1313 Deepoma Drive) and dummy titles (SOUND OF MUSIC, etc.) on all videos being sent to Canada. So far the scam has worked, so our Northern friends need not worry about ordering beaucoups G.G. videos -- just don't think we're nuts when they arrive with screwy titles! .....As long as this editorial continues to ramble, and since the G.G. is based in the N.Y. metro area, we've been asked by other notable publications to give Mayoral endorsement for the upcoming Manhattan elec-

by now you will have noticed that in honor of our 100th issue, this edition of the G.G. is being given out for free to commemorate our humble origins back in October of 1980 where the first 2 dozen or so issues were distributed gratis. So if some scurrilous shopkeeper has charged you a buck for this tabloid-styled anniversary freebie, read no further and rush back for a refund as a few of our cherished distribution outlets are run by dubious motherfuckers who are no doubt balking at having to handle an issue of the G.G. from which they make no dinero. Also, any bitching subscribers should be advised that this issue will not be counted against your 12 issue payment, so fret not you cheap sons of bitches...Alas, not all the news winging its way this edition is good. The much-anticipated CORE GAZETTE CONVENTION slated to be held in Manhattan this November has had to be cancelled owing to convention organizers feeling that the rash of horror-related conventions being held along the East coast this fall would cause the "highly specialized target audience of G.G. fans" (i.e., the demented and perverse legions) to get lost in the shuffle. Now we don't know if this is a legitimate excuse or the fact that the convention dudes couldn't raise enough potential interest to cover their initial advertising cash outlay and politically canted out on the deal, but either way the bottom line is the same: no G.G. CONVENTION for 1989. We promise however, that even if we have to organize it ourselves, next year being our tenth anniversary, there will be a convention in N.Y. featuring all of the guests we've named in prior editorials. Stay tuned for future updates.....By now, most of you have probably caught your editor's appearance this summer on the now defunct Morton Downey, Jr. Show in a segment devoted to the pros and cons of slasher films. Both Michael (HILLS HAVE EYES) Barryman and myself defended ourselves admirably against the famed loudmouth's unresearched attack on gore films and his absurd theory that violence internalized in these movies by repeated viewings causes people to commit violent acts in real life. (Mew, if that's true, then the entire G.G. staff must be a litter of Ted Bundy, Jr.'s just waiting to be activated!) Supported by some carpet-muncher from Women Against Pornography and a mid-west bible-toting Congressman who looked as if he'd passed one too many hours spanking his monkey to his Jim Bakker poster, the arguments were going well and Wort himself even seemed poised on the brink of siding with gorehounds and their right to view whatever they choose on the grounds of the 1st Amendment at that point, when up jumps the brain-dead editor of FANORIA, Tony Timpane who launches into an asinine tirade about how "watching gore movies is safer than smoking crack and that we should let 9 and 10 year olds have full and unrestricted access to R and even unrated videos". That statement sunk the ship for our side, and coupled with the near-heretical swappings of some punk film-maker named David Juslow (later revealed by G.G. investigators to

tion. Hoping once and for all to shake off the racist mantle given the G.G. by the Washington Times reporter David Mills (see G.G. #98 editorial), we hardly had to think before endorsing homeboy David Dinkins as our hands-down favorite. Why? Well, right-wing tight-ass candidate Rudolph Giuliani is one of the leading forces behind the clean up and renovation of the 42nd St. Times Square area and has been indirectly responsible for the closing of many of the grindhouses on the Deuce. Dinkins, on the other hand, opposes the project adding, "Shit, I still goes down to 42nd St. to see 'dem horror flicks whenever I can. It be de only theater area where you can still smuggle in yo Night Train an even cop a blow job if da flick get booin'." No way I be in favor of gettin rid of dat. I think I done got my first piece o' tail at da Selwyn, so dat area's like a national landmark to me--my black ass will support it to de end!" His words sum up our position exactly and the staff of the G.G. wish Mr. Dinkins the best of luck in his candidacy..... Since this editorial has achieved monumental length, we've decided to alter our format somewhat and include only very brief snipped reviews of each of the 26 films that have been released to the N.Y. metro area since we published last July. Instead, in honor of our 100th issue we've decided to list every horror film released theatrically in N.Y. in chronological order from 1980 to the end of this decade so that gorehounds can realize just how much shit they've fried their optic nerves on. We've seen virtually every one of the following, so it's no wonder we're a bit burnt out. If we've missed any, please notify us. Does anyone care to pick their favorite film of the decade? Not us. Here goes:

- 1) Slave Of The Carnibal God; 2) Windows; 3) Guyana - Cult Of The Damned; 4) Silent Screams; 5) The Fog; 6) Jaws II; 7) Saturn III; 8) The Godsend; 9) The Visitor; 10) 5th Floor; 11) The Slasher; 12) Last Rites; 13) Friday the 13th; 14) The Shining; 15) Don't Go In The House; 16) Dracula & Son; 17) Humanoids From The Deep; 18) The Hearse; 19) Night Of The Juggler; 20) Mad Max; 21) The Island; 22) Empire Strikes Back; 23) Goliath; 24) Stone Cold Dead; 25) The Children; 26) Almost Human; 27) Dressed To Kill; 28) Zombie; 29) Close Encounters Of The Third Kind; 30) Caty's Curse; 31) Twinkle, Twinkle, Killer Kane; 32) Don't Answer The Phone; 33) Battle Beyond The Stars; 34) From Night; 35) Mother's Day; 36) The Exterminator; 37) He Knows You're Alone; 38) Without Warning; 39) Terror Train; 40) Fade To Black; 41) Bloodsuckers; 42) Schlitzoid; 43) Motel Hell; 44) The Awakening; 45) Boogie Man; 46) Shogun Assassins; 47) Altered States; 48) Thirst; 49) Scanners; 50) Fear No Evil; 51) My Bloody Valentine; 52) The Day After Halloween; 53) Calatrava; 54) Blood Beach; 55) The Howling; 56) Legend Of The Wolf Woman; 57) Holy Terror; 58) Nightriders; 59) Excalibur; 60) The Hand; 61) Furhuse; 62) Eyes Of A Stranger; 63) Nocturna; 64) New Year's Evil; 65) Friday The 13th Pt. 2; 66) Tanya's

- Revenge Of The Zombies; 85) Dr. Butcher, M.D.; 86) The Unseen; 87) Final Exam; 88) Dead & Buried; 89) Grim Reaper; 90) Nightmares; 91) Crocodile; 92) Halloween II; 93) Faces Of Death; 94) The Prowler; 95) Demond; 96) Dawn Of The Mummy; 97) Graduation Day; 98) Beyond The Gate; 99) Ghost Story; 100) Beast Within; 101) Boogans; 102) Revenge Of The Shogun Warrior; 103) A Stranger Is Watching; 104) Drive-In Massacre; 105) Vice Squad; 106) Evildead; 107) Death Wish II; 108) Parasite; 109) Ann: Rise & Fall; 110) Car People; 111) Silent Rage; 112) Great White; 113) Basket Case; 114) The Nesting; 115) House Where Evil Dwells; 116) Conan The Barbarian; 117) Screams; 118) Poltergeist; 119) Hungry; 120) Greeshow; 121) The Thing; 122) Road Warrior; 123) Friday The 13th Pt. 3; 124) Cannibals In The Street; 127) Psycho From Texas; 128) Forbidden World; 129) Slumber Party Massacre; 130) Swamp Thing; 131) Class Of 1984; 132) Beasmaster; 133) Incubus; 134) Halloween III; 135) Concrete Jungle; 136) The Slayer; 137) Satan's Mistress; 138) Q; 139) The Burning; 140) Funeral Home; 141) Alone In The Dark; 142) Trick Or Treat; 143) Scared To Death; 144) Murder By Phone; 145) Midnight; 146) Xtra; 147) Videodrome; 148) House On Sorority Row; 149) Vigilante; 150) Sorceress; 151) Silent Death; 152) Evil Dead; 153) Curraus; 154) 1990; 155) Dark Night; 156) Madman; 157) The Entity; 158) One Dark Night; 159) The Deadly Spawn; 159) Neuselem; 160) The Hunger; 161) Gates Of Hell; 162) Spacehunter; 163) Chained Heat; 164) Twilight Zone; 165) Don't Go In The Woods; 166) Deadly Force; 167) The Burning; 168) Metal Storm; 169) Strayer; 170) Yot; 171) Cajo; 172) Nightmares; 173) Pieces; 174) Escape 2000; 175) Hell's Angels Forever; 176) Make Them Die Slowly; 177) Strange Invaders; 178) Night Of The Zombies; 179) Possession; 180) Dead Zone; 181) City Of The Walking Dead; 182) Sex And Violence; 183) Frightmare; 184) Young Warriors; 185) Doors Of Death; 186) Auditoryville 3D; 187) Sleepaway Camp; 188) Of Unknown Origin; 189) Lovely But Deadly; 190) Piranha II; 191) The Keep; 192) The Forest; 193) Just Before Dawn; 194) Christine; 195) Scarface; 196) Scarpie; 197) War Of The Wizards; 198) Christmas Evil; 199) Mortuary; 200) Angel; 201) 10 To Midnight; 202) Warriors Of The Wasteland; 203) The Power; 204) House Where Death Lives; 205) Slayground; 206) The Black Cat; 207) Mas Alla Del Terror; 208) Deathstalker; 209) Sweet 16; 210) Running Hot; 211) Boasting House; 212) Forced Entry; 213) Shocking Asia; 214) Killpoint; 215) Children Of The Corn; 216) The Black Room; 217) Alley Cat; 218) N.Y. Nights; 219) House By The Cemetery; 220) Friday The 13th - Final Chapter; 221) Alien Factor; 222) Conquest; 223) Crazy Women; 224) Alphabet City; 225) Streets Of Fire; 226) Firestarter; 227) Mardi Gras Massacre; 229) Flashburn; 230) Executioner II; 231) Gremlins; 232) The Final Terror; 233) Trap Them & Kill Them; 234) Buried Alive; 235) Girl's Night Out; 236) Conan The Destroyer; 237) Escape From Women's Prison; 238) Splatter University; 239) The Mutilator; 240) Red

- Alies; 257) The Terminator; 258) A Nightmare On Elm Street; 259) Silent Night, Deadly Night; 260) Jungle Warriors; 261) Do Not Open Until Christmas; 262) I Was A Teenage Zombie; 263) Stannan; 264) Dune; 265) The Mutilator; 266) Superstition; 267) Avenge Angel; 268) Walking The Edge; 269) Escape From The Bronx; 270) Exterminators Of The Year 3000; 271) Tuff Turf; 272) House On The Edge Of The Park; 273) A Certain Fury; 274) Future Cop; 275) Cannibal Holocaust; 276) Silent Madness; 277) Lifeforce; 278) Day Of The Dead; 279) Fear City; 280) Ghoules; 281) Zombie Island Massacre; 282) Blood Simple; 283) Hellhole; 284) Friday The 13th Pt. 5; 285) Street Love; 286) Cat's Eye; 287) The Company Of Wolves; 288) Def Con 4; 289) G.I. Executioner; 290) New Kids; 291) The Initiation; 292) Julie; 293) Dragonmaster; 294) Night Train To Terror; 295) Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome; 296) Cemetery Del Terror; 297) After The Fall Of N.Y.; 298) Fright Night; 299) Return Of The Living Dead; 300) The Explorers; 301) Godzilla 1985; 302) The Protector; 303) American Ninja; 304) Warning Sign; 305) Warriors Of The Last World; 306) Creepers; 307) Sudden Death; 308) Street-walkin'; 309) Creature; 310) Doomed To Die; 311) The Stuff; 312) Mailbu Express; 313) Invasion U.S.A.; 314) Savage Island; 315) Silver Bullet; 316) The Re-Animator; 317) Evils Of The Night; 318) Nightmare On Elm St. Pt. 2; 319) Deathwish III; 320) Self-Defense; 321) To Live And Die In L.A.; 322) The Doctor & The Devils; 323) Guardian Of Hell; 324) Deathbed; 325) Barbarian Queen; 326) Warrior & The Sorceress; 327) Screams; 328) Barbatic Beast Of Boogy Creek II; 329) The Annihilators; 330) The Alchemists; 331) The Pit; 332) Black Moon Rising; 333) Play For Death; 334) Igor & The Lunatics; 335) Troll; 336) The Eliminator; 337) Bad Girl's Domitory; 338) Forttrap; 339) Knights Of The City; 340) Delta Force; 341) The Hitcher; 342) House; 343) Hollywood Vice Squad; 344) Terrorvision; 345) Hills Have Eyes Pt. 2; 346) The Naked Cage; 347) Nomads; 348) F/X; 349) The Boys Next Door; 350) Toxic Avenger; 351) April's Fools Day; 352) 3:15 Moment Of Truth; 353) Eyes Of Fire; 354) Critters; 355) Murphy's Law; 356) Low Blow; 357) Out And Run; 358) In The Shadow Of Klismajaro; 359) Dangerously Close; 360) Mountaintop Motel Massacre; 361) Poltergeist II; 362) Demons; 363) Invaders From Mars; 364) Girl's School Screams; 365) Sweet & Savage; 366) Thunder Run; 367) America 3000; 368) Psycho III; 369) Big Trouble In Little China; 370) Alans; 371) Maximum Overdrive; 372) Vamp; 373) Friday The 13th Pt. 6; 374) Cocaine Wars; 375) The Fly; 376) Texas Chainsaw Massacre Pt. II; 377) Night Of The Creeps; 378) Bullies; 379) Reform School Girls; 380) Dead End Drive-In; 381) Tenement; 382) Women's Prison Massacre; 383) Armed Response; 384) Deadly Friend; 385) Crawlspace; 386) From Beyond; 387) Trick Or Treat; 388) Combat Shock; 389) Monster Shark; 390) Vendetta; 391) Chopping Mall; 392) Neon Maniacs; 393) Eye Of The Tiger; 394) The Wrath; 395) Quiet Cool; 396) Class Of Nike; 397) King Kong

Driller Killers: 70) Alligator: 71) I Spic In Your  
Grave: 72) People Who Don't Die: 73) Clash Of The  
Tilamoi: 74) Dragonlapper: 75) Escape From N.Y.: 76)  
Savage Beast: 77) Parts: Glorious Horror: 78)  
Savage Beast: 79) Blood Out: 80) American Werewolf In London:  
81) Deadly Sleuths: 82) Hell Again: 83) Screams: 84)  
Double: 85) Right Of The Camera: 86) Terror In The



A BLOODIED G.I. GETS A DAGGER THRUST THROUGH THE BASE OF HIS  
SKULL IN THIS MOUTH-WATERING SHOT FROM FORTESS OF AMERIKKA,  
THE NEWEST CORE/ACTION FORAY FROM TROMA, INC. DUE TO HIT THE  
N.Y. METRO AREA IN MID-DECEMBER.

44) Wrote In All: 44) Resurrection: 44) Death Before Dis-  
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Dead Dead II: 44) Withstand: 44) Street Smart: 44)  
Frenzy Kill: 44) Return To Force Field: 44) The Night  
Scalder: 44) Silent Night, Deadly Night 2: 44) Summer  
Camp Nightmare: 44) Slaughter Night: 44) Angel Heart:  
44) Creepshow 2: 44) Programmed To Kill: 44)  
American Ninja II: 44) The Gece: 44) The Stepfather:  
44) Enemy Territory: 44) Hunter's Blood: 44)  
Murder: 44) Monster In The Closet: 44) Neurosis:  
44) The Messenger: 44) Gamma Squad: 44) Stripped  
To Kill: 44) Blood Rock: 44) The Believers: 44)  
Predator: 44) Street Trash: 44) InnerSpace: 44)  
Robocop: 44) The Lost Boys: 44) Jane: The Revenge:  
44) Terminator Squad: 44) House II: 44) Perfection:  
44) The Game: 44) Hellraiser: 44) The Perfect:  
44) Delta Girl: 44) The Offspring: 44) Alien Diner:  
44) Near Dark: 44) Surf Nazis Must Die: 44) Slave  
Girls From Beyond: 44) Creepshow: 44)  
Zombie Night: 44) Hell's Navy: Lost From Night II: 44)  
Blue Monday: 44) The Outing: 44) Survival Game: 44)  
84) Out Home II: 44) Rolling Vengeance: 44) Prince Of  
Darkness: 44) The Student: 44) Nightmares: 44) The  
Killing Time: 44) Damaged (Book Violence): 44) Paul  
The Heart: 44) Deadly Illusion: 44) Desecration IV: 44)  
The Hokey III: 44) The Burning Man: 44) Sacred  
Scite: 44) Dolls: 44) Piners In The Attic: 44)  
Deadtime Canines: 44) The Shell: Not Kill...beware:  
44) Hard Ticker To Death: 44) Return Of The Living  
Dead II: 44) Sorcery Babes In The Slinewell 2001-A-  
Band: 44) Galactic Gladiol: 44) Anguish: 44) Cold  
Steel: 44) Sergeant & The Rainbow: 44) Action Jackson:  
44) The Neat: 44) Last For Freedom: 44) Fantasy: 44)  
The 7th Sign: 44) Beetlejuice: 44) Above The Law:  
44) Werewolf: 44) Bad Dreams: 44) Colors:  
44) Berthelton: 44) World Damage: 44) The Unholy:  
44) Blackboard: 44) Stranded: 44) Highway: 44)  
Critters II: 44) Jack's Back: 44) Dead Heat: 44)  
Shakedown: 44) Riders Of The Storm: 44) Fantasy The  
13th Pt 7: 44) Mental Cop: 44) Slaughtercourse Rock:  
44) White Of The Eye: 44) Slim City: 44) World Gate  
44) 39) American Gothic: 44) The Drifter: 44)  
Bulletproof: 44) Red Heat: 44) Poltergeist III: 44)  
Further Adventures Of Tennessee Rocky: 44) The Noble:  
44) The Superwoman: 44) The Road: 44) The Dead  
Pool: 44) Phantom II: 44) Penny Slaves:  
44) Platoon: 44) Nightmare On Elm St. Pt. 4: 44)  
Dead & The Terror: 44) Freddy: 44) Killer Women  
From Outer Space: 44) Resurrection Of Death: 44) 7 Hours  
To Judgment: 44) Tougher Than Leather: 44) Dead  
Ringers: 44) Murder One: 44) Nightfall: 44) Party  
Heater: 44) Elvira: Mistress Of The Dark: 44) Alien  
Barton: 44) The Kiss: 44) Ballroom: 44) 13) Dangerous  
Love: 44) Into The Fire: 44) Twisted Nightmare: 44)  
Not Of This Earth: 44) Ghost Train: 44) Last Of The  
White Women: 44) They Live: 44) Child's Play: 44)

Twice Dead: 546) Night Of The Demons: 547) Hellbound: Hellraiser II: 548) War: 549) Purgatory: 550) Deep Star 6: 551) I'm Gonna Get You, Sucker: 552) Crime Zone: 553) Saturday The 14th Stripes Back: 554) White Elephant: Battle Of The African Ghosts: 555) Parents: 556) Purple People Eater: 557) Kinjite: 558) Fly II: 559) Party Line: 560) Victims: 561) Levitation: 562) Dead Bang: 563) 976-Evil: 564) Siege Of Firebase Gloria: 565) Cameron's Closest: 566) I, Madman: 567) Cyborg: 568) Riding The Edge: 569) Toxic Avenger II: 570) Edge Of Sanity: 571) Stripped To Kill II: 572) Pet Sematary: 573) The Horror Show: 574) Terror Within: 575) Vacation De Terror: 576) Out Of The Dark: 577) Heathers: 578) Dead Calm: 579) Red Scorpion: 580) Return Of Swamp Thing: 581) Dimensiones Ocultas: 582) Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer: 583) Nakamonic: 584) Hit List: 585) Lords Of The Deep: 586) Lady Terminator: 587) Renegades: 588) Do The Right Thing: 589) Lethal Weapon II: 590) Friday The 13th Pt. 8: 591) Lock Up: 592) Nightmare On Elm St. Pt. 5: 593) Casualties Of War: 594) Millennium: 595) Wired: 596) Relentless: 597) Kickboxer: 598) Night Game: 599) Heaven Becomes Hell: 600) The Abyss: 601) Northern To Run: 602) Time Trackers: 603) Hell High: 604) Penn & Teller Get Killed: 605) War Party: 606) Vampire's Kiss: 607) Johnny Handsome: 608) Halloween V: 609) Savage Beach: 610) Shocker: 611) Phantom Of The Opera: 612) Masque Of The Red Death: 613) Communion: 614) Tales From The Glimp Hospital.

Just in case anyone forgot, we're also in the business of reviewing current product. Before our space gets any shorter, let's see what's been around for the past few months:

**LORDS OF THE DEEP**- Leave it to Roger Corman to concoct a low budget ABYSS imitation and have it playing at local theaters a full two months before the original is released. Friendly extraterrestrials, awful acting and the feign of futuristic outfits that look like they were lifted from a Christopher St. K.Y. test all add to the tedium of this PG-13 rated gabfasc. Bradford Dillman never looked more ashamed! D-

**LADY TERMINATOR**- This wild Indonesian-U.S. coproduction hit area theaters one week before the onslaught of mega-budget Hollywood summer drack and went virtually unnoticed to all but the most astute gorehounds. An American anthropology student is possessed by the evil spirit of an ancient sea witch by having a deadly serpent materialize in her vaginal canal to bite off the weens of her unsuspecting lovers in this unrated (for explicit sex and violence) howler. Midway through the flick, the lass inexplicably dons leather and picks up a machine gun, mowing down dozens of slopedead extras ala a Schwarzenegger sans gonads. The sleaze sleeper of the summer -- worth seeking out. A-

**REVENGES**- Patrons stayed away in droves from this

attend an ailing uncle's funeral) under Sutherland's rule, thus warring his perfect administrative record. Of course, dumb-as-a-mule Stallone survives endless tortures and beatings (unfortunately he doesn't get bored up the ass!) to give the warden his come-uppance in a predictable ROCKY-esque finale. LOOK UP was filmed on location at N.J.'s own Rahway State Prison with real inmates used as extras. We caught up with the flick at the Liberty Theater in Elizabeth, N.J. (a neighboring town) where ethnic minions in attendance amused themselves throughout the film's slow spots by identifying incarcerated relatives. (Look, we're there's Uncle Leroy!) Not bad for a Stallone vehicle -- violence and manliness are top notch. B

**A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST. 5: THE DREAM CHILD**- Young Australian director Stephen Hopkins breathes some new life into the Freddy Krueger saga, concocting a surreal, almost drug-induced epic from a perverse original story by N.Y.'s own kings of pus prose, John Skipp and Craig Spector. This time out, the taloned-one attacks a pregnant teen by materializing through the fetus she's carrying in her womb. This set-up alone sets the stage for an unending barrage of sexist insults from Robert Englund, all framed over-the-top gore pyrotechnics from the whiz kids at K&B Special Effects (see GORGON #1 for the complete story) and David Miller. The jumbled pace and gothic overtones of the film may be tough for some of the more brain-burnt gorehounds to follow (at several points the flick reminded me of a high school mushroom trip), but the unreeling gore as a result and scenery-chewing antics of Englund more than make up for this minor complaint. B+

**CASUALTIES OF WAR**- Sleaze fans who despise wimp film star Michael J. Fox (who doesn't?) will have a field day here watching as the scrappy midget portrays an Army private in 1966 Vietnam refusing to participate in the gang rape, torture and ultimate murder of an Oriental nabe in retaliation for the Viet Cong slaughter of a member of his patrol at the film's outset. Psychotic Sean Penn plays the deranged group's sergeant with glee, orchestrating the sexual depravity and violence, while cajoling Fox throughout the flick's 113 minutes as being a "pussy", "homo", "cherry" and "chink-lover" for being appalled at the proceedings. Director Brian De Palma depicts some pretty unsettling stuff which might turn the stomachs of mainstream cinegoers, but should be right up most gorehound's alleys. If you ever got your kicks out of torturing some nerd in gym class, CASUALTIES should be pleasantly nostalgic. A-

**MILLENNIUM**- This extremely boring and confusing sci-fi flick concerning the paradoxes of time travel and burnt out Kris Kristofferson's attempts at porting ex-Charlie's Angel turned spaceman of the future Cheryl Ladd is saddled with such cheesy special effects and

to be a horror flick. It's amazing that director Mickey Nivelli knew which end of the camera to point! F

**THE ABYSS**- An overlong \$50 million soap opera with no malevolent monsters, ABYSSMAN! James Cameron go home! D

**NOTHING TO REM**- Released to the N.Y. area under its fourth title change (a/k/a **TEMPTATION RULES**, **CANDID LARS** and **HEROES STAND ALONE**), this David Carradine starring backwoods exploitationer is more suited to the style of a second feature at a Southern drive-in than a top release at area malls, yet still maintains interest as a low-budget look at sexual mores and racketeering in a sleepy Texas town circa 1960. Ample violence, snippers of nudity and a hilariously busy screenplay from Jack Cameron might not make NOTHING worth a trek to the local b'joy, but certainly worth a rental when released on video the first week in November. B-

**NIGHT GAME**- Nifty gore murders abound in this nearly plotless detective thriller concerning Roy Scheider on the trail of a one-armed, prosthetic-hooked serial killer who slashes the throats of young women based on the pitching victories of a star for the Houston Astros during a fictional World Series battle. If storylines this preposterous can sustain your interest for 95 minutes, you'll enjoy the several grisly carve-ups in NIGHT GAME, which strikes out in exposition, but scores a solid triple for bloodletting. B-

**TIME TRACKERS**- A goreless, inane, PG-rated time travel no budgeter from Roger Corman that wouldn't hold the interest of anyone over 7. Ned Beatty as a 1991 cop turned medieval monk hasn't looked this embarrassed since he got combed in DELIVERANCE! F

**PENN & TELLER GET KILLED**- The saddest thing about this first feature film foray from N.Y.'s own maverick magicians was the disappearing act it performed after only a seven-day, 4 - theater run in Manhattan back in late September. A truly warped black comedy directed by Arthur Penn (**BONNIE & CLYDE**), the flick is not as visually dazzling as the crazed pair's live act since motion picture cameras can perform tricks without the aid of magicians, but gorehounds will enjoy the WIZARD OF OZS-cypled Grand Guignol bloody parlor tricks displayed throughout the flick's breezy 89 minutes as an unseen killer stalks Penn/Jillette at his own boastful request. Teller's eyeball plucking scene is one helluva chunk-blower and worth the admission price alone! B

**HELL HIGH**- Originally titled RAGING FURY, this depraved little low budgeter that crept into town unnoticed last month is one mean-spirited outing, cut from a similar mold as 1977's LAST HOUSE ON A DEAD END ST. A young pre-schooler is traumatized when she unwittingly causes the violent death of two copulating teens in a murder swampland. F (distraction: "where's the body")



**SIN** which paired Chas as a somber gunslinger forced into an uneasy alliance with Toshio Mifune as they track down a thief who has stolen a ceremonial samurai sword. Change the sword to a religious Indian spear, the oriental to a stone-faced redskin (played by Lou Diamond Phillips) and add ex-LOST BOY Keiffer Sutherland in the Bronson role and you've got one hell of a fast paced actioner from director Jack Sholder (E.M. St. 2, THE HIDDEN) that deserved a far better box office run. Endless car chases, violent shoot 'em ups, ample bloodletting and even the surprise slaughter of bimboes Jamel Gertz all combine to make this one of the most entertaining potboilers released this year. A must! B+

**DO THE RIGHT THING**- Militant Negroes vs. greasy Italian pizza merchants on the hottest day of the summer in the heart of Brooklyn's Bedford Stuyvesant ghetto. Mainstream critics have hailed this epic as "a milestone for black cinema" and "Spike Lee's on the mark genius political statement". G.G. readers will find it funnier than any of the best AMOS 'N ANDY episodes for all the wrong reasons. Don't laugh too loudly if you catch this at an urban venue -- the bros are taking this flick very seriously! A

**LETHAL WEAPON II**- A rare example of a sequel outshining its predecessor, this time out director Richard Donner plays down the darts, tragic angle of Mel Gibson's psychopathic cop in favor of non-stop action, graphic violence and a sophisticated level of sexual enticement humor that will keep action fans in stitches while perched on the edges of their seats throughout the flick's 113 minutes. Flawless and highly recommended. A

**FRIDAY THE 13TH PART VIII: JASON TAKES MANHATTAN**- We'd heard so much negative feedback about the hockey-masked hacker's foray into the Big Apple that when we finally caught up with it the flick wasn't quite as bad as we'd expected. Sure, the gore level is nowhere near the gout-spouting volume of the first few FRIDAY episodes and Mr. Voorhees doesn't actually get to N.Y. until 80 minutes in the epic, but director/writer Rob Hedden has returned and packed his script with enough toilet humor to keep gorehounds amused until Jason arrives in Time Square for a brief flurry of humorous carnage. FRIDAY VIII is certainly no classic, but it far outshines John Buechler's anemic PART 7 of last year (and he should know better!). You could do worse. C+

**LOCK UP**- Guido gladiator Sylvester Stallone shelves his RAMBO persona in favor of becoming SLAMBO in this prison melodrama concerning sadistic warden Donald Sutherland and his attempts to break the morale of Sly. It seems that Mr. S. was the only prisoner who ever succeeded in escaping a former prison facility (to

children's after school T.V. special than a feature film release. To be honest, we nodded out several times during the flick's overlong 108 minutes, but it's highly unlikely that we missed anything to elevate the rating of this turkey. Cheryl Ladd should lay off the blow, too, as it took us a full reel to recognize her in her newly haggard state. F

**WIRED**- Proof positive that folks looking to make an anti-drug statement should keep their own hands out of the medicine jar comes in the form of this jumbled, almost unrecognizable, drug-addled version of Bob Woodward's best-selling biography of the late coke kingpin John Belushi. Industry rumor had it that the film could not find a distributor owing to the fact that it stepped on the toes of too many Hollywood high rollers. The real reason is that director Larry Peerce attempts to direct an N.Y.U. student's pretentious art bear surrealistic impression of CITIZEN KANE and producer Edward S. Feldman couldn't produce a fart from a can of beans, leaving WIRED an unrecognizable mess. Newcomer Michael Cucklis as Belushi looks like a fellow to boot. John deserved a better memorial than this...D-

**RELENTLESS**- If you tolerate obnoxious bratpacker Jud Nelson hawking it up as a zombie-like, father-dominated sexually repressed serial killer running amok in L.A. leaving clues at the scenes of his killings, you may enjoy the brief sequences of graphic blood provided by exploitation stalwart William Lustig (MANIAC). We couldn't. C-

**KICKBOXER**- Jean-Claude Van Damme Cannon Releasing's poor man's answer to Arnold Schwarzenegger and self-proclaimed "muscles from Brussels" jumps on the latest inner-city combat craze in this epic that spends nearly 70 minutes as a pale KARATE KID imitation, but erupts into a kick-ass, crimson-drenched finale well worth the opening tedium. Real-life Thai villainong Po is as some as a scumbag who rapes Van Damme's virgin girlfriend and insists on fighting him with their fists dipped in hot resin and sprinkled with the glass of broken beer bottles. Ouch!! B

**HEAVEN BECOMES HELL**- We haven't seen flicks this awful since Andy Milligan hung up his directoral mantle. Originally titled JEALOUS, HEAVEN can only be marginally considered a genre release as it is concerned with two out of work actors who start their own religion in order to finance a feature film project. The unexpected success of their venture leads one of them to experience Jim Baker-like delusions of grandeur, culminating in extramarital affairs and eventually murder. Boring, crudely acted, and technically inept, N.Y.'s Marvin films should be publically flogged for concocting an ad campaign making this soap-opera stiff appear

sly biology teacher, she is terrorized by a group of teen punks who drug her, try to rape her and force her into a lesbian marriage with a local teen nymphet. This attack triggers her long dormant psychosis, and she gets revenge on her violators by dispatching them in a variety of a graphically and grisly manner that would make one wonder how the flick ever emerged with an R-rating. A bit slow starting, but extremely gory once underway. Recommended. B+

**WAR PARTY**- In present day Montana, a local chapter of commerce re-enacts the 100 year anniversary of a battle between Cavalry troops and local Indians to promote area tourism. Since racism runs rife in the area, a drunken white dude substitutes his blank gun for a real pistol and plants a slug squarely between the eyes of a young redskin. The tribe retaliates by killing Yankee ass with a vengeance and then retreating into the wilds with the National Guard hot in pursuit. This rather novel idea is chock full of graphic violence and blood-letting, but the simple plot cannot sustain itself for 99 long minutes, leaving WAR PARTY a sportific snooze-along less than one hour into its running time. Plus, whoever got the brainstorm of using Kevin Dillon (THE BLUE) as one of the Indian braves should have his balls hung from a totem pole for such grossa miscasting. C+

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**VAMPIRE'S KISS.** Confusing, overly arty outing concern-  
ing the psychological disintegration of Nicolas Cage,  
here a high pressured N.Y. literary agent who thinks  
he's turning into a vampire. The flick constantly flip  
flops between comedy and drama and is further hampered  
by Cage's annoying, scenery-chewing performance, high-  
lighted by his nasal monotone that reveals to the world  
that he's been hooting too much powder. Why support  
his habit by viewing this crap? C-

**JOHNNY HANDSOME.** Looking like a test make-up reject  
from 1977's ISLAND OF DOCTOR MOREAU, Mikey Rourke  
strikes out in this Walter Hill adaptation of John  
Godey's seamy 70's novel concerning a disfigured crook  
who's given a new lease on life via plastic surgery  
owing to some wacky criminal dererence theory proposed  
by a prison physician. This tale of a new faced  
criminal's revenge on a pair who double crossed him  
strives too hard to replicate 40's film noir style with  
the result being an uninteresting tale that opens and  
closes with nifty ultraviolence, but leaves a vapid gap

into Wood's twisted brain. Only \$8.95 per lp or \$11.95  
per CD (plus a buck postage on each) to Performance,  
P.O. Box 156, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903-0156. Tell em  
you read about it in the G.G....Caruck Eric Sulev has  
come up with an interesting fanzine called KILLBARY.  
Well illustrated and meticulously laid out, Issue # 2  
features a nifty piece on SALO: THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM  
and a Donald Farmer interview (amongst other interest-  
ing curios). Write Killbary, c/o Sulev, 46 Tweedrock  
Crescent, West Hill, Canada M1E4L5

**RARE VIDEOS.** Excellent quality copies of COCKSUCKER  
BLUES (Robert Frank's rare 1972 dadaistic documentary  
long-suppressed by the Rolling Stones, this sickle has  
it all -- gropes, drugs, nudity, etc. A must!);  
ZOMBIE BRIGADE (Of- praised by the European horror  
press, this Aussie flesh-chomp outing from maverick  
director Barry Pattison is transferred to MISC from an  
original PAL broadcast master. A G.G. exclusive!);  
THE INVADER (When Paramount Home Video released this  
to the U.S. market a few months back, it was in its R-  
rated form with virtually all of the RNB violent gore  
effects shorn. This version of Scott Spiegel's "psycho  
in the supermarket" splatterton is direct from  
Japanese laserdisc with every frame of depravity in-  
tact. Guaranteed.) THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILM SHOW  
(Last summer (1988) England's T.V. alternative Channel  
X broadcast a six week series focusing on famous  
American directors of low budget horror films. Each  
week focuses on a 45 minutes segment with an indivi-  
dual auteur featuring in-depth interviews, uncensored  
clips and, best of all, chats with actors and actresses  
that worked with the director as they look today. The  
series featured Russ Meyer, Ted Mikels, Sam Raimi, John  
Waters, Herschell Gordon Lewis and Ray Dennis Steckler.  
\$19.95 brings you your choice of any two episodes.  
Please specify which ones you want. Quite honestly,  
this is the most interesting offering we've come up  
with in a long time. Highly recommended!) RACIST  
LITTLE RASCALS (For Negroita completists, we've trans-  
ferred to video 3 of the Hal Roach comedies that have  
been pulled out of television syndication since the  
early 1970's owing to their overt racist overtones.  
Featuring "The Kid from Borneo" (yum, yum, -- eat em  
up!) this makes a shocking stocking stuffer Xmas gift  
for your nieces and nephews or your favorite kids down  
the block, just blame the resultant embarrassment on  
us: "Honest, I thought it was just a little Rascals  
video -- damn those GORE GAZETTE sickos!"); and  
VIOLENT SHIT (the newest shock chunkblower from the  
bizarre Nazis of West Germany, this is really strong  
stuff so depraved it makes NEKROMANTIC seem like a  
Spielberg outing!). All tapes are available in either  
VHS or BETA format and are only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50  
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can elevate the proceedings, leaving **JOHNNY HANDSOKE** another failure in the tailspinning career of Walter Hill. C+

Not much room left as the newspaper presses are rolling, so here's some truncated comments on films still playing about town:

**HALLOWEEN V-** Why people continue to fatten the wallet of wily Arab cameljockey producer Moustapha Akkad is totally beyond us as this newest installment of the Michael Myers saga is the worst piece of shit to date, leaving us to sadly report that the formerly formidable villain created by John Carpenter now has a set of crystal balls and a hollow weenie. To be avoided at all costs! D-

**SAVAGE BEACH-** The annual Andy Sidaris (**MALIBU EXPRESS**, **HARD TICKET TO HAWAII**, etc.) panoramic low budget sex-potation tit-a-tion comes as a breath of fresh air in these repressed days of safe sex and monogamy. Sure the acting's awful, but it's a pleasure to see blond bimbos bore indiscriminately without the use of condoms and doff their tops at the drop of a hat. (Personal note to ex-G.G. butchboy, now Sidaris' production coordinator Gary Hertz: There's no way you ever boned **SAVAGE BEACH** star Donna Spier, dude -- stick to your Dia Farber folk fables...) B+

**BLOODTEST-** Roger Corman deserves to get a man-made fistula (look that one up, gorehounds, it's a great Webster-sanctified dirty word) for perpetrating this virtual scene for scene inferior, Grade 2 remake of the still-playing **KICKBOXER** upon an unsuspecting public. Bloody, but recommended only to those losers who slap the bishop to wrestling magazines...C-

Videophiles searching for some really obscure and unreleased quasi-legal offerings are urged to send off \$5.00 today for the newly updated 1990 edition of the **G.G. PRIVATE LIBRARY LISTING** featuring dozens of new titles since our last catalogue was published over a year ago. Included in this edition are offerings we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre and rock music curios that aren't normally advertised in the "Rare Videos" section of the **G.G.**. Plus: Your 5 bucks will be fully refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your order today to the G.G. c/o our masthead address. All orders received by November 22 will be sent in time for Xmas!

**PLUG CORNER-** There's scarcely room left to plug our own shit, yet here's a few items we've come across recently may be of interest to G.G. readers: Steve Kaplan of Performance Records has issued on LP and CD the entire soundtrack of Ed Wood's classic ucch-film **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**. Remastered and enhanced from its original hissy version, the package features some great liner notes that reveal some interesting insights

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Yeoww! It's hard to believe that 4 months have whipped by since the publication of our gala 100th Anniversary freebie, but here it is nearly March, meaning we've entered a new decade in our usual tardy manner. Increased work on the Gorgon Video Magazine (see elsewhere in this editorial for a shocking disclosure which may bode the end for that well-received project, or at least G.G. involvement in it), a Christmas holiday jaunt to Caracas, Venezuela (to hunt for rare gore videos — see the nifty new offerings at the end of this issue) and endless problems with the U.S. Postal System (who treated the tabloid-styled G.G. # 100 slightly better than supermarket circular junk mail — despite the fact that it was mailed 1st class) all contributed to the lengthy delay. Sincere thanks go out to the many readers who wrote to commend us on our new format, but to the nearly 1,000 mail subscribers who received their G.G. in a tattered form that looked as if it had been dragged through the cat litter box, we sincerely apologize. Newspaper style seemed like a good idea to us, but it ended up as a noble experiment that failed (including us being forced to send out a second full batch of mail order subscribers' issues after the post office lost over 850 copies at an extra cost of \$250.00 in postage alone), bringing us back to our trusty newsletter size for the first leg (at least) of our second hundred issues. Anyone out there got a better idea?

Anyway, let's dispense with the wimpy whining and get on to more important matters at hand, as there are many topics left to cover in this editorial as well as no less than 29 genre releases that hit the N.Y. metro area since we last published back in November. The first G.G. of the new year always brings the announcement of the coveted G.G. GORE FILM OF THE YEAR award. As most gorehounds know, 1989 was a rather tepid year for any graphic chunkblowers, with mega-budget sequelitis and Grade - Z produced-for-video fodder permeating most of our screens. However, the hands-down winner of this year's award goes to a film which few sleazemongers have actually been able to see. Playing for an extended midnight-only weekend run in Chicago, one week at a minuscule art house in Boston and a one night, one show sneak preview at Nancy Coleman's late lamented Millenium film series in Manhattan, John McNaughton's taboo-breaking HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER has been quite elusive to say the least, but his seamy, docu-styled chronicle loosely based on the real-life atrocities of maniac Henry Lee Lucas is a harrowing gutturner miles ahead of anything released in 1989, or '88 or even '87 for that matter. N.Y. area gorehounds will finally get to view this horror masterpiece when the fully uncut, unrated version of HENRY opens at Manhattan's new posh, lobsteresque Angelika Film Center (18 West Houston at Mercer St.), on March 30th for what we sincerely hope to be an extended run. G.G. readers should be warned, however that the Angelika is strictly enemy territory: A trendy, neon-decorated, capuccino-serving, croissant-selling, Perrier-pouring art fag central, so be sure to smuggle in enough beers and Slim Jims to make yourself feel at home. HENRY would definitely be better suited to a 42nd St. audience, so if you're feeling benevolent or if you've still got a few bucks socked away from Grandma's annual Xmas endowment, why not cruise Times Square on your way downtown to the Angelika and treat a pair of that area's ethnic minions to a hot night of entertainment at N.Y.C.'s trendiest art house? Encourage your guests to wipe boogers on the sculpture displayed in the espresso cafe lobby, put up their Nikes on the posh velveteen seats and verbally rally HENRY on to his next slaughter while pounding down their Thunderbird amidst the theatre's comfortable, well-heated ambiance. Should the limp-wristed Angelika management get angered and eject you and your guests from the premises, a final defiant act of pissing on their shag carpet is suggested. Perhaps if enough of us do this the run of HENRY will be moved up

to 42nd St's Selwyn Theatre, where it is far better suited and will certainly be more appreciated by its clientele...On a serious note, congratulations from the G.G. to both director John McNaughton and Michael ("Henry") Rooker for their efforts in making HENRY such an unparalleled successful shocker. (Now if only Atlantic Releasing could get out of bankruptcy court in time to release McNaughton's alien gore romp THE BORROWER, maybe the genius would begin to get the recognition he deserves!)

Before we leave the realm of 42nd St. and its inhabitants, I hate to beat a dead horse, but once again since we last published, the G.G. (and you editor in particular) has been the target of claims of racism amidst the pages of this fanzine. Citing last editorial's endorsement of David Dinkins and other questionable phrases bandied about in our reviews section, no less than two sources have publically denounced your reverend as being a "racist" and a "homophobe". Neither one of these balless simpletons had the temerity to contact me face-to-face, with Mark Berman of Montclair, N.J.'s Middle Earth book store sending a feeble note along with a white supremacist comic attached to his returned stock of G.G. # 100 which he refused to handle; and N.Y. musician Meredith Brosnan boldly denouncing me vocally — (through the safe distance of my answering machine) and claiming that due to my twisted views he would never again share a stage with me or even perform with his group Havorka (Hm, sounds like a disease that drips out of your dick) on the same bill as the Creeping Pumpkins, the grunge-rock band which I am humbly affiliated with. Well, what can I say this time? After defending myself of the same charges last year from Washington Times reporter David Mills, I can only re-state the same thing: The G.G.'s style is to be irreverent towards everything -- in any given issue we poke fun at not only blacks and gays, but whites, Arabs, Irish, Orientals, Germans, lesbians, Italians, nerds, retards, Jews, and woman, et al. Can the tunnel-vision, you overly-sensitive liberal wimps! The G.G. staff frequents 42nd St. as much as possible to catch our review product, and after 10 years we've struck up a camaraderie with most of the less threatening residents of the area, going so far as to pass out free G.G.s to the folks whenever a new issue is published. Never once were we accosted with charges of racism at the very heart of our subject. Most (if they can read and not just get off on the pictures -- only kidding!) laugh heartily as they read the G.G. in front of us! Maybe the David Dinkins endorsement was a little outlandish, but what the fuck, he won the mayoral election and did not chastise us for our mode of support as we absolutely did send copies of that G.G. to his campaign headquarters! As I write this now, I'm beginning to get pissed off at myself for wasting our limited space answering the charges of these ill-informed miscreants, but lately in these sensitive times, being called a racist can be every bit as damaging as being labeled a witch in the 16th century, so I feel that this lengthy answer is well warranted. In the past, the G.G. has hired minorities, I've personally dated women of every color (last week in Scranton, Pa. I drunkenly pleaded with an ebony beauty to become the next Mrs. Sullivan to no avail!) and our large roster of friends comprises elements from every race, creed and sexual preference. Just because I've never sucked another guy's dick nor participated in any cornholing hijinx, does that make me a bad person? The other day I was sitting around mulling over this dilemma with my pal Professor Griff, who assured me "Bro, you ain't got no racist bones in yo' body -- fuck them that say you do, now pass me dat crack pipe, will ya?" One can't get a better endorsement than that, so to Messrs. Mills, Berman and Brosnan I direct a mean-spirited "fuck you" for your ill-based accusations. And if after this lengthy tirade you still haven't changed your opinions, well you can just kiss my black ass! Thank you.

While on the political soapbox, I was recently informed that the owners of 1-800-toll free numbers are billed on the a per-call basis to the companies called. Whereas this is a convenience to customers for such necessary businesses as airline tickets, car rentals, etc., those wily fundamentalist organizations and right wing preachers have set up 1-800 numbers themselves to help fleece their dim-witted constituencies out of their hard-earned greenbacks under the guise of various well-intentioned relief funds. Many of these money-grubbing zealots are also the ones trying to limit what you can see in the movies or hear on records, as well as putting pressure on video chains not to handle unrated or sexually explicit films. Since many of these assholes have proven themselves to be out and out crooks or perverts who get off on sniffing choir boys' church pews, why not strike a blow to these scuzzballs where it hurts the worst: in the collection plate! By dialing any of the following numbers listed below and either hanging up or verbally abusing them once the phone connection is made, you'll be happy to know that you've just cost the jerk-off of your choice at least \$0.50 every time you call! Pass these numbers amongst your friends and you'll be surprised how much you can cost the censorship crusaders of your choice by year's end. Do it today!

Rev. Jerry Falwell 1-800-332-6789,  
Tim Lethay (A "Right to Life" Nazi) 1-800-962-1022,  
Revelation Of The Final Decade (Media Censorship)  
1-800-538-8585

As we're currently discussing the treatment of sleaze-bags, gorehounds travelling abroad have reported to us that the well-known Psychotronic Video Shop in London, England has committed the cardinal sin of selling the 100th issue freebie of the G.G. to customers for a buck as well as assuring Yankee patrons that the P.A.L. tapes sold there at outrageous prices will play on domestic U.S. machines (they won't, of course!) When quizzed as to why the owner was selling something that was spelled out specifically in our pages to be given for free, this shyster cited "expensive air mail charges" that compelled him to recoup his costs. Lies, lies, all lies! The G.G. sent off 200 copies to England Air Mail at our expense, so don't let this crook pull the wool over your eyes! Vengeful gorehounds are urged to send this limey fuckwad a dog turd to express their displeasure with his exploitation of sleaze fans.

Lastly, in a bit of disclosure certain to jeopardize my position of contributing editor, the release of what was to have been the Halloween Second Issue of Gorgon Video Magazine has been put on hold owing to Blockbuster Video's (the nation's second-largest video chain) recent refusal to handle overtly violent, unrated product on their shelves. This current position was first encountered by video company Action International Pictures whose R-rated Lucio Fulci sexploitationer THE DEVIL'S HONEY was deemed too sexually explicit for Blockbuster to stock. Being a small company, AIP had to cunt out (or else go bankrupt) and release HONEY with the requested Blockbuster cuts.

This same problem is now being faced by Gorgon, as Blockbuster did not approve of some of the more violent and vulgar elements of our vastly-improved second edition and refused to handle it without substantial edits. Gorgon owners have vacillated in limbo over the censorship dilemma since that time, making the "Halloween issue" a virtual anachronism. Why cave in to their demands, you ask? Being such a large chain, Blockbuster's refusal to handle any title can account for 4,000 units of that item not being sold. In the current climate of videoglut overkill, this is quite a substantial number, leaving fledgling video outfits no choice but to cowtow to the lifegiving giant. Given today's climate of ever-tightening censorship, to now have a retail outlet with so strong a say as to what



**G.G. NEWS EXCLUSIVE-** Before being vilified in gossip tabloids and pedophile journals across the country, we'd like to be the first to announce the torrid romance that has developed between your humble editor and the 8 year old star of HALLOWEEN 4 & 5, Ms. Danielle Harris. The two met at the banal "FAGORIA" convention in NY this past January and it was love at first sight. As soon as the obvious legal obstacles are cleared, a fall 1990 wedding is planned. Eat your hearts out !!!!!  
(Photo courtesy of Chiller Theatre Vd.)

you can see and rent is Orwell-involutive to say the least, and the G.G. supports following the plan concocted by Washington D.C.'s Charles Kilgore in the current issue of his excellent EGG Magazine: If you're not currently a member of Blockbuster, don't join. If you are, cut up your membership card and drop it in their night deposit box. Blockbuster membership is free, so you've got nothing to lose. Hopefully, soon these jerks will get the idea. G.G. readers might want to add a more volatile personal touch by dumping bags of particularly fetid garbage (i.e., used diapers, old cat litter, dead fish, etc.) into that night deposit box with copies of this editorial stapled to the outside of the bag. Don't fuck with gorehounds, corporate dudes! (Of course be advised that this last activity is both extremely obnoxious and illegal to boot. You are warned!) Whew! So closes the most rambling, long-winded G.G. editorial to date!

We've now taken up nearly half the space of what we're really here for in the first place, reviews of the sleaze product (albeit in truncated capsule format) that's been around for the past few months. Here's to our New Year's resolution: publish the G.G. much more timely in the 90's! (But please don't hold your breath...)

**SHOCKER: NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY** - Wes Craven embarrassingly tries to create another Freddy Krueger-inspired maniacal mega-buck merchandising mogul with this vapid tale of electrocuted mass murderer Horace Pinker who returns via dreams and local television transmissions to get revenge on the teenager who fingered him to the police after his last bloodrenched melee. This same plot was covered much better and far gorier in last April's **THE HORROR SHOW**, leaving Craven as a borderline plagiarist stuck with a film far too silly (it plays like a 110 minute MTV video!) for serious horror mavens, yet a tad too violent for any runs on the kiddie circuit. In short, **SHOCKER** emerges an imitative bore without a target audience, and one of Craven's biggest disappointments to date. C

**PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** - This third celluloid adaptation of Lon Chaney's 1925 horror masterpiece had all the earmarks of a potential disaster. Distributed by penny-pinching Zionist Menahem Golan's newly-formed 21st Century Film Releasing (even his own cousin Yoram Globus booted him out of Cannon), produced by convicted mafia sycophant, avowed drug dealer and Jess Franco's s & m buddy Harry Alan Towers, directed by **HALLOWEEN** 4's listless Dwight H. Little and starring that legendary scenery-chewer Robert ("Got any blow?") Englund, odds were on this to be the turd of the season. Surprisingly, this **PHANTOM**, is lavish, well-acted, extremely gory and easily the best of the two other remakes. Englund keeps the overacting in check throughout this familiar, yet engrossing tale of obsession and murder highlighted by Kevin Yagher's nearly X-rated-for-violence blood-spurting f/x. Even the contrived framing device (which updates this 19th Century classic to the present for this summer's planned **PHANTOM OF NEW YORK** sequel) does little to mar this stunning production which came out of left field to clock in as one of the best horror outings of 1989! A-

**MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** - Why on earth would Roger Corman attempt to re-make his most prestigious 1964 Edgar Allen Poe adaptation 25 years later on what looks to be less than one-tenth of the original's budget with a cast of inept actors who look as if they were hired from an L.A. special education class? Even noted Grade Z slummer, ex-AVenger Patrick Macnee seems embarrassed to be associated with this mess, keeping his face shielded from view throughout until this clunker's merciful finale. Not even some snippets of nudity and sexual humiliation can elevate the nearly gore-less **MASQUE** from the dregs of banality, leaving the flick a total flop that probably even has old Poe screaming in agony from the grave. One of 1989's worst! D-

**STEPPATHER II** - Pity poor Jeff Burr, whizz kid director of the lamentably unsung **THE OFFSPRING**, who has had to step in and helm two inferiorly-budgeted and scripted sequels to a pair of the most respected horror classics of all time! We'll cover **LEATHERFACE** later this issue, but with **STEPPATHER II** ITC Entertainment decided to dispense with the harrowing **HENRY**-esque psychodramatic real-life tone of Joseph Ruben's brilliant original, opting in favor of a more visceral splatterthon that doesn't take itself too seriously. Once again Terry O'Quinn steals the show as the mild-mannered madman in search of the perfect family, but Burr is hampered by John Auerbach's shallow screenplay which does little more than establish the psychotic's violent escape from a state mental home and then provide 80 odd minutes of slasher set pieces as O'Quinn hilariously adopts the

identity of a dead Negro therapist and shrinks from the advances of over-sexed, blue-eyed divorcee Meg Foster, who'd like nothing better than to clean the Steppather's pipes. Gorehounds will be mildly amused as Terry smuffs all who discover the secret of his masquerade thanks to some splendid graphic gorespurting from f/x wench Michelle Burke, but seeing the once-interesting, totally believable "maniac next door" reduced to the hammy level of a non-scarred Freddy Krueger (spouting dialogue like "Make room for Daddy") is a bit unsettling at best. Kudos to Burr for partially salvaging what could have been a total cornball loser. B-

**TOXIC AVENGER III: LAST TEMPTATION OF TOXIE** - This bargain basement installment of the "mutated superhero from N.J." saga is comprised mostly of unused footage from last year's overlong **TOXIC II** wrapped around a flimsy plotline wherein the Avenger finds himself forced to work for Satan in order to raise the money for his blind girlfriend's eye operation. Haphazardly cut to an R-rating to appease the MPAA, Troma has long ago worn out the joke with this sophomoric crap that is virtually goreless with cheesy special effects that look as if they were executed by a pack of mongoloids! Gorehounds should stop lining Troma President Lloyd Kaufman's pockets by supporting this dreck, and hopefully they will retire their once-amusing creation before he reaches total exposure overkill. D

**COMMUNION** - Christopher Walken has reached the nadir of his acting career in this dull, self-indulgent adaptation of Whitley Strieber's best selling novel about his supposed "real-life" contact with alien beings from another world. His embarrassing scenery-chewing and ranting about how aliens come into his room and gave him a "rectal probe" (Walken's quote, not ours) is only eclipsed by the final depiction of the creatures themselves -- who laughably resemble the California Raisins! Boring, predictable and extremely overlong at 110 minutes, **COMMUNION** is easily the worst film released in 1989. Horror fans who shelled out their hard-earned dinero for this clunker must have felt as if they got a rectal probe as well, as the flick has nothing to offer anyone. Aussie director Philippe Mora (**BEAST WITHIN**, **HOWLING III**) should be ashamed of himself! F

**MINISTRY OF VENGEANCE** - This minor revenge actioner concerning a minister who trades in his vestments for a .44 magnum after a Lebanese terrorist ruthlessly guns down his wife and young daughter at an airport is a fast-paced potboiler chock full of violence, nifty plot twists and enough anti-Arab racism and stereotyping it's a wonder the film wasn't picketed by the area's Moslem Anti-Defamation League. Quite a mean-spirited curio, **MINISTRY** is anti-American (the entire CIA is depicted as a bunch of lying cutthroats), anti-military, anti-religious and very graphic, leaving it an unusual release well worth checking out. B

**THE DEAD COME HOME** - Released thus far only as a N.J. exclusive in a series of midnight shows and an extended engagement at Paterson, N.J.'s posh Fabian Theater, this independently-produced **EVIL DEAD** clone is the brain-child of 28 year old N.Y.U. graduate Jim Riffel. Shot in 16 mm back in 1987 and brought in for a budget of just under \$200,000, this wild tale of a crazed old woman who inhabits a remote upstate N.Y. house and begins to bump off the usual aggregate of adolescents who have just purchased it is short on plot (it's never quite explained why the woman's victims return as re-animated killer zombies!), but long on state-of-the-art chunkblowing pyrotechnics courtesy of goremeister Ed French and his assistants Bruce Fuller and Eric Shapper who pack **DEAD** with an onslaught of maimings, disembowlings, beheadings, nailings, impalements, etc. to make its terse 90 minutes running timing virtually fly by.



Riffel is carefully handling the distribution of this classic by himself to avoid being ripped off by N.Y.'s well-known array of scurrilous scumbag independent distributors, so anyone interested in booking the film can write to him c/o October Films, 1229 Poplar Ave., Mountainside, N.J. or call him at (201) 233-8659. Let's hope this kid gets a fair shot at having his excellent (though derivative) gorefest shown around the country! A-

**HARLEM NIGHTS-** Convicted plagiarist Eddie Murphy (COMING TO AMERICA) might find his ebony tail back in the courts again, as this stylish depiction of Harlem nightlife circa 1930 borrows heftily from both THE COTTON CLUB and THE STING, but still is a madcap and violent laugh riot nonetheless owing to the cantankerous, foul-mouthed Redd Foxx who virtually steals the entire film. Black film-typecast-Oreo Danny Aiello is on hand here as a crooked cop in league with a white mobster who is seeking to shut down the posh club of Murphy and his partner, a sadly still coke-addled Richard Pryor. Eddie may have attempted to handle too much by producing, directing and screenwriting this ambitious project as by doing the "write" thing, laughs are pretty far and few between with only the frequent strings of the aging Foxx's four letter expletives generating any real yucks. Still HARLEM is nowhere nearly as bad as the critics are panning it, and should be seen by all blaxploitation fans and Negrotia completists. B

**HEROES STAND ALONE** - Ex-70's TV heartthrob Chad Everett (MEDICAL CENTER) is sadly now reduced to scramble for quick nickels by acting in this Grade Z Roger Comman-produced war dreck concerning CIA mercenary hijinx in a fictitious Central American country. Film<sup>er</sup> under the



One of the entrail-spewing titular denizens of director Jim Riffel's THE DEAD COME HOME.

title of DUNCAN'S DODGERS, not even a topless swim from the alluring Euro actress Elsa Olivero can generate any interest for this anemic turkey which is not even worth a one dollar rental at a video bargain bin. D

**FRIGHT NIGHT II** - A rare example of a film given a theatrical run months after its homevideo release, this 1988 sequel to Tom Holland's original spins the tale of bloodsucker Chris Sarandon's sultry sister (Julie Carmen) who has come to town to exact vengeance on TV horror host Roddy McDowell and teen vampire hunter William Ragsdale for killing her brother in the previous film. Along with her are a bevy of vampiric goons who like to gobble insects, kill college students and turn into wild monsters on a whim thanks to the excellent f/x concoctions of Gene Warren, Jr. The film runs a little long at 108 minutes and gets a bit foolish due to Tommy Lee Wallace's tongue-in-cheek, neo-slapstick direction, but still emerges a passable sequel that did not deserve the lambasting it received from the mainstream horror press. FRIGHT II plays much better on the theater screen in full cinemascope, so get off your pimply ass, shut down the VCR and catch the flick in the comfort of 42nd St.'s Lyric Theatre where vamp fatale Carmen's brief nude sequences are certain to get the ethnic minions hustling their balls in lustful glee. Feel free to join them! B+

**THE CAGE** - Any film that hit on the idea of casting real-life retard Lou (THE INCREDIBLE HULK) Ferrigno as a brain-damaged Vietnam vet tricked into battling a series of "human cockfights" in a steel cage at an underground L.A. Chinatown mini arena is just sick enough to have to be a G.G. favorite. Sure enough, Lou drools his way through a series of some of the most violent, bloody bouts committed to celluloid while his guardian, the monosyllabic buck Reb Brown (YOR) tears through town looking for his abducted buddy while stopping to punch, shoot, stab and immolate various Mexicans, Italians, blacks, and Orientals along the way. Thin-skinned liberal film critics have labeled THE CAGE a "vile, reprehensible, poorly-made racist piece of exploitation trash". We call it great entertainment. A must see! A-

**RIVER OF DEATH** - Cannon Releasing rushed this sleazy little adventure quickie into the theatres one week before Xmas (where it was ignored by all) and 30 days ahead of its slated homevideo street date. Loosely based on Alistar MacLeans's famous novel of the same name, RIVER features ex-AMERICAN NINJA Michael Dudikoff giving a typically wooden performance as an Amazon tour guide hot on the trail of Nazi Robert Vaughn who has been ensconced in the jungles since the end of W.W. II trying to perfect a virus that will kill off all the non-Aryans of the world. Weighted down by a number of convoluted sub-plots concerning sleazy mercenaries, Israeli Nazi hunters and an ex-gestapo leader (Donald Pleasence) with an axe to grind, RIVER remains mildly entertaining by virtue of it's graphic bloodletting, cannibal hijinx and truly revolting victims of the Nazi plague (who have their entire bodies covered with festering, oozing pus boils). However the film eventually does a total submerge by ending abruptly with an unsatisfying quick finale that left urban cinemagoers blinking in befuddlement as the theatre house lights went on and soon had them chucking empty alcoholic beverage containers at the screen then they realized the movie was over. Perhaps it was the fact that Cannon had come under fire for filming this epic in economically-sanctioned South Africa that they pulled out without finishing it entirely, but RIVER OF DEATH comes quite close to being an unfinished work. Really weird. C+

**ONE MAN OUT-** Since the G.G. is known for being the bastion of truth in journalism, I must admit that when I viewed this Canadian import last December, I had just come from a particularly wild Xmas party and found

myself in the rare position of being quite hammered. While watching this low budget action outing, I realized I couldn't figure out what the fuck was going on! A hawk-like Vietnam vet named Erik (this clunker's original title) was working in South America as a mercenary for whatever side paid the most and the balance of the flick seemed to be comprised of unrelated bloodless shoot-outs with dead bodies everywhere. Vowing a month of sobriety, I rented this tape when it was released to video in January and guess what? It even made less sense, leaving me to believe that I'm not as burnt as I think I am and ONE MAN OUT simply sucks. By the way, I'm drinking again. D+

TANGO & CASH - A multi-million dollar testosterone outing from RUNAWAY TRAIN director Andrei Konchalovsky that is so far-fetched and ridiculous it plays like a cinematic version of a Road Runner cartoon. Messrs. Stallone and Russell are rival cops forced to work together when they're framed as drug-dealing murderers of a fellow police officer. They spend the balance of the flick's 98 minutes kicking ass and taking names while cajoling each other over who has the biggest dick. It seems a waste to spend \$12 million bucks on such a mindless piece of sexist, violent escapism, but it sure beats OLD GRINGO or THE ABYSS, flicks that cost twice as much without having one fart joke...Kind of enjoyable in a warped way. B

LEATHERFACE: THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE III - It seems fashionable to diss poor Jeff Burr's problem-plagued second sequel to 1974's Tope Hooper-helmed classic that has been fucked with by the MPAA more times than is humanly fair. Ol' Jack Valente and his scizzor boys were laying in wait for T.C.M. III, slapping it with the dreaded X-rating no less than 3 times, even forcing distributor New Line Cinema back into production to add on entire scenes to pad out the film to feature length after all the original MPAA-requested cuts were made and the R-rating secured. Longtime G.G. subscriber/splatterpunk novelist David Schow wrote this sadistic outing imbuing the film with a cruel LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT style of debasing, sleazy inhumanity that has not been seen in many films released this decade. Burr directs the new Leatherface (excellently played by California biker R.A. Mihailoff) and his cannibal family with a nifty degree of sick black humor as they terrorize and attempt to meat-pack a quartet of travelers who journey too close to their lair. Gorehounds will notice the glaring cuts made in the KNB group's grisly, blood-drenched effects, but surprisingly there is enough crimson carnage left intact that fans will not feel totally cheated. Considering all the insurmountable odds the film has faced since its inception, T.C.M. III is slightly flawed, yet far and away superior to 1986's unrated Dennis Hopper-starring embarrassment. A bold middle finger is extended to all those who are currently badmouthing this gem from both the entire staff of the G.G. as well as Mr. Burr himself (he said it was O.K.). If you've been staying away because of the negative press, put the G.G. down now and hightail it over to your local bijou before this classic leaves town. A-

DOWNTOWN - Wimpy Richard Benjamin (SATURDAY THE 14TH, GOODBYE COLUMBUS, etc.) directs this blatant LETHAL WEAPON wannabe about a by-the-books yuppie cop transferred to the worst police precinct in the South Philadelphia ghetto and his feeble attempts to be accepted as a white soul brother by that area's battle-scarred bays in blue. There are some funny moments in this 96 minute outing (i.e., RIDGEMONT HIGH's fearsome bro Forest Whitaker tricks our honkey into eating pig's balls, etc.), but for the most part there is neither enough humor nor violence to recommend DOWNTOWN to anyone except the most fanatic of exploitation completists. C

Both time and space constraints force us into severely truncated comments on the rest of the flicks still left to review. Sorry.:: - TREMORS - ALIENS producer Gail Anne Hurd serves up this loving homage to 1950's monster flicks with an engrossing tale of a quartet of giant-sized mutant sand worms with a taste for human flesh who invade a tiny desert-bound hamlet. Funny, and surprisingly gory for its PG-13 rating, TREMORS is a breath of originality for the timeworn monster genre and is one of the best films released thus far this year. (Sick sidenote: Owing to its title, distributor Universal Pictures decided not to release the film to the San Francisco metro area. Wonder why?) A-

HIGH STAKES - What's leggy former 1988 Oscar nominee Sally Kirkland doing in this low budget sexploitationer as a hooker with a heart of gold who enlists an unsuspecting Wall Street financier to help her break out of the pussy trade? Could she have fallen that low in just one year? Is that really burn-scarred B-villain stalwart Richard Lynch she's sucking face with? How much could she have been paid to star in this poverty-row travesty that's already in the video shops? Would she blow me for a 20? C

PUPPET MASTER - Yet another chestnut to hit 42nd St. theatres months after its video parlor availability, this first outing from Charles Band's new Full Moon Productions outfit (salvaged from the ashes of his now-defunct Empire Pictures) is chock-full of state-of-the-art stop-motion animation effects and puppetronics as well as some graphic gore from splatmeister Patrick Simmons, but suffers horribly from a plot that was done far better three years ago in DOLLS; Band's superb sleeper directed by Stuart Gordon. Whilst that outing featured literally dozens of re-animated, blood-crazed dolls, PUPPET MASTER features only 5, and they take up the flick's lengthy 90 minutes to bump off about 5 people who have discovered the secrets of their master in a desolate California shore resort. A rare instance where we suggest you go out and rent Gordon's original at the video shop. C+

SHADOWZONE - This companion feature to PUPPET MASTER at a few metro grindhouses is a grade Z embarrassment about a team of research scientists who unwittingly unleash a monster from another dimension while conducting dream experiments at an underground lab. When finally revealed after 80 odd minutes of sheer tedium (occasionally alleviated by some minor gore slaughters and boner-inducing full frontal nudity from a REM-sleeping research subject), the creature laughably looks like a goopy lung cookie with eyes and sinks the entire project. And what's former Oscar winner Louise Fletcher doing in this \$1.98 outing anyway? C-

APARTMENT ZERO - Really off-the-wall art film about a rump-wrangling, film-obsessed owner of a Buenos Aires revival cinema who encounters unrequited homosexual love when he takes on a mysterious roommate who might just be a sadistic mercenary murderer. Some generally unsettling activity and grisly depictions of serial killings are worth wading through the mass pretensions of this 2 hour and four minute oddity that ultimately points out that if you spend too much time watching and talking about old movies, you'll soon develop a penchant for blowing the ol' meat whistle. "Watch" Lafferty, Kevin Clement and Eric Maché -- you are warned! B

SEDUCTION: THE CRUEL WOMAN - Only the billing of Udo Kier (Andy Warhol's FRANKENSTEIN, MARK OF THE DEVIL, etc.) sent us off to a Greenwich Village art cinema for this 1985 West German incomprehensible allegorical dreck about a sex tyrant named Wanda who holds court over a bunch of perverts, losers and lesbians who all



ment amidst a backdrop of surrealistic sets and heavy-handed dialogue ("Please, mistress use my mouth for a urinal -- I beg you!"). If you derive pleasure from this kind of sick arty shit, why not start the Bill Landis Fan club? A skeevy, poorly-dubbed failure. D

**DRUGSTORE COWBOY** - Critics have hailed this set-in-the-70's Matt Dillon-starring junkie drama as "the most important anti-drug film ever made!" What? Did we see the wrong movie? If you're into the contraband, you must see this masterpiece under the influence. If not, at least pound down a six pack. William Burroughs as a geriatric, heroine-addled priest nearly steals the show in the final two reels, leaving **DRUGSTORE COWBOY** one of the best films released in 1989. A

**CRACKHOUSE** - The best film to accurately capture the wanton spirit and seaminess of the halcyon days of the early 70's blaxploitation cycle made in the past 10 years! Real-life woman abuser/ex-70's action stalwart Jim Brown seems to genuinely enjoy having been dusted off to play the sadistic, white woman raping, Latino-hating, cop-killing, freebase drug lord in this excellent Cannon sleazathon. Highly recommended. A

**INTERNAL AFFAIRS** - Scumbag Performance Of The Year goes out to Richard Gere for his knee-slapping portrayal of a murdering, coke-snorting, womanizing, corrupt cop dickman who unravels at the seams when internal affairs investigators get wise to his numerous money-making scams. Surprisingly gory for a mainstream release and chock full of some of the funniest lines of dialogue this side of **SCARFACE** ("Your wife almost passed out from an orgasm the first time I fucked her up the ass!"), **INTERNAL AFFAIRS** emerges a dark-horse delight and a must-see for sleaze mavens. B+

**HARD TO KILL** - In attempting to groom martial arts master/macho street fighter Steven Seagal as the next generation's Clint Eastwood or Chuck Norris, it seems Warner Bros. sadly forgot to give him acting lessons. With this plodding tale of a cop who lapses into a 7 year coma after underworld figures murder his wife and leave him for dead, we weren't able to tell exactly when Mr. S went into or came out of said coma as his wooden mugging and deadpan performance seemed consistent throughout. Not much in the way of action in this turkey, either. If for some inexplicable reason you need a Steven Seagal fix, you'd do better to go out and rent last year's **ABOVE THE LAW** which had far more ass-kicking and ebony beauty Pam Grier to boot! C-

**NIGHTBREED** - Clive Barker partially redeems himself from last year's **HELIRAISSER II** fiasco by directing this warped tale that starts off as a New Age version of **FREAKS**, but ultimately gets entangled in its own grandeur, finishing as an attempt to be the **STAR WARS** of gore/monster movies. More on this one next issue, but don't avoid it! B

**TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES** - We're literally walking in from a preview screening as the G.G. presses are rolling, but this juvenile-aimed live-action adaptation of the famous comic series is a highly-entertaining, well-executed (f/x by Jim Henson's **MUPPET** studio), fast-paced Kung-fu comedy that is a perfect intro to begin rotting and corrupting the mind of the pre-schooler of your choice. If they made wild flicks like this when I was in nursery school, I'd probably be in jail today! We predict a wide parental anti-violence backlash on this classic -- which will only make kids want to see it more! Opens March 30. A-

**PLUG CORNER** - Sorely overlooked on last issue's 100th Anniversary mention of thanks was Variety's own Lawrence Cohn, a virtual one-man compendium of exploitation and horror film knowledge who never once got annoyed through our decade-long career when we called

to grill him as to alternative cities, turning times and various nitpicking technical credits on films reviewed within these pages, interrupting his always-hectic workday. The G.G. considers Mr. C a dear friend, and we apologize for not mentioning him sooner for our deep appreciation..... Jack Stevenson has finally unleashed **PANDEMONTUM #3: SPECIAL FREAKS, MAGICIANS AND MOVIE STARS ISSUE** featuring interviews with John Waters and members of his entourage, George and Mike Kuchar speaking on the art of filmmaking and an in-depth look at Johnny Eck, "The Half Man" from Tod Browning's **FREAKS**. Cramped with scads of rare photos and ad slicks, **PANDEMONTUM** is a must for any sleaze fan's coffee table. \$15 to Jack Stevenson, 171 Auburn St., Apt. # 11, Cambridge, Mass 02139..... From Merry Olde England comes Cathal Tohill's **UNGAWAI**, a magazine devoted to sexploitation, sleaze and good old perversion, issue # 1 features interviews with Rudy Ray Moore and Jess Franco, a retrospective piece on Russ Meyer circa 1967, film and video reviews all illustrated with more bare tits than a dairy farm! For more info, write **UNGAWAI** P.O. Box 1764, London NW6 2EQ, England..... Out in the wilds of Pennsylvania, young Jim Dutton gives us **SLEAZEOLA**, a self-described "fanzine of the bizzare and obscure in movies". Issue # 3 features some nifty film reviews, reprints of some Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers comics and an interview with your editor, the Rt. Reverend himself. Gorehounds are urged to send off one buck for a 4 issue subscription to Sleazeola c/o Jim The Degenerate, 2215 Whitehead Rd., Nazareth, Pa 18064. Be sure to say hello to Jim's mom Jacqueline when you order, she's a sleaze-loving lady who sounds lusciously bonable on the phone!..... When in Philadelphia, be sure to check out **MONDO WORLD**, 1116 Pine St., a horror emporium chock full of rare posters, videos, records, comics, toys, T-shirts and just about anything else your depraved mind could crave for the lowest prices around.

**RARE VIDEOS** - Excellent quality copies of **BEST OF 1980'S G.G. VIOLENCE** (a 90 minute staff-compiled chronicle of film clips, not trailers, that we believe to be the goriest, most violent and depraved of the entire decade. Can you identify them all? If not, an answer key is provided. Great for betting or playing drinking games -- fleece your friends!); **SOUL VENGEANCE** (unearthed on our Caracas jaunt, this American-made blaxploitationer from the mid-70's spins the unbelievable tale of a brother who is falsely set up by corrupt cops for a drug bust and then almost castrated by his arresting officers. After serving three years in prison, he returns to exact revenge on his false accusers -- by strangling them with his dick which he can will to grow to a length of 15 feet! Directed by Jama Fanaka (**PENITENTIARY**), this wildly anti-white diatribe is not a comedy and is played serious as a heart attack. Must be seen to be believed!); **THIS STUFF'LL KILL YA** (the G.G. unearths yet another H.G Lewis gore rarity, this time the legendary 1971 classic about mad moonshiners who will go to any length to protect their still -- even if it means torturing, maiming and mutilating innocent outsiders who just happen to discover it by accident!); **THE G.G. SALUTES BLOOD-DRENCHED BITCHES** (by popular demand, we've put together an 80 minute compilation of theatrical trailers featuring the most prominent femme fatales from the 50's, 60's and 70's. Trailers like **SHE FREAK**, **THE LEECH WOMAN**, **WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN** and **SINDERELLA AND THE GOLDEN BRA** will have gorehounds hitchhiking under the sheets as this bevy of bountiful babes strut their pulchritude before your unbelieving eyes) and **DEATH SMILES ON A MURDERER** (a mad Klaus Kinsky goes further bonkers when his sultry sister Ewa Aulin returns from the dead in this full blown gore/sex/lobster exercise in incest from Italian goremeister Joe D'Amato (**BURIED ALIVE**). Rare and highly recommended). All tapes are available in either VHS or BETA format for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 for postage and handling). Send cash, checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton N.J. 07011. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery -- no exceptions.



# GORE GAZETTE

\$1.00 | Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area | No. 10

## HOW THE G.G. ALMOST DIED.....

### Fabian

NAVY SEALS, FIRE BIRD  
2 DIE HARD 2 & BLIND FURY  
ARACHNOPHOBIA & ...  
2 ROBOCOP 2 & FAIR GAME  
3 54 HRS. II & TOTAL RECALL

Sleaze theatre patrons of all ethnic persuasions rally to the defense of your editor after the G.G. was libelled by some swine film critic in the pages of the despised VILLAGE VOICE.



E-E-E, A-A, B-B-B, A-A, E-E-E, A-A, B-B-B, A-A, etc. Even those only remotely familiar with music will recognize the above chords as being one of "those same old songs". It is used here to kick off this giant-sized edition of the G.G. because once again we must use our valuable editorial space to rant on two common, well-worn themes: 1) our inexplicable tardiness (over 4 months) and 2) new and dangerous charges of racism being leveled at this fanzine and your editor specifically. Since the latter point explains the former, most N.Y. metro area gorehounds by now have seen or heard about the hatchet job performed on the G.G. by the ebony quote-twisting hit woman Manohla Dargas in her June 19 article entitled "THE MOVLEGORE" published in that limp-wristed, bleeding heart fag rag known as the VILLAGE VOICE. The piece was a general overview of the horror film/cult movie 'zine scene which heaped tons of praise on "safer" publications like Michael Weldon's PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO and Miriam Linna's BAD SEED, while trashing more maverick efforts like the G.G. and Chris Gore's excellent FILM THREAT with dangerous witch-hunt allegations like the following:

**Rick Sullivan's Gore Gazette**  
 ("Your guide to Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze in the NY Area") is one of the oldest fanzines around, put out from Clifton, New Jersey. Sullivan, who recently published his 100th issue, writes short reviews of "sleaze products" for his "gorehounds," and is never quite as funny as his overuse of the term "chunkblower" would have it seem. In two recent editorials he's stumbled while denying charges of racism, which, considering his fondness for sentiments like, "there aren't that many Negroes around today who know how to write complete sentences ...." make his backpedaling as believable as Andrew Dice Clay's.

Whew! Pretty rough reporting, huh? At least Chris Gore only suffered by being labeled as "a pre-pubescent, titty-obsessed, precocious male" (a mantle your editor would have gladly accepted), but Dargas' non-mention of the G.G.'s patented style of juggernaut humor and her extraction of an out-of-context quote from issue # 98 (that painted me in a light as being slightly to the left of ex-Alabama governor George Wallace), coupled with comparisons to current controversial comedy scourge Andrew Dice Clay had instant far-reaching ramifications: Two N.Y.-based retail outfits called almost immediately to inform us that they would no longer handle the G.G. and had in fact pulled the remaining copies of the current issue from the shelves. Two days later a N.J. comic book store followed suit, with a mid-West "alternative press" wholesaler hot on his heels. Our office answering machine was deluged with a rash of irate calls from non-subscribers who accessed our telephone number, with a couple even voicing veiled threats in deep, menacing Mandingo-style street accents. Even my own guiltless mother was queried in a supermarket by a nosy liberal neighbor who had read the piece and asked the poor 72 year old widow what she was going to do about muzzling her racist son.

My decision amidst this flurry of controversy was a swift one. Gathering together the still-loyal G.G. staff for a meeting, I announced that after almost 10 years of publishing I was throwing in the towel and calling it quits. The intense sensitivity and thin-skinnedness of the late 1980's loomed to get even worse in this new decade and the prospect of spending another 100 issues staying afloat by hawking second-rate obscure videos as "gore classics" just to cover printing costs and defending the G.G. against discredited assholes like Ms. Dargas and David Miller of the WASHINGTON TIMES

(see G.G. #98) seemed downright depressing indeed. (In fact, with the 42nd St. area theatres now nearly all closed and the existing Deuce theatres virtually mainstreamed coupled with the realization that since the closing of The Dive club way back in June 1985 and subsequent end of the weekly G.G. film programming, your humble reverend hasn't scanned one new gore groupie, the G.G. seemed about as necessary as an 8-track tape player.) Amidst a tearful (yet raucous) booze and contraband party, we planned a final farewell form letter and discussed how to issue pro-rata refund checks to our many subscribers.

Two weeks later, I was still addressing this problem re. our subscription files (furthering the delay outlined in point 1), when I received a phone call from my old buddy Nelson Mandela, who was recently released from a 27 year stretch in a South African prison and was due to headline a humongous rally at Yankee Stadium later in the week. Trying to sound chipper to the anti-Apartheid activist and congratulating him on his triumph, the wily Mandela quickly saw through the cover and asked me what was wrong. Sort of like confiding in a revolutionary Uncle Remus, I spilled my guts to Nelson about my recent non-popularity with the press, (specifically the Dargas attack) and the fact that my decade-long labor of love, the GORE GAZETTE was now defunct. The response from Mr. M. was direct, vehement and quite unexpected: "What?", he bellowed, "stop publishing the G.G. because of the yammering of a couple unsympathetic dickweeds? Why when I was being starved, beaten, tortured and corn-holed in dem racist penitentiaries, the only things that got me through de ordeal was my AMOS 'N ANDY video tapes, my SPECIALS ska records and the GORE GAZETTE. Without those three, my spirits would have been broken long ago and I prob'ly woulda died. Manohla Dargas, y'say? Man, I knew dat bitch before I was tossed in the slammer. She was a loudmouth, troublemakin' dirty leg back then who didn't know how to give head worth a shit! You're icin' the G.G. cuza the ravings of some dumb cunt? What are you a major league homo, Sullivan?" Suffice to say, the words of such an impressive mentor weighed heavily on my brain, and 4 days later I was pleased to announce to Mandella on his dais at Yankee Stadium that I had reconsidered and that the G.G. would live to rant on another day. During another booze and contraband party, I announced my decision reversal to the G.G. staff who whole-heartedly supported this new lease on life as we celebrated into the wee hours of the morning by playing some serious darts with a glossy picture of FAGORIA editor Anthony Timpone nailed to the board! Rather than spending another couple of pages defending myself against the Manohla Dargas charges and boring you supportive readers, below is reprinted my response to her unwarranted attack which ran in the letters to the editor column of the decidedly one-sided VOICE on July 10, 1990:

### Bone of Contention

I take extreme exception to Manohla Dargis's profile of my Gore Gazette fanzine in her article titled "The Moviegore" [June 19]. Her well-scalpeled quote used to bolster her claim that I "stumbled while denying charges of racism" is taken completely out of context from a lengthy editorial that was punctuated by irreverent humor that has been a mainstay of the Gore Gazette since its inception in 1980. My list of nationwide subscribers is made up of people of all ages, of all races, creeds, and colors, who enjoy my Howard Stern-like banter that leaves no ethnic group untouched. More often than not, I target myself as the



butt of my jokes for having the low IQ to actually sit through much of the camp crap that I review.

More so than ever before in these times of intense racial tension, charges of racism should be fully investigated before they are pronounced, so Ms. Dargis's unfounded summation of my political stance is akin to the witch hunts of colonial America, in which people lost their lives because of the charges of rumor-mongers. I don't make enough money from the *Gore Gazette* to afford bodyguards, so watch out who you're calling a racist, my dear.

Since Ms. Dargis compared my "backpedaling" to that of Andrew Dice Clay, perhaps I should respond to her at the Diceman's level.

*Hickory dickory dock,  
Manohla can suck my cock!  
(You know you want to,  
honey!)*

Rick Sullivan, Editor  
*Gore Gazette*  
Clifton, New Jersey

*Manohla Dargis replies: I choke  
on small bones.*

Though Dargas again gets the last word with her terse attack on the size of my schlong, at least we got her to dispense with the pretentious, intellectual skewering and deal with the *G.G.* on our level -- the level of the gutter, of course. (Besides, if the truth can be told, this "small bone" would give you a sore throat for a week; but rumor has it that the ol' trouser snake is not your meal of choice, Manohla, you prefer steamed beaver instead...)

On a more somber note, we are sad to announce that the oft-delayed *GORGON VIDEO MAGAZINE* project is no more. After shooting almost four un-rated nudity and gore-packed episodes, the refusal of major video chains like *Blockbuster* and others across the country to handle this type of product (see our editorial last issue) has made *GORGON's* distributor MPI Video decide not to package and distribute anymore installments. *Blockbuster* has agreed to distribute the vidzine if it were cut to R rating, but MPI figured that to get an MPAA equivalent of an R, the second installment of *GORGON* would have had to have been edited down from 88 minutes to 37 1/2! Perhaps someday these "lost" episodes will see the light of day (the uncut *GORGON # 2* is currently available through our highly popular *G.G. Private Library Listing*. - imagine a guy bootlegging his own video program!), but until then we'll have to wait until this censorship pressure cools down a bit and thank MPI for investing a lot of time, talent and money for what seemed to be a ground-breaking new idea for legions of gorehounds. (So much for your publisher's 15 minutes of fame!)

Anyway, as it seems that every *G.G.'s* editorial gets longer and longer, let's stop all the whining and take a look at the almost 40 films that have blown through the area since *G.G. # 101* first hit the stands in the wintry first week of March. Thanks to all who have supported us during the trials and tribulations of the past few months. To the vocal few who have opposed us, the *G.G.* staff will live to piss on all your graves. We mean that!

**AN ACT OF PIRACY-** Released regionally during mid-march to Florida Everglades area drive-ins and a few select sleaze pits only, we caught up with this Gary Busey-starring low budget action potboiler while on a brief vacation and suffering from a sphincter-shattering intestinal flu brought about from the ingestion of some putrid fried catfish at a redneck fast food joint. Though in agony through most of *PIRACY's* terse 95 minutes, between squirts we marvelled at the unflappable Mr. B's battle against surly gun-running psychotic Ray Sharkey, who like a modern day Blackbeard has hijacked Busey's cruise boat and kidnapped his two kids. Gary puts in a valiant acting job considering he had half his brains splattered over the sidewalk in real life in a motorcycle accident scarcely a year before this picture was filmed (Helmet laws suck, huh dude?), leaving *AN ACT OF PIRACY* an entertainingly violent blood-letter well worth checking out when released in the N.Y. metro area. Keep your eyes peeled for it! B+

**RIVERBEND-** Sort of a poverty-row, exploitation sleaze re-hash of *MISSISSIPPI BURNING*, usual *AMERICAN NINJA* second fiddle Steve James gets his chance to topline here, flexing his pecs as the leader of a group of 3 Viet Nam soldiers circa 1966 who are en route to a Georgia prison after being court-martialed for refusing to take part in a Mei Lai-style massacre concocted by evil white military brass. They escape from police escort only to find themselves smack in the middle of a sleepy town called Riverbend that is held in thrall by a slimy Klansman sheriff and his weasely sycophants who regularly beat, rape and murder the Negro townsfolk just for laughs. James and Co. train the helpless populace into ebony fighting machines who rise up to challenge their oppressors in a blood-drenched finale. A bit drawn out at 103 minutes, and somewhat moralistic and calculated, sleaze fans can overlook these flaws due to the non-stop action and gritty violence provided by usual Cannon assembly-line director Sam Firstenberg who carries the flick speedily along in true Sam Peckinpah roller coaster fashion. Racist action fans (not us, mind you) have advised us to watch *RIVERBEND* backwards when it is finally released to video next month, because then it has a happy ending! Sick, Sick, Sick...B+

**BLOOD OF HEROES-** Originally titled *THE SALUTE OF THE JUGGER* when premiered on its home turf of Australia last year, domestic distributor New Line Cinema lopped off 11 minutes from this epic's running time and re-titled it *THE BLOOD OF HEROES* where its *MAD MAX*-inspired ad campaign left it playing to empty theatres everywhere during its one-week run in the N.Y. metro area. Too bad, because although the flick is yet another in an endless spate of post-apocalyptic sci-fi bludgeon-thons, it is packed with enough explicit violence, senseless carnage and ample nudity to enable gorehounds to forget they've been down this road a zillion times before. Brooding anti-thesp Rutger Hauer loses one eyeball early on, grunting his way through the flick as the leader of an independent band of "juggers" who are gladiators that play a grisly game wherein two competing teams vying to impale a dog's skull onto a pointed stick! Director David Peoples is to be commended for packing *THE BLOOD OF HEROES* with the same feel of decaying sameness and rampant anarchy that made the first two *MAD MAX* sagas such groundbreaking efforts. Extremely derivative, but worth a viewing nonetheless. (Now available on video) B

**BASKET CASE 2 -** Although substance-abusing, rump-wrangling cult fave director Frank Henenlotter has not been too kind to the *G.G.* and your editor especially in recent outside interviews (thanks for the info, David Boone), we've got to admit that he's brought forth a rare occurrence where a sequel outshines an original. Admittedly working with over ten times the budget of his 1982 sleaze classic, *BASKET CASE*, 2 picks up immediately following the original outing as a "freak

rights activist" known as Granny Ruth offers Duane Bradley and his blob-like butchering brother Belial solace at her Staten Island mansion which she uses as a sort of orphanage for the deformed. In no time at all, Belial is up to his old face-tearing tricks, mutilating anyone who exploits his new-adopted family or attempts to reveal their new secret whereabouts. F/x whiz Gabe Bartolos had his hands full on this project, concocting dozens of demented Elephant Man-inspired make ups for the legion of mutants that make last winter's NIGHTBREED creations pale by comparison. Add to all this the expected level of Menenlotter hemoglobin-spewing, a truly revolting monster sexual intercourse interlude (how this ever passed with an R-rating, we'll never know!) and BASKET CASE 2 emerges as one of the best gore outings to be released thus far this year. Let's bury the hatchet, Frank, the G.G. loves ya! A-

HOUSE PARTY- If an unafraid network programmer developed an idea for a sitcom based on the present day antics of the great-grandchildren of AMOS 'N ANDY, it might look something like this. Stereotyped, reverse-racist, corny, manipulating and overbearing, this wild black rap comedy is also funny as all hell and a must see for true fans of exploitation cinema. Flicks haven't been this calculated since the days of TRUCK TURNER! A-

STREETS- The husband and wife sleaze combo team of Andy and Katt Shea Ruben (STRIPPED TO KILL) bring us this familiar "teen hooker/junkie with a heart of gold stalked by a psycho" melodrama that was filmed in only 17 days under the auspices of distributor Roger Corman (who else?). STREETS would be of no interest to anyone as its timeworn plot has been presented umpteen times in a slew of recent low-budget outings, except for the fact that its title role is essayed by the delectable Christina Applegate, Kelly of TV's MARRIED WITH CHILDREN who spends a healthy balance of the flick's short 83 minutes shooting heroin, talking about how rough it is to give blow jobs for a living and displaying her voluptuous melons in a seductive manner that'll have theatre janitors charging overtime for their jizz-mopping services. Even your usually-restrained reverend had a hard time suppressing a woody during most of STREETS, leaving it an outing well worth searching for. (Currently released to video) B

BLUE STEEL- Feminists and lobsenz alike have lauded screenwriter/director Kathryn Bigelow for her past outings like THE HITCHER and NEAR DARK which wrapped basic exploitation/sleaze storylines in a veil of pretention and arty MTV-inspired camera angles to achieve a mixture of critical accolades but ultimate box office failure. Her newest outing follows the same formula, utilizing the familiar "chick with a dick" milieu with some impressive cinematography to spin the tale of rookie femme cop Jamie Lee Curtis, fresh out of the police academy, forced to deal with crazed psychopath-cum-commodities broker Ron Silver who absconds with the gun of an armed robber that Jamie shoots during a supermarket hold up attempt. In a preposterous plot twist, Silver begins dating Curtis who gradually begins to realize that her new beau is obviously the regional president of the area's chapter of the HENRY fan club. Ample blood-spurting aside, BLUE STEEL offers no glimpses of Jamie's riveting rib-flaps (have they started to sag since 1983's TRADING PLACES?) and Bigelow's overall style seems more suited to a Depeche Mode video than a hard-core police potboiler, leaving the flick useful only to those gorehounds attempting to fuck art-bearish soup girls by bringing them to a feminist feature. Gazpacho anyone? (Now out on video) C+

BAD INFLUENCE - Never in the history of cinema has a film been released more timely to tie in to true-life media events than this hi-tech yuppie melodrama concerning Rob Lowe as a baby-faced psycho who enters the

life of straight-laced, fast-track corporate computer programmer James Spader (finally breaking out of his recurrent typecast as a repellent scumbag) and forces him <sup>into</sup> a BMW through a 90 minute tour of the world via the gutter. Sort of new wave STRANGERS ON A TRAIN, INFLUENCE is highlighted by heavy dependence on the videotaping of indiscriminate sex, something Lowe was standing trial for shortly before the release of this epic as in real life he was captured on tape boning a minor after an all night coke-a-thon in Atlanta, GA. This incident makes the somewhat illogical screenplay fly, and packed with a profundity of nudity and perversion as well as some graphic violence BAD INFLUENCE is an entertaining outing worth hitting the suburban multiplexes to catch. B

THE HANDMAID'S TALE- The G.G. braved the excesses of a Manhattan art house crowd to catch this hilariously sexist romp about a future totalitarian society run by a Jerry Falwell-styled leader (Robert Duval) wherein women have lost all semblance of human rights and are 90% sterile (with the remaining fertile femmes being treated as little more than semen vessels for the male ruling class). A celluloid adaptation of Margaret Atwood's preachy best-selling sci-fi novel, sleaze fans will enjoy this film for all the wrong reasons and find THE HANDMAID'S TALE right up there with other laughable "suffering women" parables like THE BURNING BED and EXTREMITIES. Don't be ashamed if you want to rush right home and give your best girlfriend a "pearl necklace" after viewing this mega-budget (reportedly \$11 million) curio -- we did! B+

ANGEL TOWN- Real-life world champion French kick-boxer Olivier Gruner stars in this contrived actioner concerning a Frog exchange student's struggle to quell an outlaw Chicano gang's repeated attacks on the underprivileged residents of East L.A. A blatant attempt to imitate the success of recent Jean Claude Van Damme outings, ANGEL TOWN is packed with graphic violence, profanity and even some nudity, but at an overlong 111 minutes and further hampered by cardboard acting from Gruner that makes Schwarzenegger's delivery seem like Richard Burton, the flick falls flat and emerges a derivative bore recommended to Latino action completists only (are there any out there?) Send it back to the barrio! C

TRANSYLVANIA TWIST - Though oft-maligned in the pages of the G.G. for his unending string of Roger Corman-distributed Grade Z clunkers, ex-Fagoria contributor Jim Wynorski (CHOPPING MALL, NOT OF THIS EARTH, etc.) finally scores a winner with this wild slapstick send-up of vampire films that succeeds with its "everything but the kitchen sink" approach. Adopting an "anything goes" style ala Joe Dante's classic HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, Jim drags out Robert Vaughn, an Art Carney look-a-like, Angus Scrimm from the PHANTASM series and even timeworn P.D. footage of Boris Karloff from 1963's THE TERROR in an 82 minute madcap wash that is actually quite funny. TRANSYLVANIA TWIST carries a PG-13 rating, so if you're feeling benevolent, treat some neighborhood kids to a matinee performance! It'll send them off in a warped direction and is certainly better for their moral fiber than subjecting them to the endless money-grabbing exploits of Michael J. Fox. B+

CRY BABY- John Waters again tries to suck up to mainstream Hollywood mucky-mucks by staying within the safe parameters of a PG-rating while still trying to be hip and gross in this mindless parody of 50's juvenile delinquent quickies and JAILHOUSE ROCK featuring T.V. wimp Johnny Depp that is so limp-wristed and schmaltzy it screams "fag fluff!" from every frame of its length. Not even convincing support from the likes of sultry Susan Tyrell, Iggy Pop or rod queen Traci Lords as respective oddballs can save this clunker from going straight down the tubes. Whereas Waters' PINK

FLAMINGOS featured a character eating a dog turd within the framework of the film, CRY BABY is merely a turd in itself and should be avoided at all costs. Get back in the gutter where you belong, John! D+

THE 1ST POWER- N.Y. police who are currently baffled as to the pattern and motives of the city's current real-life psycho known as the Zodiac Killer need only sit down for 98 minutes and view this epic as it is obvious that the killer was inspired by this astrological Satanic slasher outing and began his killing spree soon after the flick's early April opening. Distributer Orion Pictures have put this blatant imitation of last year's SHOCKER through no less than two title changes (TRANSIT and PENTAGRAM) but all the moniker-swapping in the world couldn't help this confusing turkey concerning an executed serial killer who is granted immortality by Satan and returns to exact revenge on all those responsible for his imprisonment. His prey includes an embarrassed-looking Lou Diamond Phillips who was the arresting officer in the case and now seems to be praying for the production call of LA BAMBAA II rather than being stuck in the glut of stinkers he's found himself in as of late. Some nifty gore killings, EXORCIST-style f/x hocus pocus and the revelation of some swamy incest can not generate sufficient interest in the film's trite and hackneyed plotline, leaving THE 1ST POWER scarcely worth more than a \$1.99 video rental. C+

IMPULSE- Jilted Clint Eastwood paramour Sondra Locke directs the buxom Theresa Russell in this failed film noir attempt concerning a vice policewoman's secret desire to be the slut she dresses up as in her line of duty. Boring, tedious and extremely overlong at 109 minutes, IMPULSE offers little gore, almost no action and is recommended for Russell stroke enthusiasts only as the real-life Mrs. Nicholas Roeg looks as hot as ever! C-

MIAMI BLUES- It would seem that credited producer Jonathan Demme had quite a directorial hand in this quirky, gore-drenched comedic actioner as the patented Demme stamp of such oddball classics as SOMETHING WILD, and MARRIED TO THE MOB is evident in nearly every frame of this wild epic which went virtually unnoticed at area box offices. Too bad, because this sick little tale of a redneck psycho named Junior Frenger (played with true slime finess by Alec Baldwin) who blows into Miami and initiates a one-man crime spree while befriending a rather dimwitted hooker (Jennifer Jason Leigh) has it all: nudity, violence, gross jokes and more graphic blood-letting than your average slasher outing! Add Fred Ward (TREMORS) as a filthy alcoholic detective who has his false teeth stolen by Baldwin after a beating and brings some backwoods comic relief to the entire proceedings and MIAMI BLUES clocks in as the first sleaze sleeper of 1990 and one of the best flicks released this year. Run, don't walk to your nearest theatre! A

BLIND FURY- Dumped into the N.Y. area as a second feature at rapidly dwindling Negro combo houses after performing dismally in some out-of-town test engagements, this flick is a neo-slapstick preposterous actioner concerning the exploits of Rutger Hauer, who after being blinded in combat in Vietnam, is taught the secrets of Samurai swordsmanship and returns to the States to rescue the family of his old army buddy Terry O'Quinn (everyone's favorite STIEPFATHER) who is being held prisoner by the mob in Nevada and forced to develop designer drugs for street sale. Containing virtually 85 minutes of non-stop action, FURY works fine as a blood-drenched exploitationer interspersed with comic relief as Hauer trades quips throughout the film with a 10 year old brat he has in tow (O'Quinn's son) who gets off on playing cruel Helen Keller-like practical jokes (rearranging furniture, etc.) on the sightless avenger. Even the master Ninja himself, Sho

Kosugi, pops up for a cameo at the flick's finale, no doubt pissed that screenwriter Charles Carner lifted the plot straight from the famous Japanese ZATOICHI, THE BLIND SWORDSMAN series which raked in zillions of yen in the Far East back in the 1960's. Though extremely implausible, BLIND FURY is a highly entertaining breezy potboiler that deserved a far better distribution fate. Seek it out! B+

BODY CHEMISTRY- Roger Corman engineered this ultra-sleaze rehash of FATAL ATTRACTION, directed admirably (considering its low budget) by first time femme helmer Kristine Peterson. Retitled at the last minute from its shooting tag of AFTERIMAGE, how can any film that features a psychotic siren sending a TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE cassette case to a ten year old kid that actually contains a pornographic video highlighting his dad getting a blow job from another woman while being bound with leather straps be all bad? B+

THE GUARDIAN- Former EXORCIST director William Friedkin must be entering into senility as this ridiculous outing concerning an evil cannibalistic druid tree that survives by eating newborn babies delivered to it by a sultry servant/witch/succubus is so lame it makes 1958's corny FROM HELL IT CAME (the last timber-inspired horror outing to out recollection) look like CITIZEN KANE by comparison. Mildly gory, with snatches of nudity (no pun intended) from the alluring Jenny Seagrove, by the time the hero began attacking the tree with a chainsaw in GUARDIAN's finale, with the mighty oak responding by screaming and spewing blood, we were out the door, shaking our heads in disbelief that something this stupid could be released by a major film company and heading straight for the bar. D+

BRAIN DEAD- A film industry story has it that young first time director Adam Simon found this unproduced 1963 script written by original TV TWILIGHT ZONE screen-writer Charles Beaumont at a West Coast flea market, bought it, and convinced Roger Corman to let him make it into a low-budget film. Originally titled PARANOIA by Beaumont, the late writer must be screaming in his grave in agony over the production of something that he obviously considered to be a piece of shit and tossed out in the trash, never dreaming that some wily garbage hunter would rescue it and it would come back to haunt him 30 years later. A confusing mess concerning brain surgery, hallucinations and corporate paranoia, BRAIN DEAD is an unintelligible turd laced with artsy pretension that is easily the worst film released this year. Simon should stick to sharpening his directoral skills rather than scrounging garage sales. Forget it! F

TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE- can kiss my backside! When are major Hollywood film companies going to stop releasing these lame-ly-plotted, E.C.-inspired anthology quickies that are long on state-of-the-art f/x (kudos to the K&B effects group whose excellent work shares none of the blame for this clunker) but short on any scripting or inventive plot-twisting. Sure, E.C. comics were gory, but the key to their success lay solely in their punch-line packed finales. The endings for DARKSIDE's 3 vignettes are telegraphed a mile away, leaving the entire production seeming like a joke you've heard before. Get with the program, guys! C

SANTE SANGRE- Reportedly in retirement since the mid-70's release of HOLY MOUNTAIN, legendary Mexican madman director Alexandro Jodowski returns to continue his patented formula of pretentious allegory and backalley bloodletting with this latest romp which we describe as (now get ready, 'cause his flicks don't make a hell of a lot of sense) a gore-drenched Oedipus tale concerning a psychotic young man who becomes the arms of his mother after hers are hacked off by his adulterous father whose gonads have just been scorched by a beaker

of acid! Certainly an original plot, huh? Along the way, Jodowski packs the film's 118 minutes with real-live freaks, sceevey sex, white slavery, film clips of THE INVISIBLE MAN, mangeloid children snorting cocaine, grisly slasher slaughters, hemorrhaging elephants, female wrestlers and zombies to boot! Who could ask for anything more? Naturally, the MPAA slapped an immediate X on this circus of the perverse, but even in its domestic R-rated form the flick packs quite a wallop and had art fags at Manhattan's elite Quad cinema bolting for the exit doors before the second reel was finished. SANTE SANGRE is a gorehound's delight and we welcome the demented Jodowski back to the world of active film-making -- the insipid industry needs to be kicked in the ass by guys like you. A masterpiece! (In English) A+

THE GAME- The wily Terry Levene of N.Y.'s Aquarius Releasing found this 1987-made film about the politics surrounding a N.Y. mayoral election and altered its original ad campaign to make it look like it was a timely drama about Manhattan's first black mayor. THE GAME does concern a black candidate in one of its rambling minor subplots, but is mostly director Curtis Brown's attempt to depict (he also produced, wrote and starred) the underhanded mechanizations of the white man's political machinery and how a street wise jungle bunny can use it to his own financial end. Brown comes off as a poor man's Spike Lee as his militant screen stance is undermined by embarrassing stereotyping from his having obviously watched too many SHAFT and Rudy Ray Moore films as a kid. Quite boring at 105 minutes, THE GAME's technical credits are shaky at best and given the false advertising surrounding its release, the film is recommended only to those who get a hoot out of black film-making at its worst. C-

CLASS OF 1999- A sequel to 1981's excellent CLASS OF 1984, Mark L. Lester is in fine form nine years later, spinning a wild comic-like tale about what would happen if a psychotic educator converted three U.S. army assassins into high school teachers in the year 1999 where rampant drug use and an uncontained crime wave has transformed our schools into anarchic chaos. Exploitation stalwarts Patrick Kilpatrick, John P. Ryan (IT'S ALIVE) and 70's blaxploitation queen Pam Grier play the robots; stomping, smashing, beating, choking, and even killing the student populace for such minor infractions as talking back and spitball throwing in this ultraviolence extravaganza that pushes its MPAA R rating to the furthest parameters. G.G. readers will be both salivating with delight and guffawing in the aisles as C. Courtney Joiner's screenplay is hilariously depraved and packed with some truly sick black humor, with Rick Stratton's chunkblowing effects getting the thumbs up from even the most jaded of gorehounds. Add solid support from such ebullient sleaze vets as Malcolm McDowell (cast here in a sympathetic turn as the duped high school principal) and ex-blow felon Stacy Keach as the albino madman who invents the mechanized lords of discipline and CLASS OF 1999 emerges as first-rate entertainment that was undeserving of its box office failure. A-

Though we'd like to babble at length about these last 16 titles, severe space constraints and the demand by fellow 'zine publishers for plugs now forces us to limit our comments to capsule quips. We promise to publish the G.G. more regularly from now on so as to avoid this intolerable backlog! (And I've got a 10 1/2 inch long penis, too...)

TWISTED JUSTICE- The low-budget futuristic police actioner reminded us of the halcyon days of 42nd St. when fere like this was as common as chicks who let you bone them without condoms. Since those times have long passed, we're probably giving this one a better grade than it deserves only on the merits of pure nostalgia, as "auteur" producer, director, screenwriter and star David Heavener looks as if he acquired his filmmaking

and acting skills from a matchbook correspondence course. And how much coke did he have to throw around to get Karen Black, Jim Brown, Don Stroud, Jim Van Patton and enchilada-bloated Eric Estrada to appear in cameos in this Grade Z outing? C+

THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE AND HER LOVER- Artistic and pretentious as hell, this lobsterfest from England's Peter Greenaway is must-see G.G. viewing nonetheless as its no-holds-barred depiction of cannibalism, feces torture, explicit depiction of gross toilet habits, graphic violence, turrid sex and perverse sadism is so intense it even made your humble G.G. editor squirm uncomfortably in his seat from sheer revulsion. Sort of a 90's version of SALO, kudos to actor Michael Gambon for portraying the most vile cinema screen villain ever. A bit overlong at 126 minutes, antsy gorehounds can pass the time counting how many mainstream art patrons leave the theatre in disgust during any of the above-mentioned sequences. During our viewing, I counted 11, but there were plenty more groans of disgust and outrage. A must see! A

MERIDIAN- Sub-titled KISS OF THE BEAST for its 2 week 42nd St. run, this Charles Band-directed hybrid of a soft core sex romp and BEAUTY AND THE BEAST fantasy would be of no interest to sleaze fans except for the fact that the flick stars Sherilyn Fenn of TV's TWIN PEAKS in a role that displays her huge, luscious twin peaks bared nearly every 10 minutes! Coupled with another nude nymphet named only as Charlie, MERIDIAN had the reverend working his Johnson like a crazed monkey whilst watching the screening cassette in the privacy of his own rectory. Forget the laughable hairy beast f/x transformations, these babes are hot! (Currently available on video) B-

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN- This OK celluloid adaptation of Hubert Selby's 1964 classic sleaze novel directed by Nazi-esque helmer Uli Edel (CHRISTIANE F.) tells us two things we already knew: 1) that Jennifer Jason Leigh has a great, perky set of tits and 2) even back in the Brooklyn of 1952, there were guys who liked to suck each other's cocks. So, big deal! B

THE HAUNTING OF MORELIA- Underdog director Jim Wynorski scores another hit (see TRANSYLVANIA TWIST elsewhere) with this poverty-row Roger Corman-produced Edgar Allen Poe adaptation that stars David McCallum and a bevy of top-heavy beauties who display more nudity than any film released in the past 5 years. Just released to video as we go to press, if a group of oversexed gorehounds viewed this mildly bloody fleshathon in, say, a hot tub -- within a matter of minutes the water would resemble egg drop soup! Get the picture? B+

TOTAL RECALL- When viewing this season's vapid ROBOCOP II, one can easily see that Dutch director Paul Verhoeven is truly the gorefan's greatest ally, as his insistence on packing this action outing with gouts of blood and explicit grue got this \$60 million dollar sci-fi outing initially slapped with an X-rating from the MPAA and had Tri-Star executives all over the country gulping down valiums while trying to reason with him and explain why the most expensive picture in the history of filmmaking had to get an R. Eventually, Mr. V. relented and re-edited, but even with an R, Rob Bottin's gunshots, stabbings, eyepoppings and f/x transformations remain quite graphic and certain to upset mainstream cinemagoers. No need to outline the plot of what will probably be 1990's G.G. film of the year, if you haven't caught TOTAL RECALL yet, throw down the G.G. and catch it immediately! And old Arnie's learning how to act, too! A

ANOTHER 48 HOURS- Disappointing re-hash of Walter Hill's classic violent comedic actioner, the flick picks up 8 years later where Nick Nolte seeks the aide of the just-released-from-stir Eddie Murphy to help him clear his name from a frame-up that may be based in



A maimed NYC street singer sadly contemplates what it is going to be like spending the rest of his life as a cyclopedian rapper in this eye-popping scene from **DEF BY TEMPTATION**, a new black horror film from young director James Bond III who is said to be the Spike Lee of gore!! This flick is set to open in the NY metro area on Sept. 7.

Nolte's own police precinct. Nowhere nearly as violent or humorous as the original, could Eddie Murphy have possibly looked less interested in reprising his Reggie Hammond role for which he was paid a cool 8 million? An even lower grade for such bad attitude! C

**GREMLINS 2: THE NEW BATCH**- As funny, wittier and certainly more outlandish than 1984's original, Rick Baker's versatile demons return to tackle a Donald Trump/Ted Turner-style megalomaniac in Manhattan who seeks to build a highrise shopping mall complex on the site of the adorable Gizmo's old mentor's antique shop in Chinatown. Why didn't this excellent sequel do any business at the box office? What evil spirit has got it in for G.G. fave director Joe Dante who has now scored successive flops with each of his excellent productions over the past five years (**INNERSPACE**, **EXPLORERS**, **THE BURBS**)? How long will it be until he's forced to return to cutting trailers for old boss Roger Corman? Never, we hope, so get out and support **GREMLINS 2** now! A-

**OVEREXPOSED**- Absolutely atrocious 80 minute piece of tedium concerning a TV soap opera villainess who feels she is being stalked by a maniacal fan, the film telegraphs its supposed "twist ending" 35 minutes into the story and offers no nudity or commendable bloodletting and features the most laughable latex burn scar make-up seen since the days of H.G. Lewis. Write this loser off completely! F

**A SHOW OF FORCE**- This mildly diverting Z-inspired political thriller offers some shockingly grisly murders in its finale for those diehard gorehounds who can make it through **SHOW**'s 93 minute convoluted plot. Others will find it hard to take cuntish ex-Mrs. Steven Spielberg Amy Irving (here hopelessly mis-cast as a grieving Puerto Rican newscaster widow) and will have left the

theatre in disgust long before the blooddrenched pay-off. Lou Diamond Phillips again yearns for his **LA BAMBA** limelight, as he is here reduced to playing a traitorous Latin cockfighter in an embarrassing supporting role. **A SHOW OF FORCE** may be of service in helping sleaze fans land some politically-minded Puerto Rican poon and thus gets a slightly higher grade than is actually warranted. B-

**ROBOCOP 2**- One hell of a short circuit from senile old cretin director Irvin Kirshner (**EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**) that proves just what a genius **ROBO 1** helmer Paul Verhoeven really is (see **TOTAL RECALL** review). None of the violence, comedy or pathos of the former, this tale of a Manson-esque drug dealing crime overlord and his gang of juvenile hustlers' unique plot novelty soon wears thin, as do Peter Weller's monosyllable overdone soliloquies. By the time Weller has a showdown with the new, improved version of himself in a drawn-out finale, the G.G. staff wished it were back home watching **GODZILLA VS. BIONIC GODZILLA** on video. One of the biggest disappointments this year! C-

**WILD ORCHID**- Hoping to duplicate the success of their MTV-styled & m cutting, 9 1/2 **WEEKS**, the production team of Zalman King and Mark Damon regroup with globe-hopping stud Mickey Rourke for this cornball tale of sexual obsession among real estate power brokers set in Rio. Horrendously dubbed in spots and heavily cut domestically after being slapped with an X rating (the Italian version remained unedited), even the voluptuous melons of newcomer actress/real life Rourke bone-mate Carré Otis cannot help the film from coming off like a second-rate Joe D'Amato soft-core Euro sex romp. Where's Laura Genser when we need her? D+

**FRANKENHOOKER**- Filmed back to back with **BASKET CASE 2** in N.Y.C. late last year, this unrated ramp combines grue and comedy in a madcap outing featuring **STREET TRASH**'s scene stealer James Lorinz as a slightly-bent utilities worker who attempts to re-assemble his lawn-mower mutilated fiancé using the parts of Times Square hookers he has dismembered by tricking them into sucking his specially-concocted "super-crack". This wacky plot line is topped by an even wilder shock/twist finale (we won't ruin it here) and is sprinkled with enough audacity (including luscious Penthouse Playmate Patty Mullen in the title role), depraved antics with cadaver limbs and slapstick level depraved humor to make **FRANKENHOOKER** one of the sickest epics released this year. Kudos to Henenlletter for staying true to his warped roots! A-

**KEATON'S COP**- Though we try to accurately review every film we see, we caught up with this dog on 42nd St. after being introduced to 2 pitchers of a new kind of kick: the vodka martini! Quite honestly, we don't remember anything about this epic, except that it was sort of an old-age home version of **48 HOURS** featuring has-been T.V. actors Lee Majors as a cop and Abe Vigoda as a crook who are thrown together to solve the murder of Don Rickles! Everybody moved pretty slowly through the few action scenes and we had to label it a chunk-blower cause that's exactly what we did in the pristine lavatory of the Selwyn Theatre one hour into this flick from severe alcohol-induced headspins. No grade's given because we really don't remember the film! At least we're honest!

**DIE HARD 2**- Sub-titled **DIEHARDER** by some cute Madison Avenue whizz kids (though not in the actual film credits), this sequel to 1988's action blockbuster from patented gore director Renny Harlin (**PRISON**, **ELM ST. 4**, etc.) carries the torch of the original by continuing a 2 hour plus violenceathon wherein the always obnoxious Bruce Willis gets the stuffing knocked out of him continually before singlehandedly overcoming a band of ruthless mercenaries (led by the truly chilling William Sadler as a warped Marine colonel) in a preposterous



finale. Plot incongruities aside, DIEHARD 2 contains enough graphic shootouts, brutal fistcuffs and blood-letting aplenty to qualify it as the second best mega-budget box office success (TOTAL RECALL being the first) in this mainstream-critic proclaimed "Summer of Violence". A-

ARACHNOPHOBIA- Exactly what you'd expect if Disney attempted a horror outing, this PG-13 rated loser from Spielberg protege Frank Marshall sets up an interesting premise (a killer Venezuelan spider breeds with the regular arachnids of a sleepy California town, causing a spawn of killer creatures), but ultimately wimps out by offering virtually no gore, some lame comic relief in the person of Roseanne Barr's TV husband John Goodman and a series of attempted horrific ensemble creature attack scenes containing only dozens of spiders where gorehounds would expect thousands. The mainstream press has erroneously lauded ARACHNOPHOBIA as "JAWS with legs!"; G.G. readers will think it drinks spider sperm... C

PLUG CORNER- Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. James Huber, parents of young SLEAZOLA publishing pervert Jim "The Degenerate" Dutton who were wed by the Rt. Rev. himself in a solemn ceremony conducted outdoors in Nazareth, Pa. on the afternoon of May 19. Other gore-fans getting ready to take the plunge can contact the Rev. c/o our masthead logo for ceremony rate quotes. A splendid time is always guaranteed for all!...Dave Szurek, well-known contributor for many leading 'zines, has started his own no-frills entity entitled WEIRD CITY, which pretty accurately describes his rambling thoughts and information wants. Send a buck off to him at 1311 Tower Avenue, Raymond, WA 98577 and get ready for a lengthy, off-the-wall read. Mr. Szurek has assured the G.G. staff that he is "most definitely not a major league homo"...Word through the grapevine has it that THE GOREFEST's affable Rod Sims isn't speaking to us any more. [Que lastima!....Cathal Tolhills' UNGAWA #2 is just out and features the most in-depth profile of 40's and 50's bondage queen Betty Page done to date accompanied with revealing photos that'll surely have exploitation fans reaching for the baby oil in seconds. Write to him at P.O. Box 1764, London NW62EQ, England. Cathal is currently being sued by a friend of John Gacy's for libellous material presented in his debut edition, so he most definitely needs your support....Victor G. Stanley has written the G.G. to let us know that he thinks Donald Farmer and his mail-order MONDO VIDEO company are a bunch of unscrupulous scumbags who rip off unwary patrons with titles of dubious picture quality and then refuse to exchange or refund money to unhappy customers. He's contacted the Tennessee Better Business Bureau and wants to know if any other gorehounds out there have been similarly screwed. Vic can be reached at 1214 S. 2nd St., Apt. #2, Lafayette, In 47905....The very next day we coincidentally received a letter from our old buddy Don who informed us that he'd just gotten BLOOD FEAST's legendary Mal Arnold (Fuad Ramses) out of retirement to perform in his latest direct-to-video outing, VAMPIRE COP. The soft-spoken Mr. Farmer also enclosed a copy of his latest one-shot publication INVASION OF THE SCREAM QUEENS that contains more exposed tits than a 20 acre dairy farm! Send off 12 bucks (postpaid) to him for this throbbing journal at 154 Big Spring Circle, Cookeville, Tn. 38501. We at the G.G. have always found Don to be nothing less than totally above board, but caveat emptor, dudes!....Tom Deja's STICKY CARPET DIGEST is more in the Michael Gingold SCAREE PHANALIA nice guy vein, but G.G. readers may get a kick out of his comedic style. Send off a couple of bucks to Tom at 86 Willow St., Floral Park, N.Y. 11001.... Welcome back to Bill Landis, founding 'zine father of SLEAZOID EXPRESS fame who has just returned back to the N.Y. metro area. Without Bill, there never would have been a G.G. and though we've been at odds over the years, let's hope he returns to his former amazing

journalistic endeavors.... Great Britain's most loyal G.G. supporter Stefan Kuratowski has turned us on to an excellent publication known as SHEER FILTH, already in its 8th issue. Focusing primarily on 60's exploitation retrospects and views on the current hardcore porn scene, SHEER FILTH runs \$2.00 US plus a buck postage to David Flint, 39 Holly St., Offerton, Stockport, SK1 4DP, England. Well worth checking out!....Stefan also asked us to mention London's primo (if not only) retro cinema, the SCALA which runs all-night Russ Meyer fests, provides rare Ed Wood programming and Argento screenings amidst regular art bear fare. We've never been there, so visitors are warned that you are on your own -- don't blame us if it's a fag haunt! THE SCALA is located on 275-277 Pentonville Rd. in the N1 section of London. Tell them the G.G. sent you -- they might not let you in!....To all those who have asked for a plug, but to date have not received one, it's time to take the hint as our plug file is now empty!

RARE VIDEOS- Excellent quality copies of DEADBEAT AT DAWN (a 1989 independent sleaze outing from legendary mid-west psycho Jim Van Bebber, this X-rated-for violence chunkblower could get no video distributor and is right up there with HENRY on terms of sheer depravity! A must!); THE DEVIL'S HONEY (this latest Lucio Fulci sex and goreathon was forced by the assholes at Blockbuster video to be cut to an R-rated version for domestic distribution or else they refused to carry it on their shelves. We've got the completely uncut version in English straight from laser disc. Rent the Blockbuster copy and tape over it with ours before returning it -- they won't know what the hell happened!); SON OF THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILM SHOW (last summer's British T.V. follow-up to the successful 1988 series which focused on famous directors of exploitation films. This series is made up of 6 45 minute episodes on individual personalities and features great interviews, uncensored rare clips and chats with related actors and actresses as they look today. SON'S shows were comprised of segments on Jacky Chan (by far the best), a Fred Olen Ray/Doris Wishman combo, a Santo tribute, Ed Wood, Jr., a Tom Savini/George Romero combo and a segment on unreleased in the West Chinese gore movies. Pick any two for \$19.95!); SANTE SANGRE (uncut- see our review this issue) and SATAN'S BED (by far our rarest find to date, this is a 1965 sexploitation film from Roberta & Michael Findlay (CURSE OF HER FLESH) starring Yoko Ono before she met John! You must have this film!). All tapes are available in either VHS or BETA format and are only \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage and handling). Send checks or money orders to the G.G. c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Allow 4 to 5 weeks for



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**HORROR-THON '90** the show that New Jersey movie collectors have been waiting for. We are gathering together under one roof, some of the greatest legends of the horror and sci-fi world plus the top movie memorabilia, collectibles, magazine, video and toy dealers from the East Coast.

### CELEBRITIES

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G.G./102

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# GORSEGAZZETTE

**\$1.00** | Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area | **No.10**

# 10 FUCKING YEARS & STILL MAKING ENEMIES! Gala 1st Decade Anniversary Issue!



**OCTOBER, 1980:** YOUNG, INNOCENT, EXXON-EMPLOYED YUPPIE-TO-BE EMBARKS ON A "HOBBY" AND PUBLISHES THE FIRST EDITION OF THE G.G. IN THE GIANT OIL COMPANY'S MAILROOM.



**OCTOBER, 1990:** LONG-BOUNCED BY THE CORPORATE GIANT, DIVORCED & NOW A WOMANIZING, MAIL-ORDER REVEREND, 10 YEARS & 700 REVIEWS HAVE OBVIOUSLY TAKEN THEIR TOLL.

● GUESS WHICH INCARNATION OF YOUR PUBLISHER HAS HAD THE MOST FUN? ●

It's hard to believe that a free, one-paged Xeroxed horror film review newsletter with an initial printing of 100 copies nervously run off in the bowels of the mailroom of the Exxon Corporation's world headquarters by a quiet, bespectacled tax accountant/closet sleaze fan on October 22, 1980 would survive and be active one full decade later! Well, miracles do occur (some would say curses) and the G.G. celebrates its 10th anniversary with this gala issue. For newer readers who might not yet have sprouted public hair when the first G.G. handouts were delivered to braver book and record shops in the N.Y. metro area ten years ago, the 'zine was started after a volatile combination of corporate boredom, dissatisfaction with the unfair treatment of genre films at the hands of boorish mainstream film critics (a/k/a lobsters) and the schizophrenic opinions of Bill Landis, grand poopah of the fanzine scene with the landmark Sleazoid Express (whose writings circa late 1980 were being sidetracked by an increasing infatuation with hypodermic needles and the hard-ons of horse-cocked male porn stars) necessitated its creation. An instant hit, the G.G.'s circulation and popularity increased over the months, spawning a weekly film series at the legendary Club 57 (and later at the Dive) and interest from the news media who enjoyed our fresh "grab 'em by the balls" approach to low budget film reviewing and extollation of the then-burgeoning 42nd St. theatre scene which at the time was packed with so much sleaze product that the G.G. was forced into a fortnightly publishing schedule just to keep up with all the releases. (How the fuck did we ever manage that?) However, publicity and increased fame can always be a good thing and when Exxon brass discovered that N.Y.'s newest maverick fanzine was being sort of underwritten by an unapproved corporate grant, your editor found his ass out on the sidewalk, with his G.G. files blowing in the chill February 1983 winter wind. Undaunted, we never let the G.G. die and though forced to charge for what was once given away free, we succeeded over the years in building a network of nearly 4,000 mutants around the world who are hip to the savory G.G. style of humor. Though the advent of home video, the demise of the Times Square area and the increasing sensitivity of the mainstream public to violence, sexism and racism in film has severely limited the offerings and quality of the theatrical genre market; ten years, nearly 700 hundred reviews and over 300 "office parties" later we're still here and going strong. After losing a wife, a job, untold numbers of friends and business acquaintances along the way who could not take being lampooned in our good-natured acerbic style, we'd like to take this opportunity to thank all of those who've unflappably supported us over the years--though we don't have the space to name all your names (and perhaps many closet G.G. supporters would not want to be listed), you know who you are! As for our enemies list (which seems to grow longer every day--see the ad for our classy 10th anniversary T-shirt elsewhere this ish), the G.G. staff heartily suggests that you HUG OUR SCROTUMS, as (to paraphrase Manhattan's new militant gay organization Queer Nation): We're here! We drink beer! We're in your face! And we ain't going away! If you don't dig the G.G., you don't have to read it! Here's to a decade or two more of Gore Gazette publishing: At times it's been rough, but we've had a hell of a lot of fun doing it (and made a bundle of dough to boot!) Thanks a lot! Though this issue again is late in typical G.G. style, we actually have a valid alibi: President George Bush. After last issue's fictitious editorial regarding the meeting with my old "pal" Nelson Mandela and the demise of the G.G., I know that this tale is going to be particularly hard to swallow, but I swear on the heaving bosom of Dyanne Thorne that the forgoing is 100% true. Through a string of convoluted circumstances involving a girlfriend I had for nearly 8 years whose gold-digging younger slut sister opportunistically married a 53 year old Republican Congressman from Florida (who physically resembles a redneck version of Huckleberry Hound), I was offered a free ticket to a \$2,000.00 per plate fund raiser for the aforementioned politico's re-election campaign which was to be attended by ol' George Bush

Tallahassie, Florida and promise to keep my mouth shut throughout the entire proceedings. Weighing the potential publicity prospects of the event (only 200 tickets were sold), I heisted \$600 plus from the G.G. coffers, and on the morning of Sept. 6, 1990 was winging my way to Fla. Upon arriving at the airport, I was picked up by the Congressman's wife who rather nervously informed me that I'd have to pass a Secret Service clearance before gaining entrance to the event (I was coiffed in a slicked-back pony tail with a turquoise-threaded Mau Mau voodoo braid, trademark dark shades and my best Al Pacino-style coke dealer Panama white suit), while secretly praying I'd be bounced. Through the luck of the gods, my questionnaire was passed by the S.S. (was it my reverend credentials?) and I found myself whisked into the inner sanctum of the select few who had shelled out mucho dinero to hob-knob with our chief executive. After about one hour (and a half dozen cocktails) into the fete, the place started to fill up with enough Armani-suited, mirror-sunglassed, heat-packin' S.S. agents that even I got a bit unnerved (did they know it was me that sent that Xeroxed picture of my dick and balls to Reagan back in '81?) and moved to a far corner window. Sipping champagne and gazing casually outside, I almost choked to see two full S.W.A.T. teams in vans with bullet-proof vests and enough hi-tech weaponry to take on ROBOCOP! All this for a gangly dude who doesn't like broccoli! Eventually, George arrived under close guard, gave a short speech about why we should kick Saddam Hussein's ass out of Kuwait and support Congressman Bill Grant's re-election this November and then retired to the crowds to press flesh and pose for photos with the official White House photographer. Seizing upon this opportunity, I bounded up and waited on line to get snapped with Bush. As my turn approached, I reached inside my jacket pocket for my hairbrush to primp for George, only to see three trigger-happy Secret Service men ape my motion but they were reaching for their guns as if I was the 1990's President of the Lee Harvey Oswald Admiration Society. I cowardly shrieked: "It's only a hair brush!" as it dropped from my pocket and fell to the floor. We all laughed, but I definitely got the message -- there was to be no fucking around here today and I instantly dropped the notion of tickling the President's palm with my finger when we shook hands out of my mind. All in all, Bush seemed like a pretty nice guy, smirking admirably when I wise-assedly greeted him as George instead of the supplicant "Mr. President", and actually taking a few minutes out to chat with me. It may have been that he'd been coached at length about how to deal with amebriated assholes, but when I asked if it ever bothered him to be hemmed in by 24 hour Secret Service protection, he quipped: "Yeah, the scheduling gets a little rough. Sometimes when we're traveling, I feel like pulling into a 7-11 to get a few cold six packs, but they just won't have it. I often feel like they're the bosses!" Later on, when informed by the Congressman that he'd pronounced his wife's name wrong in the course of his speech, Bush slapped his own forehead and blurted: "Fuck, Bill, I'm sorry--I tell you, with this Persian Gulf thing, I don't know whether I'm coming or going!" within earshot of me and a dozen other gapers, thus earning my instant respect. What does this lengthy diatribe have to do with the delay of the G.G. you may be asking now? Everything, since I felt that the photo of me and George would be the perfect pick to grace the cover of our landmark 10th anniversary issue. However, initial calls to the White House photographer's office informed me that the picture would be mailed in 30 to 60 days (hm...sounds like a G.G. videotape offer). When 60 days expired and Thanksgiving drew near, I called again only to be curtly told that they were a bit backed up and that if I wished to receive a refund I could request my forty bucks back. Realizing that if I told the WhiteHouse that I needed the shot for a Gore Gazette cover deadline, they'd probably burn the negative, I decided to clam up, wait and publish the photo in an upcoming issue. As such, most of the 31 reviews that follow were written in time for our intended mid-October publishing schedule, but because we were waiting for that

extra surprise treat, we're over a month delayed. Fuck you, George...Just in case some gorehounds out there think that the preceding ramble was just non-genre related egostroke from your conceited editor, a blow was struck later that evening that would make all enemies of censorship proud and justifies telling this lengthy tale. After spending time talking and posing for photos, Bush cut out for the Helsinki peace talks (or was it really a back road Tallahassee pussy bar?) before the dinner was actually served. When he left, campaign organizers showed people to their tables, trying to group couples of relative age. My ex-concubine and myself were seated next to a well-dressed gent and his wife who looked to be in his mid-forties. We proceeded to start pounding down drinks and have a pretty good hoot, considering the stoic environment. After well over 90 minutes of revelry, when all at the table were the proverbial "three sheets to the wind", my new drinking buddy leaned over and slurred, "You know what? We never introduced ourselves! I'm Bob Martinez and this is my wife." My usual congenial nature halted in mid-handshake and I hissed: "Bob Martinez? Gov. Bob Martinez of Florida?" Not sensing my change in tone, the dumb fuck flashed a shit-eating grin and boasted, "Yes, I'm Governor" while extending his hand. Blood pounding in my temples, I blurted: "You dick!" in my best Sean Penn Ridgement High impersonation, "you're the one who's busting 2 Live Crew and actually had a record store owner imprisoned for selling their records. What the hell is wrong with you-- don't you believe in the 1st Amendment?" The entire table fell quiet and Martinez, sobering quickly, and coiling like a sidewinder ready to strike, queried "Just who are you?" in his best witchfinder general courtroom baritone. "Rick Sullivan, editor of the Gore Gazette, your guide to horror, exploitation and sleaze and anti-censorship zealot of the first order", I answered, trying to suppress a smirk. "Well you should talk to your friend the Congressman", snapped Bob, hoping to shift the blame, "he supports censorship of obscenity as rigorously as I do!" "He's not my friend," I replied, "he's just fucking my old girlfriend's younger sister". With that, Martinez and his wife excused themselves and left, leaving me to finish my meal amidst the scornful glare of a table who now viewed me as if I were the human embodiment of the AIDS virus and an ex-girlfriend who refused to put out later that evening because I had just told the Governor of Florida that her little sister was a whore! As an interesting side note, two months later to the day, on November 6th, both Martinez and Congressman Bill Grant were soundly defeated in their bids for re-election by candidates who held a much more liberal view on the censorship issue. Perhaps it may be a bit presumptuous of me, but I'd like to think that the ol' G.G. hoodoo may have had a hand in defeating these narrow-minded bastards. What do you think?

While I realize that we're gobbling up valuable space by the pagefull, we'd like to take this opportunity to thank the dozens of supportive readers who encouraged us in this past summer's battle with the Village Voice (see last issue) and their high priestess of racist denunciation, Manohla Dargis. The volume of letters written to the G.G. gave us the courage to stand behind our convictions and the number of complaints written to the Voice resulted in the limp-wristed fagrag actually sprouting some gonads and terminateing Ms. Dargis' weekly column. By far and away the best letter of support we received was from Manhattan ex-patriot and longtime G.G. subscriber Chuck Stephens, who to date has not given us permission to re-print his thoughts, but we're doing it anyway because we think he hits the nail on the head:

"Gee, If I'da known ish 102 was gonna be the special Manohla Dargis issue I'da writ sooner. See, I know the big M (Man-hola, as I call her) more intimately than humility or humiliation will really let me describe. We were schoolmates at NYU, and more, we was



FLORIDA GOVERNOR BOB MARTINEZ & HIS WIFE BEFORE I CALLED HIM A DICK.....

bosom-buddies. I can tell you she wears braces, and it ain't cause I was in her mouth doin' oral surgery. We came to a parting of the ideological ways when her incessant carping about "violence toward women" and "racial stereotypes" in genre films made me wanna fill her flowery hole with varmit. Can't say I hate her guts or nothin, she's just a conflicted chick, filled with the confusion over social/sexual justice and a deep-rooted love for sleaze. She strikes back hard when she realises you can't dip yer stick and not get it wet. Yeah, her piece in the VV was real safe, and I ain't about to defend it, but I will say I'm surprised it caused as much turmoil as you suggest it did. Who had'ta pull your 'zine from their shelves, anyway? And where's yer sense of conviction? I also gotta say you don't do yourself any favors, what with the likes of that Mandela bit and those cover photos of you shaking tiny hands -- kind of Saddam Sullivan, dont'cha think... just anticipating your critics, here...I'm still a subscriber. The race issue is probably the knottiest one human existence offers, and I don't know where exactly to step on it cause you (me, we) always end up with some kinda shit on yer (our) shoes. One thing I do know: Spike Lee's bullshit is 20x as

repellent as anything I've read in the GG, and as long as he strokes himself publically as some sort of cultural ambassador, I'll be on the GG subscription roster."

Just to show that we don't totally revel in dumping on the downtrodden, the G.G. staff has decided to give Ms. Dargis a lifetime complementary subscription to our rag as well as a free 10th Anniversary G.G. T-shirt and the standing offer to apply for the position of cub review reporter anytime she wishes. Now what could be fairer than that?

On one final note, due to the volume of complaints received (far too numerous to list here) from our quorce last issue to the valicity of Vic Stanley's charges of the fraudulent business practices of long-time G.G. cohort Don Farmer's Mondo Video mail order sale firm, we are sad to report that the jury of his peers has officially labeled him a reprehensible scum-bag and thus we have no choice but to publicly denounce Don and warn potential customers not to do business with him. We say sad because although he's done nothing to us personally (in fact, the G.G. staff really liked the guy), as Col. Tom Parker once said: "50 million Elvis fans can't be all wrong", and overwhelming evidence has proven that the elusive Mr. Farmer has actually scroded a lot of people. Now some troublemakers (like Robert Sargeant of Alexandria, Va.) have pronounced that our denunciation of Mondo Video is self-serving because the G.G. also sells videos and that by eliminating Farmer we stand to gain more business for ourselves. Well, Mr. Sargeant and others can bark my hole at their convenience because we sell very few of the same titles Farmer offers and would never blow the whistle on anyone without proper proof because, face it, we're all fucking pirates to begin with! To do that would be like one crack dealer phoning the police to turn in another rival dealer. It just doesn't make sense! We're merely trying to alert our network of gorehounds and tape collectors as to a potential fraud, nothing more. If and when Donald Farmer makes full restitution, we'll be the first one to advertise his video service. In the mean time, let's stop all the name-calling and cross accusations, O.K.? A final warning to Mr. Farmer: the Tennessee Better Business Bureau is after your heiny so straighten up and fly right -- send customers the tapes they ordered so publications like the G.G. and Michael Weldon's Psychotronic Video don't have to waste our limited space shaking our fingers at you!

So ends the longest G.G. editorial on record. We've got no less than 31 films that have blown into town since the last few weeks of summer. Let's take a look at what's been around:

**FLATLINERS**- Aging brat-packers do new wave Frankenstein in this plodding, over-blown cutting that plays like a 111 minute MTV video for a gothic death-rock band. Director Joel Schumacher has definitely dimmed the dazzle of his LOST BOYS days as this tale of a quintet of medical students who seek to solve the mysteries of the beyond by killing themselves for short periods of time and then being revived to describe what they've seen is a goreless, talky, preposterous mess. Each succeeding experiment causes the volunteer to come back from death looking like he's just been to a Cure concert while releasing a violent demon onto this dimension created out of that student's strongest personal guilt. Thus we get to see Kiefer Sutherland beaten up repeatedly by a brat whom he accidentally killed as a child and Kevin Bacon tormented by a homely little black girl whom he used to throw rocks at and call nigger, but we don't get to see Julia Robert's tits as when she goes under for the death trip she leaves on her bra, even though all the other male students stripped to the waist before being subjected to the flatlining process, leaving the film an exercise in reverse sexism that a liberal beacon like the G.G. cannot condone!

**EXORCIST III**- Hushed rumors from the set of this epic

incomprehensible, directionless turkeys made by a big-budget studio in recent memory, perhaps even rivaling **EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC** in terms of sheer grandiose embarrassment. When last spring 20th Century Fox executives viewed writer-turned director William Peter Blatty's final cut of the flick, they panicked and immediately ordered certain sections to be completely reshoot. This always spells the death knell for any film, and **EXORCIST III** is no exception as this overlong sequel to the first installment concerns a convoluted plot wherein the soul of Father Karras (killed 15 years ago at the bottom of a pile of stairs after defeating the Devil in I) is possessed by that of a killer who was executed for a string of heinous sex murders and died at the exact same time. Now for some inexplicable reason, this killer is back and continuing his crime spree telekinetically from a state nut house. Scenery-chewing George C. Scott is a cop who was a friend of Karras and also the arresting officer of the murderer a decade and a half ago who is trying to figure out just what the hell is going on in this patchwork slumberthon. He never really does, nor do we, in the f/x-less abomination leaving us to believe that Blatty couldn't direct a circle jerk! Easily one of the worst films released this year!

**WILD AT HEART**- Proof positive that the MPAA uses a double standard when rating major studio releases as opposed to independent efforts; how this 127 minute hi-octane gumbo of violence, explicit sex and general swaminess was awarded an R-rating while flicks like **HENRY** and **FRANKENHOOKER** are slapped with the dreaded X is totally beyond us. All complaining aside, Hollywood's favorite golden boy weirdo whiz kid David Lynch outdoes even his milestone sleaze classic **BLUE VELVET** with this black comedic look at the underbelly of white trash America that plays like a hybrid of **EASY RIDER** meets **EL TOPO** while stopping at **ERV'S B.Y.O. CLUB** for few brews and a blowjob. Any flick that starts off by depicting Nicolas Cage cracking open the skull and spilling the brains of a black man all over the dancehall floor who after he is accused of fucking his girlfriend's mother in a toilet stall in chunkblowing graphic display is alright with us and a certain contender for G.G. Gore Film of the Year. After serving two years in prison for the aforementioned offense, Cage and his girlfriend Lula (steamily portrayed by Laura Dern who must have gotten a nose job since **BLUE VELVET**) hit the road West to start a new life hotly pursued by Lula's mom (**WILD ANGEL**'s own Diane Ladd, who is the ex-Mrs. Dern and Laura's real-life mom) and the thugs she has hired to reclaim her daughter from a "romance made in hell". Along the way, they encounter and recount endless characters like cousin Crispin Glover who enjoys letting live cockroaches crawl around the rim of his anus, Willem Dafoe as a rotten-toothed, woman-debasing bank robber and a mysterious drug dealer known only as Mr. Reindeer who seems always surrounded by a bevy of topless beauties that look like auditionees for the next Russ Meyer outing. All this is framed in a non-stop barrage of steamy bone-dancing, explicit violence, chain-smoking, drinking, puking, sexism and hillbilly hijinx that'll leave most sleaze fans thinking that they've died and gone to heaven. Its hokey **WIZARD OF OZ** finale aside, **WILD AT HEART** is choice quality stuff that is as home on the screen of a poverty-row grindhouse as it is at the stuffy art houses where it was primarily released.

**DELTA FORCE II**- Though getting a bit long in the tooth to be single-handedly quelling Columbian drug cartels, Chuck Norris once again offers up a 105 minute exploitation smorgasbord that'll have even the most liberal viewers won over into his jingo men's club. The entire film is stolen by snake-eyed Billy Drago (**UNTOUCHABLES**, **FREEMAN**, etc.) here depicted as a cocaine tyrant totally out of control: he ruthlessly murders DEA agents and their families, scoffs at the U.S. justice system, kills coca leave-growing peasants while raping their wives and slaughtering their babies with a machete. This guy is so evil, the audience is instantly manipulated into screaming for Norris to kick his ass! Which he eventually does in the final real wherein enough



firepower and combat pyrotechnics are displayed as to help action fans forget they've seen this film a zillion times before. Knowing at last that he's a lousy actor, Norris takes a back seat to the thumping chores, opting instead to flex his pecs and glare sadistically while dispatching the Columbian drug lords and leaving the dialogue to Drago, who is so slimy viewers will involuntarily sneer at him every time he's on screen. Sort of the first legitimate snuff film, DELTA FORCE II utilizes the footage of a helicopter crash wherein five people were really killed during the flick's production back on May 15th, 1989. Why waste the real thing? Special effects are expensive! A half grade higher for such bad taste!

Massa Spike will let his recalcitrant homeboys back into his 40 Acres and a Mule flock after this entertainingly garish fiasco?

B

DARKMAN- Sam Raimi remains the gorehound's sole hope for being the last practicing dementoid not yet tamed by the constraints of Hollywood studio dictates. Here he gives us a wild MTV-styled update of a PHANTOM OF THE OPERA revenge saga wherein scientist Liam Neeson is hideously disfigured by a gang of sadistic thugs (headed up by a surprisingly menacing Larry Drake, the drooling retard from L.A. LAW) who wrongly suspect he is in possession of an incriminating document which outlines a billion dollar real estate swindle. Leaving him for dead, Neeson heals his wounds and invents a formula for synthetic flesh that can enable him to fabricate a life-like mask of anyone, thus assuming their identity. The drawback is that each mask lasts only for 100 minutes before turning to pus, so Neeson sets about getting revenge on each member of the gang in amusing and twist set-ups, while working frantically on a way to permanently restore his own toasted mug. Raimi had to somewhat restrain his EVIL DEAD-styled overblown blood-letting in order to get an R-rating, but he maintains the fast pace and comic book feel of his prior low budget productions, not letting the shadow of DARKMAN's whopping \$11 million price tag sway him from his wacky style. In fact, DARKMAN plays more like a rollicking comic book actioner than this summer's DICK TRACY which strived for that feel but failed miserably. The unpredicted mainstream success of DARKMAN has already spawned plans for a sequel which at press time, Raimi has not yet committed to direct. One of this year's best!

A-

PUMP UP THE VOLUME- A predictable look at the state of 1990's teenage alienation and angst orchestrated by the intolerable Christian Slater, the man who insists on performing the worst Jack Nicholson impersonation in the known universe. If you are sincerely interested in the current climate of adolescent suicide, try a psychology trade journal. If you like cutting edge "pirate style" lewd, immature and obnoxious radio, listen to N.Y.'s Howard Stern. Sleaze fans would be better off staying home pumping their Johnsons than to waste six or seven bucks on PUMP UP THE VOLUME.

D

DEF BY TEMPTATION- After Grand Potentate Spike Lee has finally brought respectability and dignity to the world of black filmmaking, it's great to see some from his own camp split off and dive straight for the world of quick buck exploitative sex and violence fodder and allow the nefarious Trama to release it to boot. The defectors here are Bill Nunn (Radio Raheem from DO THE RIGHT THING) and cameraman Ernest Dickerson (Lee's talented longtime 35mm soul assassin) who team up with some obviously well-heeled mutant geek named James Bond III (with apologies to Ian Fleming) who not only bankrolled, but wrote, produced, directed and insisted on starring in this nifty vampire horror outing that leans heavily on the halcyon days of such blaxploitation classics as ABBY, BLACULA and SUGAR HILL. Bond plays a seminary student questioning his faith while on vacation in N.Y.C. who runs afoul of an alluring black succubus named only the Temptress who horribly mutilates men after lengthy Soul Makossa-styled boning sessions. Fairly gory for an independently-released R-rated film and packed with ample nudity, DEF BY TEMPTATION is stylishly shot by Dickerson, with its minor pacing problems forgiven by the fact that we sadly don't get much of this type of film anymore. Predictably, it died a quick death at the box office and is already available on home video as we go to press. I wonder if

DEATH WARRANT- Originally filmed under the the release title of DUSTED this decidedly little mean-spirited prison potboiler marks a change of direction for Jean Claude Van Damme, the non-acting, self-proclaimed "muscles from Brussels": instead of playing the usual world-class kickboxer, here he gets to portray an undercover cop who knows to kickbox! Wow! With this revelation, and an opening disclaimer where he is purported to be on assignment from Canada (thus explaining his atrocious accent), Mr. V.D. agrees to enter a maximum security U.S. penitentiary as a convict in an attempt to discern why so many prisoners are being murdered by having sharp instruments plunged into the bases of their skulls. Amidst an atmosphere of severe racial hatred, non-stop violence and a constant fear that he'll be fingered as a pig, Jean-Claude learns of a twisted plot hatched in the prison infirmary wherein the healthy organs of prisoners are being "killed to order" by the sick and dying wealthy of the outside world who are ready to pay any price for "donor" parts. Frame this wacky plot in an unending barrage of bloodletting, beating, sadism, sleaze, and murder from director Deran Serafian and DEATH WARRANT emerges one of the best exploitationers released this year and by far the sickest outing Van Damme has ever appeared in. Recommended. A-

HARDWARE- You know that the G.G. staff must be getting old when virtually every element of the genre press, both fan and prozine alike refer to a film as "a post apocalyptic cyberpunk splatter classic" and we sit there scratching our heads wondering just what the hell cyberpunk means and trying to decide if we saw the same film. Originally slapped with an X-rating by the MPAA for explicit violence but later edited by stateside distributor Miramax Films of a whopping 12 seconds for an R, first time British director-writer Richard Stanley offers up this pretentious sci-fi tale of a 3rd rate Mad Max clone who brings the head of a government-spawned population control killer robot to the apartment of his girlfriend (who is a metal sculpture artist) in the hopes that she might be able to use it in a new work and the gift might nail him some poontang to boot. Predictably, the robot soon re-assembles itself and goes on a wild killing spree throughout the building before being thwarted in a TERMINATOR-esque multi-finale ending. The killings, when displayed, are quite grisly, but unfortunately they come too few and far between, leaving the flick with endless passages of interminable tedium which Stanley packs with lobstereque moralism and preachy allegory. As such, HARDWARE is suggested for art-bear gorehounds only. Is there such an animal? Cyberpunk, man...

C+

GRIM PRAIRIE TALES- This truly oddball anthology piece is framed by two old west travelers who are sitting around a desert campfire and telling tales to try to scare the shit out of each other. James Earl Jones plays a neo-neanderthal bounty hunter and Brad Dourif a mild-mannered businessman who weave a quartet of vignettes ranging from the bland (Indians bury a drunken cowpoke alive after he has desecrated one of their graves) to the unbelievably perverse (a witchwoman swallows a good samaritan whole through her vagina after he has fucked her in a great f/x turn). GRIM PRAIRIE TALES sadly played a single week in one of Manhattan's smallest art houses--too bad because it's prime grindhouse fodder despite its artistic aspirations. Keep your eyes peeled for its home video release.

B

I COME IN PEACE- Dolph Lundgren, the poor man's Arnold Schwarzenegger, toplines this nifty, ultraviolent sci-fi splatterthon concerning a maniacal alien who has landed on Earth and begins snuffing drug dealers with razor sharp CD-styled discs. The twist is that after the murders he steals their drugs, and overdoses non-user humans with them as we learn that when straight people O.D. they produce excessive endomorphins in the human brain; this substance being a narcotic to the killer E.T.

who is collecting enough to go back and sell on his home planet. This convoluted plot notwithstanding, director Graig Baxley (ACTION JACKSON) packs I COME IN PEACE with enough bloodletting, spine-snapping, entrail-spewing and general carnage to make it a recommended sleaze sleeper. Originally titled DARK ANGEL, the film did not deserve its dire box office reception. B+

KING OF NEW YORK- A truly ravaged-looking Christopher Walken steals nearly every scene in this violence-drenched nihilistic look at state of the art N.Y.C. cocaine trafficking and gang warfare from the twisted hand of Abel Ferrara (DELLER KILLER, Ms. 45, etc.) that makes the so-called realism of Martin Scorsese's GOODFELLAS look like MR. ROGER'S NEIGHBORHOOD by comparison. Forced into cuts by its initial X-rating for violence, sleaze fans should flock to the few theatres still playing this classic for the roller-coaster ride of the season. B+

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD- Not so much a color remake as a shot-for-shot inferior re-hash of George Romero's 1968 black and white classic, director Tom Savini should take the coke spoon out of his large Italo proboscis and beat a hasty retreat back to the safe confines of his make-up shop where he at least knows his trade as this 89 minute fiasco offers no gore, Ed Wood-styled pathetic acting, plodding pacing and a group of lumbering zombies who appear about as threatening as a busload of mongoloids on a field trip. At one point, Savini spends so much time on detailing the boarding up of the old farmhouse that after about downing 5 smuggled-in beers we wondered if we weren't watching a rerun of THIS OLD HOUSE instead of a horror film. Utterly abysmal and the biggest disappointment of the year! F

MARKED FOR DEATH- Though a few pounds beefier and a couple inches longer in ponytail, Hollywood's newest action gorilla Steven Seagal is back in fine form in this terse tale as an ex-DEA enforcer who runs afoul of a crack-dealing, murdering Jamaican posse who soon mark him and his family for violent deaths. Originally filmed under the title of SCORPION (the name of the crazed leader of the spliff-sucking drug gang) former HAWAIIAN EYE helmer Dwight H. Little packs this nifty 94 minute potboiler with violent brawls, relentless car crashes, bloody voodoo rituals and even a beheading, but sadly wastes the protruding pulchritude of the sultry Joanna Pacula, here cast as a Negro ritual researcher clad constantly in baggy sweaters and never taking anything more off than her thick glasses. This minor complaint aside, MARKED FOR DEATH is the best Seagal outing to date; leaving aging action farts like Norris, Eastwood, et.al. with a wary eye to the unemployment line. B+

THE RETURN OF SUPERFLY- That early 70's fur-wearing, coke dealing, white womanizing, Caucasian-hating badass returns after a hiatus of nearly two decades as a wimped out anti-drug, Ammani-suited, pro-cop, ugly black woman porking douche bag in this no-budget talky rip-off from original director FLY Sig Shore. Obviously Ron O'Neal (the first SUPERFLY) wanted nothing to do with this blasphemy of the macho black supercock legend and refused to return to the role, leaving it instead for some untalented, third-rate Fred Williamson wannabee named Nathan Purdee (or is that Pussy?). RETURN gets half a grade higher due to some nifty squib hijinx, but is recommended for the most indiscriminating of blaxploitation completists only. C-

GRAVEYARD SHIFT- A giant mutant rat dwells within the bowels of a ramshackle textile mill and ventures out periodically to dine on some white trash in this tedious epic adapted from a Stephen King story that may have made an effective 30 minute anthology piece, but in being dragged out to 87 minute feature length is just interminably dull. Some fairly graphic bloodletting and the expected wigged-out performance from Brad Dourif (the hardest-working man in sleaze-he's in 5 of the films reviewed in this issue alone!) make GRAVEYARD SHIFT passable rainy day matinee fare or engaging fodder for

THE ORBITONS- This locally-made, black and white one-hour outing from the warped mind of Hoboken bonthead Chris Frieri is long on extended male macho motorcycle masturbation tracking shots (edit those down, dude!), but still emerges a quirky sci-fi outing concerning a group of aliens who land in an Irvington, N.J. cemetery and begin re-animating corpses for an unexplained plot of world domination. Alternately eerie and campy, ORBITONS plays like a hybrid of CARNIVAL OF SOULS, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE as shot through the camera of Nathan Schiff (remember him?). Top all this with voluptuous femme fatale/blonde bombshell Diva Hasse as the ruthless alien queen who has a penchant for sticking hypodermic needles into Earthman's weens and THE ORBITONS emerges a flawed, but truly sick curio that most fans of the perverse will not want to miss. B (Available for \$14.95 on videocassette from Ghost Limb Films, P.O. Box 3066, Hoboken, N.J. 07030. Tell 'em the G.G. sent you.)

THE RAIN KILLER- Roger Corman's Concorde Releasing is handling this abysmal low-budget slasher pick-up about a psychotic killer who offs wealthy, middle-aged, former heroin-addicted women only during those infrequent nights of Los Angeles rainfall. So what? More power to him! D

SONNY BOY- After one week of being lambasted by mainstream reviewers for handling a film in such bad taste, Columbia Pictures' Epic Releasing withdrew this flick from the market and severed their distribution deal with Ovidio Assonitis (BEYOND THE DOOR, PIRANHA II), the movie's producer. It's too bad, because this indescribably ill film is hot in the running for the 1990 G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR award. To be brief, SONNY BOY is concerned with a psychotic, white trash hillbilly homosexual clan who kidnap a baby boy, cut out its tongue and tortures it relentlessly until at age 17 he is unleashed a blood-drinking human killing machine dispatched to slaughter his perverted family's foes. Paul L. Smith (PIECES, MIDNIGHT EXPRESS), Brad Dourif (again!), Sydney Lassie (CUCOO'S NEST) and David Carradine comprise the fag foursome with one knockout embellishment: Carradine (who portrays SONNY BOY's mother) plays the entire film in drag, wearing cocktail dresses, long black wigs and panty hose throughout this sick gem's 98 minutes running time! Though a bit corny at times, this mutated exercise in perversion, violence and child abuse must be seen to be believed. If not one of the best, SONNY BOY is without a doubt the most original film the G.G. staff has ever seen! A+

FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND- Supposedly cut by 20th Century FOX execs of nearly 20 minutes running time, Roger Corman's much-ballyhooed return to the directorial reigns (he hadn't directed since 1971's VON RICHTOFEN AND BROWN) depicts a shaky sci-fi/gothic horror/gore hybrid that narrowly squeaks by in acceptability. Based on Brian Aldiss's 1974 novel, UNBOUND spins the tale of a futuristic 2031 mad scientist (portrayed by a limp-wristed, scenery-chewing John Hurt) whose time slip experiments whisk him back to 1817 Switzerland where he meets a wacky Raul Julia as Dr. Frankenstein who has already created and unleashed his monster on the village populus. As a saccharine sideline, Hurt meets and becomes enamored of young Mary Shelly (who has yet to write her famous novel) and her group of rich reprobate friends Lord Byron and Percy Shelly. Corman packs the flick with ample gore murders and sufficient nudity (the lovely Bridget Fonda's bared hooters had me popping a rod), but the Frankenstein monster make-up and overall special effects are strictly of the bargain basement variety. Gorehounds can amuse themselves by playing count the anachronisms during FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND's numerous non-action stretches of tedium--no mean feat for a film that runs only 82 minutes! Over all bit of a disappointment... B-

Thus covers somewhat in depth looks at most of the major stuff that's been around since we last published. Due to

brought about by a lengthy plug/retraction/apology column (see last page), our own ads for hawking a bumper crop of new rare videos and the cataclysmic G.G. 10th Anniversary Commemorative T-shirt offer, we're forced to limit the following items to less than capsule comments. Sorry...

**JACOB'S LADDER**- Older sleaze fans who have taken massive amounts of LSD in the halcyon days of the late 60's and 70's will understand this convoluted psychological thriller concerning a young man who A) may be having harrowing horrific hallucinations due to an experimental drug secretly administered to his platoon during the Vietnam war, B) is really dead and is trying to get to heaven or C) listend to too many Vanilla Fudge albums and is now paying the price. Those who haven't should stay away, as Adrian Lyne's reported \$40 million megabudgeter doesn't make a fuck of a lot of sense. Some glimpses of repellent gore, but ultimately incomprehensible and overlong. B-

**GOODFELLAS**- Goodviolence, goodacting, goodnudity, goodprofane dialogue, goodScorsese-direction, and goodrealism, but KING OF NEW YORK is 10 times better and was lost in the shadows due to the glitz surrounding this megahit. A sour grapes grade B

**HOT SPOT**- Dennis Hopper directs Don Johnson, Virginia Madsen and Jennifer Connelly (former Dario Argento meggot model from CREEPERS) in this spicy concoction of sordid sex, blackmail and murder that attempts to out-Lynch David by delving into the sleazy underbelly of small town America. And sleaze fans finally get to see a grown-up Jennifer Connelly completely naked to boot! (When HOT

SPOT is finally released to homevideo, I know I'll be jerking off all over myself--what about you?) B+

**FULL FATHOM FIVE**- Though we missed this Roger Corman-released Grade Z imitation of THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER during its miniscule N.Y. theatrical release last September, three attempts to watch it a month later after its homevideo release resulted in instnat trips to dreamland before 15 minutes of the clunker had played. 3 strikes and you're out, right? Caveat emptor... ?

**STREET HUNTER**- This excellent blaxploitation outing from the producer of the 1970's classic JOE recalls the same wild spirit of that period as AMERICAN NINJA second banana Steve James here stars as a SHAFT-styled bounty hunter forced to wage war against an Hispanic drug gang and their crazed hire mercenary, Rob Brown, who is intent on blowing away nearly every member of the N.Y.P.D. as well as all rival coke dealers. Ample nudity, graphic bloodletting, and gun battles that actually splatter meat in every direction make STREET HUNTER a dark horse winner in a year that has been increasingly devoid of violence. Highly recommended. B+

**GUNZ**- Yet another picturesque titathon from Andy Sidaris, the hardest working man in sexploitation now that Russ Meyer has seemed to have retired. Once again reuniting the characters of MALIBU EXPRESS for a fifth go around, GUNZ concerns an evil, alcohol-bloated Erik Estrada who is illegally running hi-tech weaponry from China to South America, using Hawaii as a refuelling base. There, of course, he runs afoul of DEA operative Dona Spier and her gang of karate-kicking, titan-titted beauties who seek to stop him. Not as much bare breast meat is displayed here as in previous Sidaris outings, with the rib flaps of Dona Spier obviously succumbing to the pull of gravity (read S-A-G-G-Y) over the years. The violence is on key, however, and Andy should concern himself with finding some fresher meat for his next romp. B-

**HENRY AND JUNE**- Reviewed here merely because it is the first film to receive the MPAA's new NC-17 rating, this 136 minute recounting of the forbidden love affair between writers Henry Miller and Anais Nin in the Paris of the early 30's reveals that the new rating allows men's naked hairy butts to be shown as well as lesbian trysts, simulated clit-licking and the female public patch. But no erect schlongs (sorry, girls...) And we still don't know how this new rating will deal with graphic bloodletting and entrail-munching. B-

**THE KRAYS**- Extremely violent account of the real-life Kray twins who held sway over the gangland mobs of London from the mid 1950's to the late 60's. Ex-Spandau Ballet felchers Gary and Martin Kemp portray the brothers in true sardonic style, chronicalling how their mother's early psychosexual warping fostered their later love of sadistic maiming and torture. Some sequences of graphic gay romancing might be too much for homophobic gorehounds, but in total THE KRAYS is well worth a trip to the art house to catch. B

Presently unspooling at theatres everywhere as we go to press, here's a few words on some major genre releases that should be around through the Xmas holidays:

**CHILD'S PLAY II** - A rare instance where the sequel outshines an original, CHILD'S PLAY II succeeds on the merits of Don Mancini's hilariously irreverent screenplay and f/x master Kevin Yagher's unbelievable Chucky pyrotechnics. Picking up where the original left off, the killer doll is re-built at the toy factory where, through a series of homicidal events, he escapes to once again stalk and reclaim the soul of Alex Vincent who alone knows his satanic secret. Fairly gory and carried along at a brisk pace by director John Lafia, CHILD'S PLAY II works extremely well if only for the fact that it is funny as hell to see a 3 ft. tall doll say: "Eat me, you dick" and flip the bird. A-



**MYSTERY PHOTO SPECIAL: THE FIRST 10 READERS TO CORRECTLY IDENTIFY THE TITLE OF THE FILM THAT FEATURES THE HEAD-MASHED PIZZA FACE DEPICTED ABOVE WILL WIN ONE OF OUR SNAPPY G.G. COMMEMORATIVE TEES. THIS IS A REALLY TOUGH ONE & THE ONLY HINT WE'LL GIVE IS THAT IT HAS NOT YET BEEN RELEASED TO THE N.Y. METRO AREA. GOOD LUCK!**



AN EXCLUSIVE BEHIND-THE-SCENES SHOT OF VOLATILE DIRECTOR SPIKE LEE THROWING A TANTRUM ON THE SET OF HIS NEW FEATURE JUNGLE FEVER ? NOPE, JUST A SHOT OF THE KILLER PRIMATE FROM SHAKMA, A NEW HORROR OUTING SCHEDULED TO HIT THE NYC AREA AROUND THE FIRST OF THE YEAR !

**WARLOCK**- Slated for a N.Y. release around the first of this coming year, this left over from the bankrupted days of New World Pictures was actually made back in 1988 and concerns an evil warlock, sentenced to death on 1688, who is saved by being whisked into present day L.A. by Satan where he is then forced to do his evil bidding. Looking a lot like a Charles Band quickie from the Empire days, **WARLOCK** is pretty lame and bloodless, save for a scene where the titular demon bites out a homo's tongue during a french kiss and spits it into a frying omelette! Recommended for gorenets only... C+

**PREDATOR 2**- Really blew! (Sorry to be so juvenile, but we're just plumb out of space) C

**PLUGS/RETRACTIONS/APOLOGIES**- Thanks to Kevin Clement of Chiller Theatre Video and his partner Charlie for making BORRORTHON '90 one of the most entertaining horror conventions we've been to in quite a long time. Your old reverend served as the master of ceremonies for a two-day blow-out featuring the aging but sultry Dyanne "Ilsa" Thorne, famed NY TV horror host Zacharie (one of the nicest guys we've known over the years), and the mincing, but amusing Jonathan Harris from LOST IN SPACE. As expected Tom Savini, scheduled to appear, pulled his usual disappearing act and didn't show, but was probably in a coke-hazed state of mourning after the trouncing the critics gave his awful NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. Let's hope Kevin & Co. make this an annual event..... Mark Berman, proprietor of Montclair, N.J.'s Middle Earth book store, was last labelled "a ball-less simpleton" in G.G. #101 after refusing to distribute our 'zine now gets the joke and welcomes the G.G. into his shop with open arms. We've smoked the peace pipe, so please patronize the dude!.....Over two years ago, we singled out Ed X.

Young of Middletown, N.J. as a scurrilous scumbag who received six free years of G.G. subs until our computer subscription system was implemented and nailed his testes to the wall. Ed wants everyone to know that since being caught, he has paid for and renewed his subscription faithfully every year. Hope you sleep better, my friend..... Steve Puchalski, Rochester's resident bad seed and the brains behind the brilliant, but defunct SLIMETIME fanzine has moved to Brooklyn and is back with an even better publication called SHOCK CINEMA. Done much in the same irreverent spirit as SLIMETIME, SHOCK is one of the only 'zines around to give the G.G. a run for its money. Write to Steve at 309 5th Ave., Box 446 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215 for subscription info.....One of the most ardent supporters of the G.G. in this past summer's battle with the Village Voice was Dan Taylor, whose excellent EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT 'zine has been glaringly overlooked by the G.G. over the past few years. With their motto being "we're putting the sin back in cinema", how can you go wrong? Write to Dan at P.O. Box 1428, Delran, N.J. 08075 for subscription information.

**T-SHIRT OFFER**- To commemorate our 10th Anniversary, we've whipped up a special T-shirt featuring our Barry Brandon-designed logo on the front and our new motto for the 90's emblazoned on the back that is modeled for your inspection by the strumpet depicted elsewhere on this page. Needless to say, sporting a trendy designer frock such as this is certain to get you laid and/or kicked out of class, whatever the case may be. We've only silkscreened up a limited supply, so be the first one on your block to outrage the neighbors and send off a measly \$12.00 (plus \$1.00 postage) to the G.G., 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Be sure to specify your choice of size: Adult M. L. or XL only. All orders received by



**SULTRY HIGH PRIESTESS SANDRA DISPLAYS OUR SNAZZY NEW G.G. 10TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE T-SHIRT WITH BLOOD-RED LOGO. ABSOLUTELY 100% GUARANTEED: YOU WILL GET LAID BY WEARING THIS GARMENT!** (Note to pervs- This is not a scratch & sniff picture.....)

Dec. 15 will be guaranteed to arrive by Xmas for gift giving. Don't miss out - order today!

**RARE VIDEOS-** With all this talk concerning the impending recession and the rising prices of virtually everything, the G.G. staff has decided to take a bold step and reduce the prices of all videos that we are selling. Effective Dec 1, 1990, all titles, both new and old are available to G.G. readers for the paltry price of only \$14.95. Also, we've upgraded our duping equipment to state-of-the-art (hell, if we're going to be pirates, we might as well do it right!) and will now make all copies on high-grade tapes! How can you go wrong? Here's this month's newest additions to our rapidly growing library of sleaze that you'll not want to miss:

• **THE DEAD COME HOME-** An independently-made zombieathon inspired by The Evil Dead that has still not yet landed a distributor. X-rated gore (see our review in G.G. #101) and definitely not a amateur production.

• **BRIDE OF THE RE-ANIMATOR-** The completely uncut version of the sequel to Stewart Gordon's 1985 classic that as yet has no plans for a theatrical or video release. We're going way out on a limb offering up this gem, so order soon or we may be sending your copy from the confines of Rahway State Prison.

• **BLJO NO HARAMATA (GUTS OF A VIRGIN)-** This 1985 chunkblowing atrocity directed by some madman named only Gaira is completely in Japanese, but is so full of rape, sadistic torture and disembowelment that it makes Last House On The Left look like a PG-13 outing. Truly repellent, and recommended only to those who are strong of stomach. Your money refunded if not satisfied!

• **IT CAME FROM THE GRINDHOUSE BASEMENT-** By popular demand, the G.G. staff has once again compiled a feature-length trailer tape made up of horror and exploitation coming attractions found in the basement of a permanently-closed urban grindhouse. Spanning the period of 1956-1971, we don't even have to name any titles to know that you'll enjoy this program! All new!

• **LES DEMONIAES-** The rarest of Jean Rollin's splatter-erotic classics, this 1973 sickie features a duo of shipwrecked twins, who after being raped and killed by a gang of pirate plunderers, return for revenge in demonic succubus fashion. Gore, depravity and enough nudity to use as stroke fodder for these upcoming cold winter nights.

• **JUST FOR THE BELL OF IT!** One of the most requested of H.G. Lewis rarities, this 1968 tale of nihilistic teenage gang rampage predated the punk movement by almost a decade and is ineptly acted to boot! Enough violence and bloodletting to satisfy even the most jaded gorehound, this title is a must for any collection!

All tapes are available in either VHS or BETA format and are now only \$14.95 each (plus \$2.50 for postage and handling). Send checks, money orders or good old Yankee dollars to the G.G., c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Order today, we don't know how long we'll be able to keep these recession-busting prices down!



**IF GOREHOUNDS CAN TAKE THEIR EYES OFF OUR MODEL'S INVITING RUMP, YOU'LL NOTICE THE BACK OF THE SHIRT IS EMBLAZONED WITH THE G.G.'S NEW SLOGAN FOR THE 90'S: "10 FUCKING YEARS & STILL MAKING ENEMIES." DON'T WAIT! SEND OFF YOUR MEASLY 12 CLAMS TODAY -- SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED!!!!**





**GORGE GAZETTE****\$1.00** | Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area | **No.104****GIANT SMORGASBORD  
EDITION:****BUSH COMES THROUGH, VACATION PLANS  
FIZZLE, G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR & MORE !**

**PROOF POSITIVE THAT YOUR HUMBLE EDITOR HAD A MEETING OF THE MINDS (ADMITTEDLY WE'RE BOTH HALF-WITS!!!) LAST SEPTEMBER IN TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA WITH OUR COUNTRY'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE. DURING A BRIEF CHAT, BUSH ADMITTED TO HAVING BEEN A FAN OF THE G.G. FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW AND HAD IN FACT SUBSCRIBED UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF MIKE HUNT. WE KNOCKED BACK A FEW, AND THEN GEORGE CAST HIS VOTE FOR FRANK HENNENLOTTER'S FRANKENHOOKER AS G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR. (UNFORTUNATELY IT DIDN'T WIN.) UPON RECEIVING THIS PHOTOGRAPH, WE WERE SHOCKED TO DISCOVER THAT THE PRESIDENT HAS A PENCHANT FOR CHILD MOLESTING. (JUST LOOK AT THE POSITION OF HIS RIGHT HAND!) OH WELL, WE ALL HAVE SOME SKELETONS IN OUR CLOSETS.....**

It certainly was wise not to hold up last issue's giant 10th Anniversary Spectacular waiting for the White House photographer's office to send out the official picture of your editor's apocryphal meeting with ol' George Bush last September. As we continued to wait throughout the first three months of 1991 for the photo to no avail, we finally were set to go to press here in the first week of April with this extremely tardy issue #104 containing a wimpy explanation about how the White House shutterbug's office was not returning our phone calls; thus anticipating a deluge of mail from the large majority of readers who didn't believe our admittedly tall tale in the first place. As this was tearfully written, in and behold the pic pepped up in our mailbox just as our cover was being layed out adorned with a fairly tame shot from the 1990 G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR award winner (see elsewhere in this editorial).

You now hold in your hands a hastily re-scrawled intro to what is probably the latest edition of the G.G. in our publishing history. Why are we going through this tedious explanation? To ween out with another lame excuse as to why the G.G. is so tardy of course: It wasn't our fault, this edition was set to roll weeks ago! Angry G.G. subscribers can vent their wrath to that Iraqi ass-kicking, non-broccoli eating, bug-eyed wife-fucking President whose office took a full 7 months to fork over a photo that I'd already shelled out forty bucks for. Gorehounds should write 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington D.C. with your virulent complaints and expect to have an extensive Secret Service dossier compiled on them. What can you lose? If you are a mail-order subscriber, your character is already besmirched for life as we have fairly concrete evidence that the G.G. is monitored extensively by the governmental powers that be... Anyway, in line with last month's editorial, we must now publish the first apology/retraction ever in the pages of the G.G.. Throughout our decade-long publishing career we've called zillions of people assholes, sperm-burpers, con-artists, sleaze-bags, felchers and other assorted monikers that readers have come to accept as our journalistic style. However, when last issue we referred to a Florida congressman's nubile 29 year-old wife as "a gold-digging, opportunist slut", the shit really hit the fan. Hurling threats running the gamut from a libel lawsuit to outright bodily injury, the family of said wife did not see the humor in our breezily-concocted Bush anecdote and demanded a formal retraction. Upon re-reading last edition's editorial, perhaps we were a little rough on the blonde bimbo, and not wanting to incur the ire of any backwoods Florida rednecks, the G.G. staff and myself personally would like to humbly apologize for this ruthless character attack on a woman who did nothing to deserve the debasing verbal affront she received in issue #103's pages. As explained before, the G.G.'s brand of irreverent humor is not for everyone's tastes (as is evidenced by the extensive roster of enemies we've accumulated over the years), but our intent is never to hurt anyone; just to review relevant genre flicks and to have as much fun as we possibly can while doing it. Perhaps if those who have been offended just thought of the G.G. as the Don Rickles of fanzines, it would put our rantings in the proper perspective. (After all, we're getting to be as old as that crusty old comedic turd!) Again, sincere apologies to the wife and family of Fla. Congressman Bill Grant--we truly meant no harm. (Now put down that shotgun, will ya' Zeke?)..... As explained above, the votes have all been tallied for the coveted G.G. Film of the Year Award for 1990. It was a close race in a year that saw many contenders, with Frank Hennenlotter's two classics from last year (FRANKENHOOKER and BASKET CASE II) running neck-in-neck with such bigbudget gut-churning extravaganzas as Sam Raimi's DARKMAN, David Lynch's WILD AT HEART and Paul Verhoeven's TOTAL RECALL. Even flicks that received less than across the board accolades from genre critics like CHILD'S PLAY II and the MPAA emasculated TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE III received strong shows of support, but in the end the dark horse favorite that eked out the most number of votes was Ovidio Assonitis' SONNY BOY, a truly depraved exercise in violence, homosexuality and child abuse that was pulled out of release by Columbia Pictures' Epic Releasing distribution arm after being thoroughly trashed in the mainstream press by outraged N.Y. critics. For those who have not had a chance to catch it, the flick is concerned with a psychotic white trash hillbilly clan of homes who kidnap a baby boy, cut out his tongue at age 4, feed him live chickens and torture him relentlessly until at age 17 he is unleashed as a savage, neo-human, blood-drinking killing machine dispatched to slaughter his felching family's foes. David Carradine must have been strung out on some bender during the filming of this one, as he plays SONNY BOY's mother throughout the film's entire running time completely in drag! Just to bust balls, we phoned out to Epic Releasing's Corporate offices in Hollywood to inform them of SONNY BOY's winning our coveted award. After

being squirmed to five nervous executives who all invariably squirmed when informed of winning the dubious honor, we were finally transferred to a Ms. Deborah Stein, head of Epic publicity, who curtly informed us that we were in error and that SONNY BOY was not their company's release. When we insisted that we were looking at the poster for the film and that it did, indeed, list their company as the distributor, Ms. Stein promptly hung up on us! Any film that is so sick that its own distributor denies knowledge of handling it has just got to be a must-see for G.G. readers and we salute the infamous pasta-man Ovidio Assonitis' SONNY BOY for expanding the parameters of bad taste. Way to go... While on the subject of telephone hijinx, it is worth noting that for the fourth annual January, the G.G. staff and their peers took the entire month off from drinking, substance abusing and even ejaculating (that's a tough one!) to re-charge our constitution, take a rest and make bets on who has become an alcoholic over the preceeding year and will not be able to adhere to the strict fast. Much like Jesus' 40-day sabbatical in the desert, having nothing to do for 31 days while cleansing our systems helped us to think of a number of dirty tricks to pull on industry figures under the guise of harmless April Fool's Day pranks. So, on April 1st, we looked through our files of various publicists' interview offers (due to the homevideo glut, companies are so hungry for any kind of publicity that they'll even talk to us!), grabbed a couple cases of lager, placed the phone in a comfortable position and proceeded to have fun! The first telephone interview we arranged was with Tobe Hooper, the former pioneering genius behind the original TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE who, sadly, over the past decade and a half has descended into a talentless hack of the first order. In fact, we were surprised at how soon he called back after we promised his publicist that we'd give a rave review to his newest direct-to-video clunker SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION:

G.G.: Tobe, dude, this is quite an honor to be speaking to the director of one of our favorite films of all time!

T.H.: Which one is that?

G.G.: Get real!

T.H.: What?

G.G.: Oh, nothing! Say, have you ever paid all those people back who claim you ripped them off on the TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE profits? Ed Neal and Kim Henkel still claim you scroded them royally...

T.H.: I thought this interview was supposed to be about SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION (getting angry)

G.G.: Oh, right, sorry... Why did the film get released directly to video?

T.H.: It didn't--it had a regular theatrical run through many parts of the country.

G.G.: Like where, Bumfuck, Arkansas?

T.H.: What? (Really pissed)

G.G.: Tobe, why do you think all of your films have sucked so bad for the past 15 years?

CLICK

Next, we contacted Bill Block, the publicist for John Waters, who was doing interviews to promote the video release of CRYBABY, his insipid PG-rated paean to juvenile delinquent flicks of 1950's. The publicist called back and politely informed us that Mr. Waters was only granting personal interviews to professional magazines. We then queried Mr. Block if we could ask him a few questions about John. Unfortunately for him, he agreed:

G.G.: O.K., the tapes rolling. This has nothing to do with our questions, but by any chance are you a baseball fan? (Stifled giggling)

B.B.: (Confused) Yes, I am... Why?

G.G.: Well, we're pretty young here at the G.G., and we're trying to remember the name of the N.Y. Yankees catcher who died in a plane crash in the late 1970's...

B.B.: (Confident) That was Thurman Munson.

G.G.: Oh right--thanks a lot! Sorry to bother you. Now our first question about John... Who do you think got hit in the chin with more balls: Thurman Munson or John Waters?

CLICK

For the last prank call of our April Fool's debacle, I disguised my voice to sound like a high school student, called the offices of Fangoria Magazine and explained that I was the editor of my school newspaper and I would like permission to interview Tony Tampo (oops!) Timpone since I felt that FANGORIA was the "greatest horror movie



**LEFT TO RIGHT: PAUL SMITH (PIECES, JUNGLE WARRIORS, ETC.), A TOTALLY IN-DRAG DAVID CARRADINE AND AN UNIDENTIFIED HILLBILLY IN-BREED MUTANT COMPRISE THE STARRING CAST OF SONNY BOY, WINNER OF THE COVETED G.G FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD FOR 1990. THE FILM (SEE OUR EDITORIAL) WAS SO SICK THAT EVEN ITS DISTRIBUTOR EPIC RELEASING HAS DENIED RESPONSIBILITY FOR RELEASING IT!! A CLASSIC!!!!!!**

magazine ever published." Much to our delight, Timpone got right on the horn:

G.G.: Is this Tony Timpone?  
T.T.: Yes it is!  
G.G.: Oh, this is quite an honor, sir--I'm a little nervous. You're so cool...  
T.T.: Take your time.  
G.G.: Um, how did you first get into monster movies?  
T.T.: Let's see...I first started by watching the great Universal monster classics of the 30's and 40's on television and then...(rambles on like a self-indulgent idiot for at least four minutes while I make the G.G. staff crack up by feigning masturbatory hand signals and imitating the pompous T.T.)  
G.G.: I saw you last summer on the Morton Downey Show--you were great and defended yourself well.  
T.T.: Thank you, I thought I held my own.  
G.G.: Hold your own what?  
T.T.: Excuse me?  
G.G.: Nothing...Anyway, do you read any of the horror fanzines currently being published?  
T.T.: I try to yes.  
G.G.: What are some of your favorites?  
T.T.: I must say that I'm partial to Scarea-

phanalia even though Michael Gingold works here Michael Weldon's Psychotronic Video is very good, Steve Puchalski's Slimetime was excellent. I believe he's stopped publishing, though.

G.G.: Do you ever read the Gore Gazette?

T.T.: Not really--Rick Sullivan is a little extreme and out there. Plus, he's said some very unkind things about Fangoria and me personally in his little newsletter.

G.G.: Yeah, I think Sullivan's a real asshole, too!

T.T.: Many people do...

G.G.: Anyway, besides your love for horror films, do you have any outside hobbies?

T.T.: Sure...I play tennis and I enjoy traveling. I like listening to music as well as reading.

G.G.: What about gerballing?

T.T.: What's that? (suspicious)

G.G.: Is it true you once asked Clive Barker if you could blow him at a Fangoria convention?

T.T.: Who is this? (outraged)

G.G.: Do you deny the fact that you were once arrested for sniffing little girl's bicycle seats?

CLICK

So chronicles the highlights from one of the most enjoyable April Fool's Days in recent memory. A good rule of thumb to remember is that if the G.G. ever calls to ask you to do a telephone interview---Just Say No!...We've received a tremendous amount of mail lauding us on our firm denunciation of various mail-order video fraud-meisters operating out there to fleece uninformed gore-hounds out of their hard-earned dinero. In fact, the response has been so great that with this issue we are establishing a "Goredom's Most Wanted" hitlist department where we will blow the whistle on the many scumbags out there who give us quasi-reputable video pirates a bad name. Not wanting to act as unevidenced witchfinder generals, we will only feature a scurrilous scumbag in Goredom's Most Wanted if we receive 10 or more well-documented complaints on the same individual and that party does not respond to our numerous attempts to contact him to elicit a statement in his own defense. (So don't bother sending in the names of your older brother, boss or the guy that you just discovered was boning your girlfriend, O.K.?) Anyway, the latest piece of societal dreck to fit these guidelines is none other than Chicago's own Michael Flores, publisher of the It's Only A Movie fanzine and president of the Psychotronic Film Society. We have been in receipt of tons of letters from irate customers who have ordered both videotapes, subscriptions and even T-shirts from Flores and received nothing. In all cases their checks were cashed and their numerous letters of complaint unanswered. Already denounced in print by the ubiquitous Factsheet Five, the G.G. had a run-in years ago with Flores when we discovered that he was buying our personally-compiled trailer compilation tapes, re-titling them and advertising them for sale as "Psychotronic Film Society Trailer Compilations". Not to be confused with the always-above-board (for mail orders anyway) Michael Weldon's Psychotronic Video zine, here are a few quotes from irate scrodoes of Michael Flores' inappropriatus business practices.

"Flores is feces personified" -K.P., Flushing, NY

"Flores is scary, man. I met this dweeb at a convention and I'd let Lemmy Kilminster buttfuck me before I'd even share a beer with that dude."-B.F., Chicago, IL

"Flores is a thieving, rip-off douche bag" -D.G. Los Angeles, CA

"A goddamnmotherfuckingshitasscocksuckingdicklick-ingpussywhippedsonofabitch ripoff artist" W.T. Faith, N.C.

Pretty strong sentiments, indeed, and gorehounds are advised to steer clear of this newly-exposed infidel. On a personal vendetta, we'd like to express our personal displeasure with Dominic Salemi, co-editor of Charles Kilgore's excellent ECCO fanzine. In a feature article on ECCO in Washington D.C.'s City Paper, Salemi states that ECCO is "Nothing like Rick Sullivan's Gore Gazette. That zine appeals to kids with psychosexual problems and talks about how much beer they drank, how much sex they had and how they saw this sick movie, man..." Well, Mr. Salemi is certainly entitled to his opinions on the G.G., but we are extremely puzzled as to why in December of 1989 he hired the Rt. Reverend to come down to Virginia and officiate at the wedding ceremony of himself and his lovely wife Sandy. Did you have psychosexual problems back then? I know you drank a lot of beer that night...Not having as much sex as you used to? What's with the severe two-faced act in print, Dom? The G.G. always considered you a friend...Anyway, enough of the rambling, let's get to our review section that is taking on a decidedly different format for this issue only: After over a decade of publishing and incessant requests from readers begging us to accept contributions and review submissions, we decided to take a "vacation" for one issue and let G.G. readers submit their own reviews. This seemed like a good idea on paper, and we sent out rather rude form letters to a dozen or so readers who had expressed interest in becoming part of the G.G. family in the past. Offering no remuneration whatsoever, but promising that if they were selected to be published they'd receive instant fame and probably get more pussy than Frank Sinatra, we compiled a list of the 32 films that we needed reviews for this issue and sat back to wait, chuckling amongst ourselves that this would probably be the easiest G.G. to crank out to date. The response was overwhelming but to our chagrin, all of the contributors reviewed most of the same movies (the mainstream big-budget general releases), leaving us with multi reviews of only 10 films and the task of still writing on nearly two dozen epics that breezed through the N.Y. metro area since the Xmas months. So much for

leaving the G.G. staff to sadly wonder if we're the only ones out there actually seeking out and sitting through this elusive shit...Does anyone really care about the deceptive ad campaign surrounding the South of the Border action epic HANG FIRE or whether or not Roger Corman's minuscule-budgeted DUNE WARRIOR is worth your 6 hard-earned bucks? Please let us know. Anyway, a sincere thank you to all those who contributed--as explained before, if you don't see your review in print, it's not that it sucked (although maybe it did), it's just that we got so many reviews of the same films, it was just impossible to use them all. And to those who bugged us for years and did not respond, we bellow out a firm "fuck you!"--you'll get a second chance around issue #200! So much for all this rambling, let's let our guest reviewers take a look at the films that have been around:

MISERY- Romantic novelist Paul Sheldon, underplayed by an exhausted-looking James Caan, wipes out in an auto accident on a snowbound road. His number one fan, ex-nurse and part time mass murderer, Annie Wilkes, crowbars Paul from the wreckage, and drives the near-dead author back to her isolated, rural home. The man is disconcerted to find out that Annie had actually been following him prior to the crash. She now wishes to make him the prime attraction of her prized Sheldon collection. After hooking Paul on an addictive pain killer she'd prescribed for his shattered legs, Annie demands that Sheldon write one final romantic novel just for her...or else. Directing from a William Goldman script, Rob Reiner focuses most of MISERY's 108 min. running time on the war of wits that develop between and increasingly desperate Sheldon and his cunning, if homicidal audience of one. He tones down much of the EC comics gore that bubbled through the Stephen King source novel but manages to trigger the audience's gag reflex when Annie sledgehammers the defiant author's legs to hash with a few painful blows from a sledgehammer. The innovative use of a typewriter as an assault weapon is carried over faithfully from book to movie. Author phobias such as writer's block, over-zealous fans, and a sense of artistic impotence crop up within MISERY, burdening faint-hearted theater patrons with an even greater sense of claustrophobia. Kathy Bates delivers an entertaining performance as Annie; by turns she acts kindly, somber and murderous. MISERY should be seen by those filmgoers who believe it will be as wholesome as Reiner's previous King adaptation, 1986's STAND BY ME. -Jeff Segal B

(Ed. note: For the most part, we agree with Jeff's opinion. Since submitting this review, of course, Kathy Bates has gone on to snatch up an Oscar for Best Actress, a rare occurrence for a horror performance that hopefully will not set the trend for bloated, smelly, fat, ugly chicks to be considered chic in 1991...)

THE ROOKIE- Hey, didn't Clint Eastwood, Raul Julia, Sonya Braga, and Charlie Sheen make good movies at one time? (Well, maybe not Sheen.) Eastwood should know better than to churn out yet another "by the numbers" buddy cop movie. Sheen plays the titular character who became a cop because being the son of a multi-millionaire was too boring (feel sorry for ya, pal). Clint's the grizzled veteran who doesn't want a yuppie partner, but the two bond as they hunt down auto thieves Julia and Braga. There's nothing new in this action flick; just a revision of every other film of its type. Eastwood's Nick Polonski character is basically a Dirty Harry clone and Sheen plays himself, an insufferable egomaniacal twit. There's little action and less intelligence in this opus, but miscasting of the year honors go to Julia and Braga (who epitomize the typecast of hispanic) as here they play thick-accented Germans! The only thing of interest in the entire flick is the fact that Julia's seaside house has to be the same set used in LETHAL WEAPON I & II and INTERNAL AFFAIRS. (Ed. Note: What are you Anthony, some sort of Major League interior decorator?) THE ROOKIE redeems itself slightly with a bizarre sequence where Braga rapes Eastwood(!) and some unintentional hilarity during the final chase scene at an airport in which Julia runs up an underground luggage ramp to emerge out of the conveyor belt entrance with guns blazing to terrorize innocent baggage claimers. Clint: Go make another Western. Raul and Sonia: go back to art films. Sheen: GO AWAY! -Anthony Perticaro C-

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS- The film was cute as a fairy tale or morality play or whatever, but it could have greatly benefitted from the addition of subjects such as cannibalism, necrophilia, schizophrenia, serial killing and graphic nudity. I feel that these topics would improve any film. One suspects that the character of Edward Scissorhands would have been much more effective as a malevolent automaton ala "THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN or THE

"Creatures to be pitied -- creatures to be despised!" as Criswell once so astutely commented. I personally would have preferred to have seen Vincent Price hacked to death by an ungrateful Edward. Images of the definitive "Slice & Dice-O-Rama" run furtively past my fevered brow as I contemplate the vile possibilities of this scenario. Tim Burton blew a great opportunity. Now I like Winona Ryder, but that doesn't mean that I wouldn't have preferred to see her hacked to bits by an impatient Edward. This wouldn't have been any more ghastly than portraying her past roles of Cher's daughter or working with Robert Downey Jr. Needless to say, I found it rather disappointing. Great costume, though. Perhaps someday, Tim Burton will direct a movie similar to THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN wherein he combines all the monstrous characters from his previous films into one huge Creature-thon. Imagine Scissorhands locked in deadly Godzilla-like combat with Pee Wee Herman, Beetlejuice and Batman. Pee Wee would probably win. -Vic Stanley C

(Ed. Note: We'd never waste our limited space by printing two reviews of the same flick, but the following submission was too sophomoric to pass up!)

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS... Takes nine showers a day because he's afraid to wipe his ass. -A. Perticaro C

(Ed. Note: The future Leonard Maltin?)

LIONHEART - Poor Jean Claude Van Damme. He definitely has the potential to be a major action star, but his films can't seem to hold their box office strength. Sadly, LIONHEART is his weakest outing yet. After his brother is burned alive at the film's outset during a drug deal (a really sick opening sequence which culminates in close-ups of the bloated, burned corpse on the operating table!), VD goes A.W.O.L. (Ed. Note: A.W.O.L. was the film's original shooting title before being switched to WRONG BET and finally landing its corny medieval moniker) from the Foreign Legion so he can be by the side of his newly-widowed and destitute sister-in-law and her daughter. To get to them in L.A., he stows away on a ship to New York, teams up with an old black street-fighter and competes in some back alley brawls to raise the travel fare for California. Little does Damme know, he is being manipulated by a rich slut who made her millions by betting on these underground fights. By this point, the flick's plausibility has od'ed in an alley. Of course we don't care because we're all here to see some serious revenge scenarios. Unfortunately for sleaze mavens, the gang who fried his brother have all been arrested offscreen five minutes into the movie. No, I'm not kidding. The entire film has Damme attempting to act and garner sympathy from the viewer, but he couldn't make it past an Ed Wood screen test. VD lumbers around feeling sorry for himself, occasionally getting into some fights. Oh yeah, there's a big bad guy at the end. The subplot about Foreign Legion Agents on his tail is there solely to explain his accent. DULLSVILLE! Damme should take lessons at the Bruce Li School of Film: Don't worry about saying anything, just break a couple of bones here and there. -Anthony Perticaro C

ROBOT JOX - For those of us sleaze-mavens who have been waiting to hitchhike under the sheets or salivate over the luridly gross chunk-blowing effects of the latest celluloid creation of Stuart Gordon (RE-ANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND, etc.), ROBOT JOX will leave you agast at how little resemblance this film bears to those ground-breaking epics. In fact, this film is derivative of DEATH RACE 2000, ROLLERBALL, and films of that ilk (without the level of quality of the former or the excitement of the latter). Closer in execution to (but not as sublimely silly as) ULTRA MAN or the Hong Kong film INFRA-MAN, it concerns the futuristic battles (via spaceship-sized robot with human pilot/jocks hence the title) between the Market and the Federation, the only government remaining in a post-apocalyptic Earth. The winners of each battle gain land territories. The film has no surprises but is compulsively watchable thanks to occasionally good David Allen stop-motion animation of the robots, and a nice scene at the end when Achilles (Gary Graham, looking uncannily like a young John "Gun Crazy" Dall the nominal hero) and Alexander (Paul Koslo, with a horrid pseudo-Russian accent) blast off in the robots and continue their final battle in space (courtesy of Peter Kuran's EFX). That said, this is still a real disappointment. -Dennis Locantore C-

(Ed. Note: Originally filmed and its advertising printed under the title of ROBOT JOX, some expensive last minute title changing and courtroom hustling had to be done by the folks at EPIC Releasing after Orion Pictures got a restraining order against the film's release, claiming copyright infringement on their own sci-fi character

SOBACOP. What a bunch of pricks! Is there no honor among thieves?)

EVE OF DESTRUCTION - Gregory Hines stars in this big budget sci-fi rip-off of the TERMINATOR (well, more like LADY TERMINATOR!!). Besides the TERMINATOR influences, this is actually quite an exciting film, with a very intense, action-packed and violent final 30 minutes. Some female doctor creates a robot of herself to be used in combat in hostile countries...but guess what??!! It goes berserk, cops a sexy mini-skirt/leather jacket outfit (and a few uzis) and begins to live out the doctor's fantasies (she made the machine with almost a complete replica of her own brain.) Soon, she starts killing off residents of L.A. then heads to N.Y. to get the doctor's son, thus engaging in the above-mentioned climax. Possibly the bloodiest film starring a mainstream star in years. Check it out. -Nick the Yak A-

(Ed. Note: We kept waiting for Hines to break into a tap-dance as he's totally miscast for horror...)

POPCORN - Despite the NY Television bullshit ads (which said, "Before the terror of FRIDAY THE 13TH and the horror of HALLOWEEN), this film comes off as a fun outing. But, that's all, fun. Being a big-budget release with TV ads like I just described, you'd expect a film as scary as the EXORCIST or HALLOWEEN. Instead, this film is a tired plot of a psycho coming back after years to get revenge on some people who fucked up his life. This all takes place at a horror-thon festival, and the thing that makes this fun is that they pay homage to early film gimmicks such as the "shock chairs" used in the TINGLER and Odor-rama used in POLYESTER. Fun, but as a trash film. As a horror film, it's another mainstream flop (and another reason why I started my own fanzine STINK!!) -Nick the Yak B

(Ed. Note: Two points for sneaking in your own plug you sly bastard!)

SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY - Hey!! Julia Roberts sells tickets! She's hot!! She can act! Let's rip off FATAL ATTRACTION, throw in a few twists, and release this. C'mon guys, I know it'll make cash! Hey Mr. Big Budget film exec...You may be able to fool the mainstream, multi-plex-going date crowds, but you will never fool us real horror genre fans...so suck my dick. This "thriller" is about as intense as MR. ROGERS and as suspenseful as the MUPPET SHOU. Cliche after cliche had my babe (s typical Staten Island bitch) constantly waking my ass up. A total bore. - Nick the Yak C-

(Ed. Note: And yet a third R-rated outing featuring Roberts where she escapes without showing some tit! What gives?)

THE GODFATHER PART III - After vowing for 16 years that he'd never film a sequel to his classic 1970's series about the inner workings of the Mafia, that bloated, burned-out, slimeball Dago bastard Francis Ford Coppola went back on his own word after the threat of imminent bankruptcy made it seem as if he would have to sell off his beloved Guinea red wine vineyard in Northern California. Both Al Pacino and Diane Keaton look embarrassed to be in this \$55 million talk-a-thon that proposes the impossible plot about what would happen if the Mafia and the Catholic church merged into one giant financial conglomeration. Who the fuck cares? Only Robert Duvall remains unbesmirched by refusing to return to his role of Corleone family attorney in this 161 minute stinking turd of excess that should prove once and for all that whops have no reason at all to be controlling Hollywood! Stay off the sets and stuff your jowled-out face with pasta, you has-been freak and take your fuck-up family with you. Your sister Talia Shire looks like she's sucked one too many scungilli-engorged dicks and your daughter Sofia (who was cast as Pacino's daughter at the last minute after Winona Ryder wisely withdrew from the picture) is so butt ugly that I wouldn't fuck her with Rick Sullivan's wang...Avoid this travesty at all costs to get all Italian cocksuckers out of the film business. -Dick Gozinya D-

(Ed. Note: And they call me racist? Dick, please be advised that your name, address and phone number have been forwarded to the local chapter of the Knights of Columbus in your home town. C'mon, the flick wasn't that bad--and quit offering the services of my ween, O.K.? Those weekly sessions with your mother have me quite booked up...)

SILENCE OF THE LAMBS - SILENCE OF THE LAMBS is not an artistic triumph as some have speculated, nor is it a run of the mill slasher flick. It is a masterpiece of



er (short on the psychology, high on the thrills) that aspires to give the audience a few shocks as it unravels a suspenseful plot. It does succeed in dishing out the jolts and the suspense reaches mesmerizing degrees at times, but the melodrama is overly complicated in spots leaving the audience to piece together some of the holes after leaving the theatre. The incredible acting by everyone involved elevates the troubled storyline to such a degree that it is understandable some have called it a work of art. It is not; it is just a good thriller that has great acting. -Vincent Boscaino B+

(Ed Note: As much as we tried to establish a hands-off policy towards the reviews submitted, we've got to criticize this one: What the fuck is the flick about, Vinnie? Why don't you mention Anthony Hopkins' superb portrayal of the genius psychotic cannibal, Dr. Hannibal Lector, which is quite possibly the greatest acting performance in the entire history of cinematic horror? What about poor director Jonathan Demme who, like the G.G. staff, has been wrongly labeled a homophobe by radical writers of the gay press for his stereotyped portrayal of LAMB's supposed gay serial killer, James Gumb? And not even a mention of the taboo-breaking jizz-throwing scene at the flick's outset wherein Jodie Foster catches a wad in her hair from a masturbating mental patient after he pointedly tells her that he "can smell her cunt"? Go back to film school, Vinnie--SILENCE OF THE LAMBS is the most groundbreaking, harrowing horror adaptation released in decades and should be lauded easily as Film Of The Year by both mainstream press and even the most outlandish of genre critics. Superb. A+

Well, so ends out back-fired vacation experiment. We'll be sure to solicit reader guest reviews again in the future since this was so much fun. (Maybe when hell freezes over...) Anyway, we've still got 22 items to comment on that elicited no response from the chosen few out there, so let's get started before we run out of space:

BLOOD FIST II- Real-life martial arts champion Don "The Dragon" Wilson returns in this Roger Corman-released slugfest that is a sequel to 1989's butt-slam exploitation in title only. This time out, Bruce Lee look-alike Wilson is kidnapped along with other warriors from around the globe and whisked to a deserted island where he and his comrades are forced to do battle with a group of monkey-gland-serum-produced master race steroid swallows created by a mad scientist who hopes to develop a death-match casino for glitzy jet setters to blow their idle money on. Of course, "The Dragon" thwarts this heinous plan, but not before cracking dozens of bones and spewing enough blood in endless graphic kickboxing melees that make Jean Claude Van Damme look like a novice pussy. Ol' Don even manages to bed down the crazed scientist's own daughter in the course of this 84 minute potboiler, leaving BLOOD FIST II a highly recommended chopsocky diversion. Look for it to pop up on home video soon. B

SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE III- Essentially a goreless, lower-budgeted re-hash of 1982's Rita May Brown original, SLUMBER 3 suffers from imitating the long-outdated stalk and slash body count epics that have fallen out of favor with genre fans since the middle of last decade. Why Roger Corman's Concorde Releasing would think a third go-around of the timeworn "psycho using a power drill as his cock" plotline would play to anyone in this discerning day and age is totally beyond us. Sure, nudity abounds, but all the chicks who flash bare flesh are pretty repellent and coupled with an utterly banal screenplay by producer Catherine Cyran, SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE III is a pretty lifeless outing recommended only as a third-rate masturbation fodder for hard up sleaze fans stranded on a dateless night.

HANG FIRE- Those Hasidic shysters at N.Y.'s own Marvin Films deserve an award for all-time bad taste in deceptive advertising for concocting big newsprint ads displaying an Army tank and the words "Saddam Hussein Look Out!" when this Peter Maris-directed actioner was released to the metro area on January 11, 5 days before the U.S. was expected to plunge into a full-scale war with Iraq. What's wrong with that, you ask? Nothing, except that HANG FIRE has nothing to do with the Middle East crisis and is in fact a terse little enjoyable exploitationer concerning a serial killer/rapist who leads a prison break at a New Mexico penitentiary and holds a neighboring village hostage as the escaped cons bargain for their freedom. Well-cast with such veteran action stalwarts as Brad Davis, Jan-Michael Vincent (who is visibly losing his real-life battle with the bottle), Ken (DANN OF THE DEAD) Forre, George Kennedy, Yaphet Kotto, and even an aging Peter Onorati, HANG FIRE is a

outing is chock full of violence, bloodletting and other enjoyable mayhem, but the circumstance surrounding its misleading promotion by those wily Jew bastards at Marvin Films had minority viewers at Times Square's own Criterion Theatre hurling verbal abuse as well as physical projectiles at the screen when they realized they'd been hoodwinked and there wasn't about to be any Arab ass-kicking at all in this 89 minute outing, leaving HANG FIRE undeserving of its disastrous reception. (May Sassam Hussein score a direct S.C.U.D. missile hit on the Marvin Films offices!) B

CORPORATE AFFAIRS- Another limited low-budget release from the prolific Roger Corman (only 2 theatres played it in the entire N.Y. metro area!), this directionless slapstick sexcomedy about big business boardroom boning amongst the Los Angeles yuppies elite holds the dubious honor of being one of seven flicks the G.G. staff walked out on in the middle of the third reel. Not worth the film stock it was printed on, even the horniest of sleaze mavens would have a better time staying at home with their own right hand. F

NAKED OBSESSION- The career of one-time all-American pretty boy William Katt (HOUSE, CARRIE, PERRY MASON) hits an all time low with this excellent soft-core porn/horror outing again from Corman's Concorde (how does he crank them out so fast?) concerning a seemingly straight-laced politician (Katt) who acquires a penchant for the sleazier side of life after being mugged in front of a strip club in the bleakest ghetto of Los Angeles. Awakening after the beating, viewers are never sure whether Katt has died and gone to Hades or just became dangerously perverted as a sycophantic wino from Hell introduces him to the pleasures of heavy drinking, adultery, erotic asphyxiation and eventually murder throughout the balance of this 80 minute commendable quickie which features extremely graphic violence, gouts of bloodletting and enough full-frontal nudity to make one wonder how in the hell it ever acquired an R-rating from the reactionary MPAA who usually lay in wait for this type of demented fare. Sleaze fans are strongly urged to bring their thumprags along whilst viewing NAKED OBSESSION, a dark horse, sleeper sleazathon that'll have them woodies a-poppin and is easily one of the best scuzzfests released thus far this year. A

CRACKDOWN- Yet another in a seemingly endless stream of Corman Concorde-released quickies, this poverty-row LETHAL WEAPON clone narcotics actioner pits maverick D.E.A. agent Cliff De Young (doing an abysmal "I'm-so-nuts-I'm-Dangerous" Mel Gibson imitation) against a by-the-book Peruvian yuppie(?) detective Robert Beltran (EATING RAOUL) as they are forced to team up to extradite a crazed Columbian coke czar back to Miami. Their comedic chemistry never clicks, and coupled with an awful supporting cast, amateur camerawork that jumps all over the place, no nudity and squibbles gun battles, CRACKDOWN clocks in as being slightly worse than your average television cop drama and as such is of no interest to G.G. readers. D+

BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR- Booked for only a few successive weekends of midnight screenings at Manhattan's Waverly Twin just before its mid-April homevideo release (although its been available in bootleg format from the G.G. since mid-November, thank you), former RE-ANIMATOR producer Brian Yuzna directs this Stuart Gordonless sequel to the 1985 H.P. Lovecraft adaptation that won the coveted G.G. Gorefilm Of The Year Award hands down for that year. This time out, Jeffrey Combs and Bruce Abbot return to their roles as Drs. Herbert West and Dan Cain respectively and are still plying their skills at raising the dead by trying to build a female creature around the remains of the heart of Abbott's late girlfriend Megan who was choked to death by a monstrous set of intestines at the finale of the last movie. Of course, their re-animation serum still has some lugs in it and its not long before their laboratory is overrun by bizarre mutations of their own experiments gone awry as well as a band of flesh-eating zombies rejuvenated for revenge by an angry Dr. Hill, who was reduced to a talking head in the original film, but now returns as a flying demon, thanks to the wings of a deceased fruit bat that he has had surgically grafted to his cranium. Together the combined wizardry of the KNB f/x group, the stop-motion genius of David Allen and the depraved grotesqueries of Screaming Mad George combine to make one hell of a blood-drenched finale that will have gorehounds salivating with glee as blood spurts and entrails fly everywhere throughout the last reel of this 97 minute outing. But the flick lacks the luscious tits and full-frontal close-ups of scream-queen Barbara Crampton as well as being marred by an overtly silly screenplay from Yuzna and co-writer



Woody Keith, leaving the long-awaited **BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR** to pale by comparison to its predecessor. Still well worth seeking out, however. A-

As usual, we are quickly running out of our already-limited review space owing to the overbearing plugs column at the end of this issue. The final reviews have been cut to capsule comments much to our dismay:

**DEAD SPACE-** Roger Corman's Concorde rises again (they've released no less than 8 films in the past four months!) to offer up this Grade Z-budgeted **ALIEN** clone about a space virus aboard a remote research vessel that grows to alarming proportions each time it devours a crew member. A cast of non-actors is decimated by the paper-mache monster until former Hollywood has-been turned nose candy Neanderthal Mark Singer dispatches the creature in a blurry finale that looks as if it were filmed with KY Jelly smeared on the camera lens. Vapid, technically inept and tedious even at its scant 68 minute running time, the only thing commendable about **DEAD SPACE** is its apropos title... D

**NEW JACK CITY-** Groundbreaking black director Melvin Van Peebles, whose 1971 classic, **SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAAAAADASS SONG** was the first to break out of the stereotyped blaxploitation parameters and give an unsensationalized, realistic view of the black experience (and receive an X-rating from the MPAA for his efforts) must be awfully proud of his son Mario, who 20 years later used the same techniques as his daddy in this fictionalized portrayal of the discovery of crack in 1986 Harlem and its eventual rise to becoming a computer-controlled multi-million dollar enterprise by the beginning of 1990. Essentially an anti-drug message piece, Van Peebles doesn't allow his own racial integrity to avoid packing his flick with enough non-stop violence, graphic blood-letting and ample nudity to ensure its becoming both an urban box office smash and art house scourge, as lobsters everywhere denounced **N.J.C.** for its sexism and brutality (making it an immediate must see for **G.G.** readers). Controversial rap artist Ice-T nearly steals the show as an undercover cop set on toppling his neighborhood's drug cartel with a debut acting performance that makes veteran thespas Wesley Snipes, Judd Nelson (what the hell is he doing here, anyway?) and even Van Peebles himself look like pikers by comparison. **NEW JACK CITY** is a gritty, realistic thinking man's sleaze epic that should be actively attended by all. (The only thing Van Peebles misses is figuring out exactly who we have to blame for the inner city's rampant drug problem: It is, of course, the gay populous--they've been doing each other's cracks for years...Just kidding!) A

**RUN-** Like hell to avoid sitting through this R-rated (why?) limp action fluff piece from Walt Disney studios about a smart-assed law student who accidentally is involved in the murder of the son of a maniacal mob boss who then puts a \$50,000 price tag on the kid's head. Any film that culminates with the killing of the head villain by a mechanical rabbit at a greyhound track has just got to be an abysmal clunker, as evidenced by the film's 5 day engagement on 42nd St. before being replaced as an ancient karate triple bill that did three times more business. Disney execs should stick to the kiddie programming, as for action mavens, **RUN** will please none. C-

**THE TERROR WITHIN II-** Another Roger Corman Concorde Pictures mini-break (only 2 theatres in the N.Y. metro area played it for one week), this ultra-gory follow-up to 1989's sci-fi splatterthon classic marks the directorial debut of returning star Andrew Stevens (**THE FAN, THE FURY**, etc.) who continues the tale of a futuristic Earth where an A.I.D.S.-like virus has all but wiped out mankind, leaving a handful of survivors to hide in underground medical facilities and fend off the attacks of brutal misshapen mutants who are constantly trying to invade the subterranean shelters and gorge themselves on the remaining human flesh. This time out, Andrew's girl friend gets kidnapped by one of the monsters who ties her over a rock and graphically rapes her doggy-style, managing to blow a load of demon spew into her womb before he is decapitated by Stevens. It is later discovered that the girl was already pregnant by her human beau, and upon giving birth to a hideous monster, Stevens must come to terms with slaughtering his own mutated son. Low budget flicks don't get much sicker than this, and gorehounds should flock to their local video stores to rent **THE TERROR WITHIN II** when it is released to video early in May. Really repellent! A-

**DUNE WARRIORS-** It's hard to believe that South American sleaze auteur Cirio Santiago (**CUT AND RUN, STRYKER** and

ADAM HUSSEIN LOOK OUT

THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT **HANGFIRE** HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!

**HANGFIRE**

STARTS TODAY

THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT <b>HANGFIRE</b> HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!	THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT <b>HANGFIRE</b> HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!	THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT <b>HANGFIRE</b> HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!	THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT <b>HANGFIRE</b> HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!	THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT <b>HANGFIRE</b> HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!	THE SCURRILOUS SCUMBAG AWARD FOR ALL-TIME FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING IS HEREBY AWARDED TO MARVIN FILMS OF N.Y. FOR PLACING THIS MOVIE AD WHICH APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISING SECTIONS OF METRO AREA PAPERS ON JANUARY 11, 5 DAYS BEFORE WE WERE SCHEDULED TO PLUNGE INTO A FULL-SCALE WAR WITH IRAQ. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT, YOU MAY ASK? NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT <b>HANGFIRE</b> HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MIDEAST CRISIS AND WAS IN FACT A LOW-BUDGET EXPLOITATIONER CONCERNING A NEW MEXICO PRISON BREAK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RIP-OFF THIS BLATANT SINCE THE DAYS OF TERRY LEVENE'S AQUARIUS RELEASING AND URGE READERS WHO WERE SCRODED BY THIS SCAM TO DIRECT HATE MAIL, BOMB THREATS, DOG TURDS, ETC. TO THE SHYSTERS AT MARVIN FILMS, 1400 OLD COUNTRY RD., WESTBURY. N.Y. 11590. TELL 'EM THE G.G. TOLD YOU TO DO IT!!
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about a zillion others) can still breathe some life into the timeworn post-apocalyptic **ROAD WARRIOR**-clone outlaw genre over a decade after the release of the original **MAD MAX** saga, but together with a barely coherent David Carradine and an array of bloodspurting, raping, gun duels and mutilations he gets away with passable entertainment fodder for the bottom half of a double bill. Obviously edited for an R-rating by domestic distributor Concorde Pictures (them again), bilingual horror fans are urged to comb the Hispanic video parlors of neighboring barrios for the uncut version of this interesting curio. B

**THE DOORS-** Easily the best rock music related film released in the past 20 years, Oliver Stone's portrayal of the rise and eventual fall of leather-clad icon Jim Morrison is packed with behavior that is usually taboo to late 80's/early 90's reactionary "safe" cinema: excessive

boozing, rampant drug taking, blow jobs, orgies, driving while drunk, human blood drinking, more blow jobs, fag ridiculing, pissing in public barrooms, wife beating, punching cops, adultery and even more blow jobs. I don't know about you, but I'm going out tomorrow and buy myself a pair of leather trousers--it certainly worked magic for Jimbo!

**THE HARD WAY-** The ultimate exploitationer for those who despise elfin idol Michael J. Fox, here cast as a spoiled Hollywood actor (not far from the truth) who pulls some strings to get himself assigned as partner to tough Dirty Harry-esque N.Y. cop James Woods under the pretext of getting some "real street experience" for his upcoming role as a hard-nosed detective. Foul-mouthed Woods spends the bulk of **THE HARD WAY**'s 111 minutes calling Fox a wimp, nerd, jizz-ball, shitstain, homo, fag, asshole, and retard while slapping him around at the slightest provocation, much to the delight of sleaze fans who've hated the little weasel since the days of the insipid sitcom **FAMILY TIES**. Of course, they reluctantly join together in the film's final reel to capture a serial killer running amok in Times Square, but director John Badham keeps the action, violence and profanity levels high throughout, making **THE HARD WAY** a surprisingly enjoyable outing. Much grittier than it looks from the ads.

**PERFECT WEAPON-** With the major studios all scrambling to develop a new action star for the 90's now that old farts like Eastwood, Bronson & Norris have lost their box office draw and are slowly being edged out to pasture (Warner Bros. has inked Steven Seagal to a long-term deal and Universal is courting Jean-Claude Van Damme with a seven figure offer), some wizard at Paramount Pictures decided that just what the world needs is a Jewish kick-boxer and signed real-life Kenpo World Champion Jeff Spakman to star in this predictable tale of revenge set amidst the underworld of L.A.'s Chinese mafia. This idea looks as stupid on screen as it sounds on paper with the kosher karate kicker single-handedly dispatching a drug dealing gang who have assassinated his mentor. Sort of a Borscht Belt version of **KARATE KID**, **PERFECT WEAPON** went over like a lead balloon with action mavens and Spakman is advised to develop a comedy routine and seek work in the Catskills...

**TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES II: THE SECRET OF THE OOZE-** With a lengthy title making theatre marquee changers groan across the country, this sequel to last year's surprisingly enjoyable megahit falls flat as it is essentially a retread of the same reptilian formula that has now reached annoying overkill with the kids of America all united in Turtledom. How many times can you elicit laughs from green muppets shouting "Cowabunga!", "Bodacious", and displaying the same pizza-eating hijinx before you start thinking about breeding a bunch of mutant hares to make turtle soup out of timorous tortoises. Unless you have the mind of an 8 year old, you'll think this latest outing really sucks the shell...

**CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH 2: SUBHUMANOID MELTDOWN-** Just released for midnight weekend screenings at the Waverly theatre in Manhattan as we go to press, this haphazard sequel to Troma Releasing's 1986 splattercomedy cult favorite was co-written by our good buddy Carl Morano (who happens to hold down a grueling desk job at Troma) who begged us not to trash his screenwriting debut. Taking that into consideration, suffice to say that **SUBHUMANOID MELTDOWN** is probably the loudest film we've ever sat through and features a giant 30 ft. nuclear-radiated squirrel named Tromie. Caveat emptor.

**TOO MUCH SUN-** Radical 60's counterculture director Robert Downey, Sr. (who has probably kept a low profile over the past decade to avoid association with his asshole actor son) returns to his expected bad taste comedic forefront with this vulgar comedy about two sibling homosexual couples who are forced into parenthood at the bequest of their late millionaire father's will. **MONTY PYTHON**'s Eric Idle and **SCITV**'s Andrea Martin play the respective rump wrangler and carpet muncher in a 90 minute romp that sets gay stereotypes back to pre-Stonewall days. Even the annoying presence of the aforementioned M.D. Jr. cannot bog down this highly original hilarious howler!

**THE GRIFTERS-** Now that it's trendy to dig 1950's murder noir pulp hack Jim Thompson, it was inevitable that Hollywood would mount a multi-budgeted adaptation of one of his novels. **THE GRIFTERS** is just that, an overblown 113 minute look at the lives, feelings and motivations of three sleazeballs, two of which just happen to be an

estranged mother and son. Some nifty violence, gratuitous nudity and incestual overtones can't lift up the plodding pace of this psychological pastiche, leaving **THE GRIFTERS** better suited as art house fare than an exploitation piece, and as such is recommended as date bait for gorehound trying to bed down highbrow feminists only. B-

**MEET THE APPLLEGATES-** Even though the rest of the G.G. staff encouraged me to lie and make up a review for Michael Lehman's sci-fi comedy follow-up to 1988's **HEATHERS**, the flick (allegedly about a family of giant Brazilian rainforest beetles who take on human form and travel to mid-Western America to send an ecological message) only lasted in a handful of far-flung art houses for one week and since I couldn't wrangle any free passes (you don't actually think I pay to see this crap, do you?), **MEET THE APPLLEGATES** remained unseen. Sorry.

**THE SUCKLING-** All around nice guy Michael Gingold (editor of **Scareaphanalia**, the most consistently published fanzine around) shockingly plays the title monster in this depraved X-rated low-budgeter concerning a radiation-tainted aborted fetus who grows to human form in a sewer and returns to attack and slaughter a gang of back-alley gynecologists performing abortions in a sleazy bordello back in pre-choice 1973. A pro-lifer's dream project, due to the severely demented subject matter of this chunk-blower, **THE SUCKLING** has been turned down by virtually every area distributor on the grounds that it is just too offensive. Bloody, violent, sexist, entrail-spewing and full of nudity from surprisingly attractive actresses, **THE SUCKLING** is just tailor-made for the warped tastes of G.G. readers. It's just too bad that there's no way you can see it...

**WARLOCK-** Was reviewed last issue! Don't you remember we actually got to a film early...C+

**PLUGS/NEWS/ANNOUNCEMENTS CORNER-** As explained earlier, this column is a lot longer than we'd like it to be owing to the fact the everybody and his brother who has any genre related zine or product bugs us for plugs in the G.G. pages, and when they plug us first, it pours on the guilt rather heavily. The following items mentioned below a) are really good and are well worth your attention, b) suck really bad but their publishers keep hounding us for mentions or c) really blow, but we've been paid off well to say nice things about them. The fun of all this is that we're not going to tell you what zine falls into what category! Good Luck.....

**Psychotic Reaction** is a fairly wild review digest from a crazed Limey in Birmingham, England named Spancer Hickman. Issue #1 contains some pretty funny comments as well as a paean to porn punkettes like Traci Lords and Michelle Bauer. Send about three hucks off to Spence at 50 Wingfield Rd., Great Barr, Birmingham, England B42 2QD.....Vic Stanley, one of this issue's guest reviewers and head of the Donald Farmer Fan Club (just kidding!) has turned us on to a nifty wrestling fanzine called **Wrestling Then and Now** that features a column by Stanley himself and some interesting info. about some really strange mat rats. Send \$1.25 for a sample issue to **W.T. & N.** c/o Evan Ginzburg, P.O. Box 471, Oakland Gardens Station, Flushing, N.Y. 11364.....Eddie Banay's **Just Killing Time** has spawned a demented spin-off called **All True-Nothing Bogus**. Compiled by the nefarious Dion Brothers, **Bogus** is made up entirely of real-life depraved newspaper murder clippings and obituaries and makes the **Weekly World News** read like **The Wall St. Journal** by comparison. Check out an issue for one measly buck to **Bogus** 14227 Eventide, Cypress, Tx. 77429. Hmmm...Could the Dion Bros. be a phony cover up for Banay's own guilty pleasures?.....Congratulations to **SUCKLING** star Michael Gingold (does your mother know you were in this?) on publishing his 100th issue of **Scareaphanalia**. If he keeps to his clockwork-like monthly schedule, he'll out-distance the G.G. in sheer volume before the end of this summer! If you've never seen **Scareaphanalia**, it's well worth a look at 60 cents a pop (you oughta raise your price!) to Gingold at P.O. Box 489, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10156-0489....Kudos as well to the 10th Anniversary of Nick The Yak's irreverent **Stink** fanzine. Self-described as "the sickest sleaze 'zine in the world", Nick's sense of humor is in the same vein as that of the G.G., and he knows how hard it is to hump out a fanzine for a decade. Send off a buck today to the Yakman at **Stink**, 27 Hillcrest St., Staten Island, N.Y. 10308. Thanks again for the review spots this issue!.....The maiden issue of Joe Johnson's **3 A.M.** 'zine was recently found in our mailbox. Stretching out a bit to include music as well as older film retrospects along with video reviews, **3 A.M.** is available at \$1.50 a clip to Johnson at 608 West First St., Oil City, Pa 16301.....Sad to hear that Red Sims has sent out

form letters announcing the end of The Gorefest, his long-running, informative review digest that came under attack from some of the more raucous of the Sims-labeled "gutterzine" editors from across the country awhile ago. We at the G.G. hope he gets his personal life back on track and begins publishing again soon. To those who got a kick out of tormenting the mild-mannered Rod, let us paraphrase the great Richard Nixon by stating that "you won't have Rod Sims to kick around anymore!" Good luck, dude....Gary Lesley's Psychovideo is still cranking out of the Northwest. What differentiates it from your standard review 'zine is that Lesley packs his periodical with some truly warped comic art and enjoys printing Psychovideo's hate mail. A sample issue mailed out first class will set you back \$2.00 when you mail it to P.O. Box 7333, Federal Way, Wa. 98003....An over-zealous teenybopper named Tony Biner has come out with the debut issue of Celluloid Nightmare, a well-laid-out 50 page effort featuring interviews and a cross-section of related genre media reviews, but unfortunately its editor is rather star-struck and seems to like everything. Get tougher, Tony! Collectors should send him four bucks to Cal-Art, Box MJ-14, Valencia, Ca 91335 for the first limited edition....Out-of-state G.G. readers living near the Lexington, Ky area are urged to scan their public access television channels for an absolutely insane, patently offensive program titled Brains On Film. The spawn of longtime G.G. confidant George Maranville, Brains is essentially a sleaze film review program that presents a different format every week. So far we've seen two episodes: George and his partner Larry Treadway dressed as inbred hillbillies lauding the merits of S.F. Brownigg's POOR WHITE TRASH 2 and an all-homo segment where they portray limp-wristed felchers discussing mainstream gay releases like MAKING LOVE. According to George, the network has received torrents of complaints about the show so it may have been yanked from the airwaves by the time you read this. One of the funniest concepts we've seen in years, write to George at 208 Zandale Drive, Lexington, KY 40503 and see if you can bribe him into sending you a sample copy....It finally had to happen-- the first sleaze culture zine produced entirely by a staff of females! Flagrant substance abuser Barbara Jarvis brings us Zoomar, a well-written, irreverent publication featuring articles on Tura Santana, unseen James Dean appearances and an interesting summation of the history of 3D movies on homevideo. In no way a feminist carpetmuncher rag (no pun intended), the gals at Zoomar assure us that they like cock and as such, should not be construed as the enemy. Send checks or cash for \$2.00 to Barbara at P.O. Box 6920, Alexandria, Va 22301....On one sad final note, the G.G. mourns the passing of B veteran Aldo Ray; whose sleaze career spanned nearly 40 years and featured such gems as RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP and DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND before the boozing got the better of him and he finished out his acting days as a member of the illustrious Fred Olan Ray ensemble cast in a handful of forgettable losers. In 1986 Ray was booted out of the Screen Actor's Guild for working on F.O. Ray's non-union epics. His response to the expulsion was, "Fuck 'em...those SAG cocksuckers never did a thing for me!" With lines like that, Aldo was definitely our kind of guy and he will be missed.... Videophiles searching for some really obscure and unreleased quasi-legal offerings are urged to send off \$5.00 today for the newly updated 1991 edition of the G.G. Private Library Listing featuring dozens of new titles since the last one was published over a year ago. Included in this edition are offerings we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre and rock music curios that aren't normally advertised in the "Rare Videos" section of the G.G.. Plus: Your 5 bucks will be fully refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your cabbage today to the G.G. c/o our head address.

**RARE VIDEOS-** Excellent quality copies of the following new rarities are now available from our money-hungry video department:

• **SOCIETY-** Brian Yuzna's (RE-ANIMATOR) supremely depraved unreleased 1989 atrocity about a group of wealthy humans who get into having perverse parties wherein they actually exchange body parts with each other. Rated X by the MPAA for such sick sequences as a man shoving his arm up another man's asshole and eventually turning him inside out, our version is a completely uncut 100 minute version direct from Japanese laser disc. Must be seen to be believed--totally offensive and for fans of Cronenberg-style medical debasement.

• **TWO EVIL EYES-** This long-awaited Italian/American co-production features 2 superb horror anthology pieces directed by George Romero and Dario Argento. Not slated for an American release anytime in the near future, our

copy is the complete 110 minute Italian cut. (The running time for the American version is only 95 minutes) A must for genre collectors!

• **ZOMBIE 3-** Lucio Fulci had a stroke during the filming of the finale of this entrail-munching second installment (DANN OF THE DEAD was titled ZOMBIE in Italy) of the living dead onslaught saga and was replaced by Bruno Mattei (NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES) who completed this splatterthon in fine chunk-blowing form. Uncut, and a fine transfer from Jap laserdisc!

• **SPERMULA-** Ultra hard core 1970's sex/vampire outing starring Udo Kier and Dale Hadden. Note: This is not a homo flick, it's about a female vampire who sucks sperm instead of blood. (hmm...sounds like my girlfriend!) Extremely rare.

• **THE KILLER-** Now that gorehounds are starting to get turned on to the atrocities of Chinese sleaze cinema, we've discovered one of the best! Sort of a slopehead version of GOODFELLAS, this 1990 release runs a full 136 minutes and is one of the 10 most violent films we've ever viewed! A must see, we'll give customers a money-back guarantee if they're not drooling over this one! (English subtitled).

• **G.G. SLEAZE 1991-** By popular demand, we've compiled another program of rare, obscure and extremely perverse coming attractions from such rare gems as MONDO DEPRADO, THE BIG DOLL HOUSE and THE EXOTIC ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO. This titfest should have most sleaze savans scrambling for their checkbooks by the time they finish reading this advertisement. 70 minutes.

• **SURPRISE TITLE-** This one is so illegal that we cannot even mention the title of it in these pages. We'll give you a few hints: we loved the film, its subject matter is extremely controversial and we told you that you'd never be able to see it. Think hard and you'll be able to figure this title out--but don't tell anyone you got it from us! Rising postal expenses as well as tape costs have forced us to only offer our recession-buster price reduction of \$14.95 per video title for this issue only. With the publication of G.G. #105 we'll have to go back up to our normal \$19.95 price tag, so be sure to order soon! All tapes are now duped on high-grade blanks for the best possible transfer quality. Please specify either VHS or BETA format and send \$14.95 (plus \$3.00 for postage and handling) to the G.G. c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011.

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THE RESPONSE TO LAST ISSUE'S APPEARANCE OF FEMALE FLESH IN THESE PAGES LEAD US TO BELIEVE THAT OUR READERSHIP MIGHT BE GROWING UP A BIT AND ACTUALLY PREFER PUSSY TO GORE.... NO PROBLEM ---- THIS MONTH'S G.G. PIN-UP COMES FROM THE LOVELY TOWN OF MORO, IL., HOME OF DRACULINA EDITOR HUGH GALLAGHER (HOPE YOU'RE GETTING SOME OF THAT, PAL). HER NAME IS RAISA HEBRA, AND SHE IS AN AVOWED HORROR FAN WHO HAS POSED FOR CENTERFOLDS IN SUCH HIGHROW PUBLICATIONS AS SLANT

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# GORE-GAZETTE

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Your Guide To Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze In The N.Y. Area **No.10**

**MORE ON BUSH!**



**Inside: UBANGI  
STOMP- '91's  
Black Film  
EXPLOSION !!**



Alright, alright--call off the dogs! We realize that the delay between the publication of this and our last issue is now approaching six months and is in fact the lengthiest gap in our eleven year history. The reason this time? None, really...After storming out last April with a day-glo cover depicting your humble editor's auspicious Sept. 1990 meeting with President George Bush (posed in an embarrassing group photo where it could have been easily inferred that our chief executive was fingering the privates of a 4 month old female crumbsnatcher), we at the G.G. staff have been stymied as to what we could come up with to top that monumental achievement. A few weeks delay soon found itself stretching into months as idea after idea for an eye-catching follow-up fell by the wayside (i.e. the G.G. staff pissing on the store front of a hated Blockbuster Video; your editor allowing himself to get arrested for jacking off ala Pee Wee Herman at Manhattan's haven for erudite snobs the Angelika Film (and Lobster) Center during the N.Y. Erotic Film Festival; head Fagoria veen Tony Tamponne felching Dario Argento in the men's room of the N.Y. Film Forum during the latter's guest appearance in mid-September, etc.). Agreeing that most of the aforementioned ideas were a bit contrived, we were panicked by a severe wave of GUNS 'N' ROSES-ism in our inability to concoct a sure-fire follow-up. Then suddenly it hit us...By far, the most successful issue in our publishing history was #104. Why? Bush, of course...Since G.G. readers enjoyed Bush so much, why not give them some more?--albeit a decidedly different type of Bush...a kinder, gentler Bush for sure. Thanks so much to Lisamarie for helping us out with our front cover dilemma and being a good sport for this cunning stunt--you're a true gore whore! G.G. readers will no doubt want to pick up two copies of this special chubby-inducing edition as one is certainly bound to end up with its pages stuck together! Seriously, though, we're really sorry for the lengthy delay, but try to look at it this way: the lion's share of the 36 films reviewed herein are now (or are about to be) released to video, so by default this issue of the G.G. has become what many have requested, but what we've steadfastly sworn against--a video review guide. Enjoy it this time, friends! Please stop writing and calling--the G.G. did not get shut down by the Secret Service and none of our mail-order subscribers are being cheated on their subscriptions: calm down you nervous cocksuckers! Much to the chagrin of our numerous enemies, the G.G. is still alive and well, but not completely out of trouble as is evidenced by our recent run-in with Carolco Pictures, mega-bruck Hollywood heavy hitters who have blown millions in the past on producing mindless fluff like the RAMBO series, TOTAL RECALL and other testosterone extravaganzas. Gearing up their publicity machine in late May to promote the then-upcoming \$100 million dollar vet dream TERMINATOR 2, Carolco contacted the G.G. offices to place a full-page ad for their Schwarzenegger soufflé. We politely informed them that save for a few isolated incidents where we had advertised for our friends, the G.G. did not accept nor solicit paid ads owing to our lackluster publishing schedule and the fact that we might end up saying that the film advertised in our pages really sucks, causing major embarrassment for both the film's producers and distribution company. That's when it started getting ugly. Within one hour, a Carolco supervisor called back with an attitude the size of your Reverend's dick. Outraged, he sputtered that the G.G. and a few other fanzines and genre publications were part of a finely honed, well-planned advertising campaign and how dare we refuse Carolco's money and infer that this project featuring goremeister Stan Winston's outrageous pyrotechnics and state-of-the-art f/x from Industrial Light & Magic be anything less than the event of the decade? The Rev. himself got on the line to explain that the next

issue of the G.G. wasn't even planned to hit the stands until mid-July, (boy were we off!) a full fortnight after T2's auspicious July 3 premiere. This did not dissuade the Carolco cretin who bellowed, "I don't give a shit if it comes out late--your publication is part of our campaign and the TERMINATOR 2 ad is going to be in it! If you don't play ball with me, I'll see to it that your little newsletter is squashed like a grape!" Authoritative threats like that always get your editor's dander up, so I calmly inquired as to how he planned his G.G. stomping. "I'll contact all the other major film companies and see to it that you are denied press kits, stills and access to reviewer screenings", the curmudgeon whined in a adolescent "I'll take my marbles and go home" wimp sneer. Already planning my revenge prank, I mock-shuddered "You'd really do that? Then I guess we'd better run your ad, sir!" About a week later, the ad art arrived along with a Carolco check for a paltry \$200, this amount computed by them as a fee commensurate with the circulation figures of the G.G. The staff immediately went to work on the camera-ready art, changing key ad lines to "G.G.-ize" Carolco's corny campaign. When we sent this altered art back as a pre-publication proof to Carolco's ad agency, we figured they'd realize what juvenile bastards the G.G. staff really are and allow us to bow out of our commitment. Nothing doing. Within one week, the G.G. offices were jarred by the receipt of a certified letter from a Hollywood attorney representing Carolco who claimed that he was preparing papers to get a restraining order prohibiting us from running the "vulgarized copy" (is that even a word?) as well as suing us for tampering with copyrighted advertising and cashing the Carolco check without "providing the agreed-upon services". This really got us pissed - a film company is suing the G.G. for screwing with an ad we didn't want to accept to begin with. Fuck them! Some of our legal eagle acquaintances have told us that we're crazy to do so, but the back cover you now hold in your sweaty hands represents what we feel to be G.G.-styled humor at its best and our way of flipping the bird to the scum-sucking Hollywood machinery who feel they can buy their way into anything. (At least we honored our agreement and ran the ad after accepting the dinero--albeit 90 full days after T2 opened!) Hopefully next issue won't see us grappling in the death throes of a lawsuit, but even if it does we can say we went down with our middle fingers held high!...Thanks to all the readers who have written to laud our "Goredon's Most Wanted" column which in the past has fingered weasels who were dabbling in video mail-order scamboogerie and fleecing innocent gorehounds out of their hard-earned greenbacks. This time out, however, our focus is on a scumbag who has committed more of a moral than criminal offense. Surprisingly enough, this public enemy is none other than Michael Gingold, mild-mannered employee of the Fagoria conglomerate and all-around nice guy whose long-running fanzine Scareaphanalia is consistently published on time and can usually find a positive angle to point up when reviewing even the most abhorrent pieces of shit. What could this harmless gorenerd have done to be banished to the fecal realms of the Farmers and Floreases, you ask? How about re-writing genre history for openers! In his lengthy article titled "Homemade Horrorzines" which appeared in Gorezone #18 this past summer, Gingold attempts to trace the history of horror fanzines starting back in 1980 with Bill Landis' pioneering Sleazoid Express, following through the decade into the 90's highlighting johnny-come-latelys like Arpad Jasko's City Morgue and the U.K.'s Trash City, while shamelessly plugging his own limp-dick Scareaphanalia along the way. Certainly an interesting concept for an article, but Gingold makes no mention of either the G.G. or Michael Weldon's essential Psychotronic throughout the text of his treatise or in the fanzine directory at the end of the piece. Now



we realize that the G.E. has not been in the best of favor with the Starlog empire due to our many swipes at their publishing endeavors and personal affronts to their butt-boy Tony Tampon, but to not even mention us in a negative light to comment on our sexism, immaturity, vulgarity or perceived racism is slanted journalism at its most foul. (God only knows what Weldon could have done to offend these weens!) Seriously, how can one write a history of horror fanzines with nary a mention of two of its grandpappies? Now, it is quite possible that Gingold included us in the first draft of his piece and King Tony took a scalpel to the prose he wanted excised, but Michael is still a snivelling little shit for not standing up for his journalistic integrity and allowing the blatantly one-sided piece to run as edited. It truly saddens us to trounce this ballless douche, as the G.E. staff truly like Michael (his latex-clad appearance as the abortinn mutant in The Suckling notwithstanding). When the article was first published, we gave him a chance to defend himself against his imminent induction into "Goredom's Most Wanted" in a personal letter outline<sup>ed</sup> our charges, but to date we've received no reply, leaving us no choice but to urge gorehounds to boycott Scareaphania and direct hate mail to P.O. Box 489, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10156-0489 urging him to remove his tongue from Tony Tampon's posterior. Tsk, tsk Mikey...is your \$14,000 a year job really worth this disgrace?...Speaking of disgrace, over the past few months, the G.E. staff has been seen in broad daylight in many Blockbuster Video outlets throughout the TriState area. Why commit such treason? In a typical bonehead management decision, Blockbuster brass has decided to carry only the top 50 video titles for rental in each of their stores, a move which would clear out "fringe, special interest and obscure films from their shelves within three years as yesterday's top 50 bumps the shelf space on slower-moving titles for today's popular rentals". What does that mean for gorehounds? A virtual field day as Blockbuster stores around the country are shrink-wrapping these "undesireables" and selling them in rummage sale fashion for the astounding price of only \$4.99 Over the past few weeks, the G.E. staff has reaped such treasures as original boxed pre-records of DOUBLE AGENT 73, Admit One's ultra-rare HORROR OF PARTY BEACH, I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW) (what the fuck was that doing in their supposedly purile stores?) and Argento's INFERNO to name but a few. Of course, we always arrive steved to the gills at every location and persist in loutish behavior (ogling and fondling the female high school sales staff, telling the foulest of jokes within earshot of the indoor kiddie playground, wiping boogers on their incredibly imposing BONE ALONE display, etc.) until we are inevitably told to calm down by the stereotypical nerd manager (hey, Michael Gingold, need a night job?). In the meantime, we leave with dozens of the rarest titles imaginable! We never thought we'd urge G.E. fans to patronize this hated establishment, but why not turn their business faux pas into a sleaze fan's dream. This policy was only put into effect around late July; so there's still tons of unpanned gold in them thar hills--hop to it gorehounds! Just remember two things: 1) when arriving at your neighborhood Blockbuster be sure to act as obnoxious as possible and let 'em know that the G.E. sent you and 2) buy whatever you want--but be sure to save enough money to order some of our excellent new titles which can be found in our "Rare Video" section at the end of this edition. Fair is fair...In response to many readers who felt that our letter grading system of rating movies was rather trite and reminded them of horrific report cards of the past and had feelings over their overall academic history (not to mention the fact that the bone-smuggling Village Voice uses the same system for all their music reviews), we've come up

with a new guide that we feel you all will get a kick out of. Since most multiplex movie theatres in the N.Y. metro area now charge a premium of \$7.50 for a theater admission at an all-time high end with skidrow ethnic video stores begging as little as 50 cents per title at the lower end of the spectrum, we will now assign monetary amounts to flicks we review (ie, \$7.50 means run right out and see it, \$3.00 advises you to wait for a sub-run theater or homevideo release, \$1.00 and under--you'd do better spending your time heating off, etc.) as a more realistic guide for whether or not you should part with your hard-earned semolians. Get the picture? Gorehounds not too good at math should now read the G.E. with a calculator within close reach...Lastly, in response to even more reader requests (boy are we getting soft in our old age) for a (cringe) letters section, we've decided to print a few to show just why we've never adopted one over these past eleven years. The first, from a dangerous Israeli Zionist kid of just 17 makes us realize once and for all what true racism really is and that compared to the following, the comedic ethnic epithets we've come under fire for cracking over the years make us seem like delegates of the A.C.L.U.:

Dear Rick,

Fuck you! I just received your 1991 Private Library Listing (Still available for only a paltry 5 bucks-refundable with your first order--Ed.) and I have a few things to say to you: A. I'm Jewish, B. I'm Israeli and C. I'm sick of seeing little Christian fucks like you making a buck off Nazi atrocities (sic) films that exploit the most ghastly crime ever committed in human history. Who the fuck do you think you are? You may see them as amusing exploitation, but you are giving white trash like Ralph or Dwayne (Who?--Ed.) a way to materialize they're (sic) "pover" fantasies--they take this shit seriously! So what if the films are rare! That's no excuse! Beware: We are no more the helpless Jews of yester- year and you just might find yourself with a broken back after a few Kahana (ex-leader of the Jewish Defense League for all you goyee--Ed.) boys pay you a visit and kick your sorry little Christian ass. WE ARE THE GREATEST RACE ALIVE! The smartest, most successful and also the chosen ones! And we also have big dicks! Just ask you girlfriend and she'll tell you she likes a circumcized (sic) cock up her cunt ten times more than a pnor 'ol pink ugly wee wee like yours!

Fuck you Christians! Fuck the shit-assed hairy Arabs and most of all fuck the Germans! (None shall survive).

Watch out!

Gal Kalina  
6780 East Cedar Avenue #710  
Denver, Co 20224

P.S. - Your prices are appalling (sic) \$23 a tape is even worse than Donald Farmer's fucking Mando Shit!

P.S.S. - If you want uncut Argento/Fulci in PAL uncut (sic) all pre-records--I can get you them (once I get back from Arab-bashing in Israel in August). I will trade with you (although I

prefer to sell to you Goin--that's the proven Jewish way!)

(Sig, heil--Gal, you'd best hope our paths never cross, you twisted fuckwad, as you would soon find your skullcap buried deep in your colon. It is sick scum like you that give us all a bad name!)

Not all the mail we receive is from dementoids however, as is evidenced by this encouraging tome from a lonely mid-Western hotel employee:

Dear G.G.:

Being amooog what I am sure is a subscriber minority (female, single and in my late 20's), I must tell you how much I enjoy every new edition of the G.G. that graces my mailbox. Each issue seems to be more hilarious than the last (a seemingly impossible feat!) and I only wish that your publishing schedule was not so infrequent (So do we--Ed.). I know that your wild style of humor sets out to offend everyone, but is never to be taken seriously, so don't let your critics get you down--they're just missing the point of the G.G. entirely! Working at a quiet inn in the middle of the mid-West, I don't often get a chance to see most of the oddball films you review at my local cinema, but I still crack up reading the reviews and eventually use them as a guide when they end up being released to homevideo. Keep up the good work and here's to another 100 issues from one of your biggest fans.

Regards,

Ms. Pamela Liikes  
The Red Cock Inn  
Tillithurts, OH.

(Fan mail like that will keep us around a long time, you flattering little vixen...) Much like our own one-shot guest reviewers format last issue, a regularly published letters page would get stale fast, so to those who insisted that we run one, enjoy the above and leave us alone for another 50 issues, O.K.?...So ends yet another rambling landmark editorial, leaving us hardly enough space to elaborate on the three dozen genre-related gems that have blown through the N.Y. metro area since we last published in mid-April. Once again, we've promised to run far too many plugs at the end of our issue, (Quit asking you fuckers!) so we're forced to limit our reviews to capsule comments, but since we're so late that most of the following flicks either are or are about to be released to homevideo, this issue is a bit redundant. We beg your forgiveness once again and sincerely promise to be on time with a 1992 New Year's Edition that will bring the G.G. back to what it initially set out to be--a CURRENT theatrical film review fanzine. Enough of the babbling, let's take a look at what's been around:

OUT FOR JUSTICE- Steven Seagal, that pony-tailed king of deadpan acting may be sporting a bit of a potbelly in this, his latest three-word-titled slugfest, but still delivers the goods here as a Guido Brooklyn cop who single-handedly takes on both the mob and some crazed drug dealers as he attempts to track the psycho who gunned down his partner during the flick's opening credits. Essentially a rampant revenge remake of his first three films, director John Flynn packs JUSTICE with enough graphic

sadism, exaggerated bloodspurting and bonecrushing bravado to help please even the most blasphemous of the cinephile. A million times

before.

\$5.75

UP AGAINST THE WALL- The first of the season's onslaught of independent low-budget films from black directors, this poorly-crafted, cornpone ebony soap opera comes to us from the ex-Mr. SUPERFLY himself Ron O'Neal who has evidently become born again (the epithet "To God Be The Glory" rolls up on this clunker's end credits) as he ineptly directs a tale of a high-school student who must choose between running on the track team and perhaps becoming eligible for a college scholarship or delivering massive sacks of cocaine for his pimp-like older brother and getting rich with lots of pussy. More suited for a Christian drive-in than the grindhouse circuit, WALL's PG-13 rating precludes any notable nudity or violence, but Negrotia completists may get a kick out of such horrendous dialogue as "Why can't black men respect their women?" and "Using cocaine makes blacks slaves to an even crueller white master!" If Ed Wood, Jr. were reincarnated as a Negro Filmmaker, his films would probably look like this... \$1.25

TOY SOLDIERS- A group of teen male prep school cadets at a posh Virginia academy have to stop jerking off to their Playboy magazines long enough to defend themselves from a group of Columbian terrorists who take over the school after one of the student's FBI-employed dad arrests the leader of a drug cartel and has him extradited to Florida. A few snippets of cold-blooded slaughter and violent torture cannot raise this 112 minute mediocre potboiler above the level of a strong made-for-TV drama. \$2.50

A KISS BEFORE DYING- Aside from a truly repellent opening scene of Matt Dillion throwing Sean Young through a skylight and having her head graphically splatter on a marble office building floor like a tomato after learning that she is pregnant, James Dearden's remake of a 1956 thriller about a psychotic opportunist who will stop at nothing to marry into a rich family is still-born, third rate Hitchcock at best with an ending as limp as your veen after a healthy round of onanism. \$2.25

JUNGLE FEVER- That annoying gadfly Spike Lee spends two hours and twelve minutes attempting to tell us that all black men, be they yuppified or homeboys, secretly harbor a desire to fuck a white woman and that once sliced, said Caucasian will become a slave to dark meat. Tell us something we don't know, oh grand vizier of racial consciousness--my black school mates would hustle their balls and shout "Once you go black, you never come back" when I was in the 5th grade! Spike, you be boring... \$1.00

KILL LINE- Leave it to those scurrilous shysters at Marvin Films to dig up some toothless, aging, arthritic karate instructor who looks vaguely like an Oriental Charles Bronson and tout him as "1991's newest kung-fu killing machine: Bronson Lee" in all their newspaper print ads. In reality, KILL LINE is a 1988 no-budgetter that has been making the rounds of the rural Southern drive-in circuit for a few years now. The touted "Bronson Lee" is never called by that name once throughout KILL LINE's tedious 91 minutes, instead he is introduced as Bobby Kim who spends the flick seeking revenge on the criminals who falsely set him up for a prison hitch and murdered his brother's family to boot. Arduous, trite and bereft of any violence or nudity (why the R?), KILL LINE is merely a shot for the mungsuckers at Marvin to fuck us once again out of hard-earned dinero. Beware. \$0.25

A RAGE IN HARLEM- One of our favorites amongst the new stable of young black directors currently setting Hollywood ablaze this season

in Bill Duke, a former actor who offers us this superb blaxploitationer concerning a shipment of stolen gold transported from Mississippi to 1956 Harlem and its impact on the life of pudgy funeral parlor accounting nerd Forest Whitaker when he is persuaded by sultry ebony vixen (and thief) Robin Givens (ex-Mrs. Mike Tyson) to hide the loot and her booty as well in his tiny one-room studio hovel that is adorned with religious icons and pictures of Jesus. Whitaker soon finds himself a slave to the femme fatale's pussy and a mark for the vicious gang of Southern Ubanis that she stole the gold from. Truly sick humor, graphic violence, great car chases, homosexual hijinx and full-on raging chubby-inducing nudity from Ms. Givens and a bevy of beautiful black sluts make RAGE a throwback to the halcyon days of early-'70's blaxploitation classics and a must-see for all sleaze mavens.

\$7.00

THE UNBORN - Mutated fetuses run amok in this newest chiller from Roger Corman's Caliform Corp. concerning a warped doctor whose idea to alter and strengthen the DNA in male sperm leads to the creation of super-intelligent infants who control their own mothers. Brooke Adams has her womb so genetically implanted and tries to convince those around her that she's being taken over to no avail. Some grisly gore gyno effects from make-up newcomer Joe Podnar are worth the price of a sub-run theater admission alone. THE UNBORN is perfect for gorehounds who have knocked up their girlfriends and cannot convince them to abort the embryo--they'll be running for the clinic stirrups after viewing this gutwrencher!

\$5.50

LA FEMME NIKITA - Naturally we don't venture anywhere near the dreaded arthouse circuit, much less go there to catch a French-language, subtitled effort starring aging Euro-lobster queen Jeanne Moreau in a supporting role, but good word of mouth sent us to check out this filmed in 1989 wild hybrid of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE and LADY TERMINATOR that had art house patrons running for the exit doors before the ending of its ultra-violent first reel. This onslaught opening wherein a group of punk heroin addicts brutally slaughters a pharmacist and police battalion belies the balance of the flick's sci-fi espionage tone, but the lovely Progress Anne Parillaud as the titular deranged government-programmed assassin carries interest throughout NIKITA's slightly overlong 115 minutes while keeping them boners a' poppin for sleaze fans continuously.

\$5.50

THE VANISHING - Generally respected genre critics like the PHANTOM OF THE MOVIES had us venture to an art house once again to catch this critically-acclaimed Dutch language 1988 import concerning an average family man who in his leisure time is a psychotic that seeks to kidnap young women by enticing them into his auto and eventually bury them alive. This killer is so inept that he only manages to successfully carry out the deed once, with the balance of this clunker's interminable 107 minutes spent in a third-rate Hitchcockian cat and mouse game between the victim's investigating lover and the tormenting killer over the course of three long years. Felchmeister Michael Gingold actually had the gonads to compare this turd to HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER which shows what a complete asshole he really is! Let THE VANISHING disappear.

\$0.50

THE KILLER - Run, do not walk, directly to your check-book and write one out to us for \$14.95 (plus \$3.00 shipping and handling), so you can catch Hong Kong's king of violence John Woo in all his stunning glory, with clear English subtitles to boot! Sort of a

slothead version of GOODFELLAS that leans heavily on Oriental themes of make bonding and loyalty, this 1989 filmed, NC-17 rated splatterthon has been inexplicably knocking them dead at fag art houses around the N.Y. metro area--and there aren't even any gerballing scenes throughout the film! Are we missing the joke? Seriously, THE KILLER is a classic and one of the best films imported this year. Buy it from us or go an art house--you must see this film!

\$7.50



A MONUMENTAL MOMENT IN HORROR HISTORY! HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS, THE GODFATHER OF GORE, SINGS THE TITLE SONG FROM HIS HILLBILLY SPLATTER CLASSIC 2000 MANIACS LIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER 25 YEARS AT LAST MAY'S SON OF HORRORTHON CONVENTION AT THE WILLIAMS CENTER IN RUTHERFORD, N.J. HELPING OUT 'OL H.G.L. WITH HIS CHANTEUSE DUTIES ARE (Left to right) KEVIN CLEMENT OF CHILLER THEATRE VIDEO AND RECENTLY-MARRIED GRAND POOPAH OF THE ENTIRE AFFAIR, YOUR HUMBLE EDITOR SPORTING A RATHER FAGGY NEW COIF AND AN UNIDENTIFIED WHITE TRASH BANJO PICKIN' ACCOMPANYIST.

F/X 2: THE DEADLY ART OF ILLUSION - It's taken a while to develop the sequel to 1986's sleeper classic about a quirky horror special effects man who teams with an unconventional hard-nosed cop to trap criminals and ferret out corrupt officials through the use of gore gimmicks and explosive pyrotechnics. Free the looks of this clunker, the producers needn't have bothered. With its rating pared back to a tame PG-13, F/X 2 retreads the same plotline as its predecessor, while retaining none of the former's glitzy simulated graphic violence or brief sequences of nudity. As such it resembles a made-for-TV special and emerges as better left unseen. And will somebody please tell both Brians Brown and Dennehy to lay off the booze -- they look like bloated, walking A.A. poster models!

\$1.50

THELMA & LOUISE - Feminists across the country have lauded this "liberating female action classic" about two bored Arkansas babes tired of being dominated by the respective men in their lives who chuck it all for a wild road trip in a 66 T-bird while blowing a

would-be rapist away along the way and subsequently getting the cops hot on their tails. The only trouble is, once these ladies have been freed from their shackles of this "horrible male-dominated society" what do they start doing? Drinking and driving, shooting off guns, fucking anything that walks on two legs and generally indulging in all the machismo behavior they supposedly abhor! Does this mean the G.G. staff are all feminists? Watch what you're praising, gals? \$4.50

KISS ME A KILLER- Roger Corman's Concorde Pictures brings us a low-budget Latino flavored variant on THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE notable only for its cinematic expedience speed record: filming on this quickie began January 21, 1991 and it had its world premiere in the Miami, Fla. area on April 12! Aside from that, the flick has relatively little bloodshed and the frequent explicit nude interludes with tired, aging Corman mainstay Julie Carmen would lead one to believe that banging her would be like punching on open window... For sleaze navenos who dig meringue music only. \$2.50

SPACE AVENGER- Years after scandalizing the G.G. with a fallacious quote used to tout his abysmal debut effort SPLATTER UNIVERSITY, director Richard Haines has evidently put his sleazeball days behind him and matured into a first-rate exploitation goremeister. Travelling all the way to Beijing, China to have this nifty effort developed in the old two-strip Technicolor process, SPACE AVENGER spin this original tale of a band of four aliens who land on Earth during the 1930's and inhabit the bodies of two college couples who are out necking. Still assuming this human form, they hibernate for 50 years only to awaken in the present (still dressed in their 30's attire) and stalk a young comic book artist whom they feel has stumbled onto their secret. Throughout, Haines packs AVENGER with enough rampant violence, profanity, nudity and grisly special effects to make the film one of this year's sleeper classics. The Technicolor processing adds a further bonus, making the flick's \$800,000 budget look more like \$5 million! Added bonus: Billy Rae McQuade, the warped disco-loving psycho of 1980's MOTHER'S DAY resumes his lofty acting career here as one of the aliens who quickly gets addicted to American booze! Recommended. \$7.00

STONE COLD- Columbia Pictures' attempt to revive the 60's biker action genre and create a new exploitation ass-kicker for themselves (ala Seagal/Van Damme) in former pro-footballer Brian Bosworth failed miserably as audiences stayed away in droves during the normally-lucrative Memorial Day weekend. It's too bad, because potboiler director extraordinaire Craig R. Baxley (ACTION JACKSON, I COME IN PEACE, etc.) has served up one of the wildest rollercoaster rides of the season in this tale of Vanilla Ice clone Boz posing as an undercover cop who infiltrates a drug-dealing, murderous motorcycle gang headed up by the man sleaze fans love to hate, Lance Henriksen. Originally slapped with an NC-17 rating due to "extremely sadistic violence" by the MPAA, enough explosions, knifings, torture, beatings, fist-fights and murder have survived in this R-rated cut to make even the most jaded of action navenos more than satisfied. Don't overlook STONE COLD, a truly neglected gem!. \$7.00

CHOPPER CHICKS IN ZOMBIETOWN- Another re-titled (from CHROME HEARTS) slapstick/gore/zombie pick-up from Troma, Inc. that sits mid-way between, say, THE TOXIC AVENGER series and REDNECK ZOMBIES on the asininity meter. Too sophomoric for even our immature tastes with a total lack of any bared breast meat and butt steak

coupled with gore effects straight out of the H.G. Lewis school of prosthetics. No hum. \$2.50

STRAIGHT OUT OF BROOKLYN- Lobster critics raved about this coming-of-age-in-the-ghetto classic directed by young 19 year old Matty Rich, but to us it seemed like the boy barely knew which end of the camera to point. Plodding, preachy, corny and predictable with terrible acting and technical gloss that borders on 8th high school film-making, even the "we'll release anything" hucksters at Troma Releasing passed on this dud citing its "sub-standard production". So naturally it becomes a critics fave with Rich elevated to a status that has Spike Lee quaking in his Nikes. There's just no justice... \$0.25

POISON- Accurately describes this 3 story lobsterific ERASERHEAD clone anthology from bone-smuggling high-brow auteur Todd Haynes. Don't swallow it! \$0.50

KICKBOXER II- With Jean-Claude Van Damme nowhere in sight, this low budget pseudo-sequel starring Sasha Mitchell (SPIKE OF BENSONHURST) as V.D.'s younger brother borrows all the corniness of the worst ROCKY installments with one of the fancy bone-crushing that has elevated the "muscle from Brussels" into a superstar. Some truly repellent violence and bloodspurting won't stop action fans from screaming out "rip off" at this pale imitation of its predecessor. \$2.75

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGEMENT DAY- Older horror fans will recall just how bad GODZILLA movies began to suck once the nips at Toho Studios decided to change their box office bonanza lizard into a good character that defended mankind instead of a malevolent monster bent on roasting and squishing slopeheads into oblivion. Director James Cameron makes a similar judgement error here as in this sequel to the 1984 original Arnold Schwarzenegger is now de-balled to return as a "good" terminator, sent from the future to save the Earth and young John Connor specifically (Linda Hamilton's as yet unborn son from the first installment) from destruction and death at the hands of a stronger, "bad" terminator played with sinister aplomb by the truly eerie Robert Patrick. (Christ, even the plot sounds like 1973's GODZILLA VS. MECHAGODZILLA!). What makes the

film even worse is that Arny is further reduced to being programmed to take orders only from a little 10 year snot who is almost as annoying as Macaulay Culkin and forces the square-jawed Aryan to utter such epithets as "Hasta la vista, baby" and "Chill out, dude" in embarrassing BILL & TED slapstick style at regular intervals. Even the much-touted "originally developed" special effects of Stan Winston are far too similar to those glimpsed in Cameron's last outing THE ABYSS to be truly mind-boggling. Certainly T2 has its share of exciting moments and several of the chase sequences are downright breath-taking, but for a reported \$100 million dollar budget (the highest in motion picture history), we really expected a lot more and actually found the flick quite boring and overlong after its initial 50 minute impressive slam-bang opening reels. Last summer's TOTAL RECALL was much more impressive both f/x and story-wise and was filmed on half of T2's budget. Quite a disappointment... (Side note: A sincere get well goes out to Jimmy Muro, ex-G.G. alumnus and director of STREET TRASH who worked as

a steadycam operator on this monumental production and reportedly got a triple hernia for his gruelling efforts. Don't feel too bad, however, insiders report that Mr. Muro received \$5,000 a day for his services throughout T2's 104 day shooting schedule. For that kind of cabbage, I'd cut off both my nuts and ween to boot!) \$5.00

**HANGIN' WITH THE HOMEBOYS**- Forget all those preachy, message-imparting, overblown racial soap operas from the likes of rabble-rousing minority directors Spike Lee, John Singleton, et. al--this hilarious comedy from debuting Puerto Rican screenwriter/director Joe Vasquez tells it like it is about inner city life in the South Bronx: four ghetto teens go out at 5:00 pm Friday night and stay up until Saturday dawn drinking, driving, squabbling amongst themselves and just trying to get laid in this hilarious ensemble piece. (Haw, sounds a lot like the average weekend for any G.E. staffer!) One succeeds, two pass out and one gets punched out in this ribald gem that didn't get nearly the degree of attention it deserved. Upcoming ethnic filmmakers are urged to hang up the social consciousness and race-bating, just bring on the fart jokes! \$5.50

**BOYZ 'N THE HOOD**- In a recent Spin magazine interview with rappers N.W.A., the band commented on this first directoral effort from young black 23 year old wunderkind John Singleton that features their ex-band mate Ice Cube in a pivotal role by stating that it was "a kind of made-for-TV special with some cussin' thrown in", with MC Ren specifically commenting that "Ice Cube can suck my dick." I swear to you on my clergyman's vestment that these were my exact comments upon leaving the theater last July after sitting through this moralistic dud. Could I be an octoon and not know it? I do have a rather large Johnson for a Caucasian...But, seriously, why does every new black filmmaker envision himself to be an urban ebony Frank Capra? \$3.00

**POINT BREAK**- Proof positive that Kathryn Bigelow must have used a large portion of the fruits of her recent Hollywood successes (BLUE STEEL, NEAR DARK) on consuming massive amount of cocaine as this nonsensical tale of a gang of surfing bank robbers who disguise themselves as ex-Presidents during each heist could only seem feasible to a veteran of one too many Inca talk parties. Stars Gary Busey, Keanu Reeves and Patrick Swayze have all been known to hoot the occasional rail themselves, leaving POINT BREAK to resemble a 122 minute commercial for the Betty Ford clinic. Abysmal. \$2.00

**V.I. WASHBANSKI**- An embarrassingly overweight Kathleen Turner attempts the celluloid incarnation of the titular heroine of Sara Paretsky's popular shrub scout novels featuring a hard-nosed blue collar gal private eye in this dull, anemic, actionless gabfest that save for brief profanity could pass for regular network T.V. programming. Truly this female dick has no balls... \$1.50

**MONSTERS**- Brat packers travel seventy years back in time to play pre-pubescent gangsters in this factually inaccurate re-telling of the Lucky Luciano story. Jumbled, hackneyed and unimproved by short interludes of bloodspurting, this embarrassment would have been more accurately titled GOODFAGGOTS! \$2.00

**BODY PARTS**- It's a shame that we're so cramped for space, as we'd really like to elaborate about just how much we enjoyed Eric Red's suspenseful HANDS OF ORLAC update that shifts inexplicably into RE-ANIMATOR-like graphic splatter hijinx for the film's last 30

minutes. Suffice to say, gorehounds will be salivating with glee at some of the outlandish gorespewing on display at the finale, leaving us to wonder just how in the hell the flick ever slipped by with an R rating. Recommended. \$7.00

**DOUBLE IMPACT**- Jean Claude Van Damme, an obvious graduate of the A. Schwarzenegger thespian academy, puts his dramatic skills to the test by playing twin brothers in this predictable revenge melodrama made interesting by virtue of its PRINCE & THE PAUPER angle. And guess what? Both brothers still have that annoying, turd-chewing Belgian accent...Kudos must go to V.D., however, for accepting such a difficult acting challenge and almost pulling it off. \$5.75

**TRUE IDENTITY**- An out-of-work black actor turns himself white via some Bryan Brown-styled f/x scenery to elude being whacked by an ex-Mafia kingpin whose identity he accidentally discovers. Since this is a Disney film, none of the bawdy racial jokes or situations that spring to mind once hearing this plot description materialize, leaving the film scarcely better than a T.V. sitcom. Do yourself a favor and go out and rent Melvin Van Peeble's 1970 WATERMELON MAN instead for a much wilder look at a similar premise. \$2.00

**HARLEY DAVIDSON & THE MARLBORO MAN**- Mickey Rourke, Don Johnson and director Simon Wincer must have all attended the same blow party at Kathryn Bigelow's house...(see review of POINT BREAK elsewhere.) \$2.00

**CHILD'S PLAY 3**- Can blow me! Seriously, PLAY'S producers have gone to the well once too often (and far too quickly--its been less than 10 months since CHILD'S PLAY 3!) with this gimmicky killer doll saga, so that even by updating the story eight years into the future where a re-animated Chucky pursues a 16 year old Andy Barclay who is now ensconced in a Nazi-like co-educational military school, viewers start to get the feeling that the whole killer toy milieu is just a one trick pony. Add to that the fact that distributor Universal Pictures ordered the violence toned way down for this third installment after the excellent C.P. 2 came under critical attack for being far too graphic and gory. And after all, how many times can you hear the voice of Brad Douriff call some nubie a "fucking bitch!" before it starts to get downright tedious. R.I.P., Chucky... \$2.50

**FREDDY'S DEAD**- Good riddance! Actually, we thought the tired exploits of crazed dream slasher Freddy Krueger had died creatively years ago. This time out, femme director Rachel Talalay resorts to having Freddy do battle with his own daughter in an optic nerve burning 3D 15 minute final reel that'll make you realize why they stopped using the process a few years ago. Almost no gore and played strictly for neo-slapstick campy laughs, the film can only be recommended for its flashback sequences depicting Robert Englund as Freddy before he became a burn-scarred monster and horror fans realize that he's way fucking uglier without the wake-up! \$2.50

**DEAD MEN DON'T DIE**- But Elliot Gould's career sure will when casting agents see this embarrassing no laugh, Grade-Z comedy failure concerning a stuffy T.V. anchorman who is murdered by a

gang of coke dealers only to be revived by a black voodoo-practicing cleaning woman as a retarded, mincing zombie. The absolute worst film we've seen in years! \$0.25

**SHOWDOWN IN LITTLE TOKYO-** Just when we were about to editorially bemoan the lack of explicit sex and nudity in most of the exploitation features released in this sterile decade, along comes this wild 75 minute pulsepounding karatethon featuring Van Damme wannabe Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee (real-life son of dragon, Bruce) as two maverick cops fighting the Japanese mafia and more naked babes than in all the films reviewed this issue combined! Forget the hackneyed revenge melodrama plot, there's enough Oriental gash on display here to get sleaze fans locked in the same cell as Pee Wee Herman! And is there an action fan in the house who wouldn't like to give lovely Japanese supermodel Tia Carrere (here cast as the lead femme in distress) a righteously ruthless fucking? Great stuff! \$7.00

**THE SUPER-** Just released as we hit the presses, this slapstick racial tension quickie featuring Joe Pesci as the stereotypical Jewish slumlord forced by the courts into living in his own run-down tenement for 120 days is basically a one-joke movie, but fans of sophomoric sleaze will get a few yucks out of the racial epithet hurling, fart humor, growling rats and foul-mouthed little black brats that keep this 85 minute windfluff moving briskly along. The flick is much better than it's cheesy ad campaign would lead you to believe. \$5.50

**RICOCHET-** Not yet screened at presstime, let's hope you don't have to wait another six months for our opinion on this Denzel Washington/Ice-T soul brother shoot-a-thon. (Just kidding!) ?

**PLUGS/NEWS/APOLOGIES CORNER-** It has got to stop! This time out, we've got more plugs than an economy size box of tampons! Though we truly love all our fellow 'ziners and genre buddies, we had more requests for mentions this issue than we had films to review! Our space is really limited, so in the future, if you ask for a plug and don't get it, ~~tough shit~~ (oops) it doesn't mean that your particular effort sucks (but then again it might), it's just that we don't have enough room...First off, sincere apologies to Rock Savage, enigmatic director and star of such unsung classics like MUMMY A GORE GORE, and GROOVY SQUAD AND THE ZOMBIE BEACH CONSPIRACY. We'd promised to run some shots from his movies on our cover for a couple of issues now, but first he was bumped by George Bush and now by Lisamarie's , so we're sure he's pissed at us. You gotta admit, Rock, her quip on the cover will sell more issues than your ugly mug...Although she's been unavailable for comment, we've recently received word that the wacky, wonderful Barbara Jarvis has ceased publication of Zoomer, the first sleaze culture zine produced entirely by a bunch of babes. Say it ain't so, Babs, and if true, what happened?...One-man video scum assault squad Vic Stanley has begun his own publication with the scholarly title of A Stream of Semi-Consciousness. More a compilation of stories and essays than an out and out review zine, A.S.D.S.C.'s 29 pages are filled with such warped treatises as

"Why Star Trek Is More Subversive Than Slasher Movies" and "Sex Lives of Classic Movie Monsters" and is well worth its lofty \$3.00 cover price. Send U.S. cashola only to Vic at P.O. Box 176, Lafayette, In 47902-0176...Ignored a mention in these pages for far too long, our hats are off to the G.G.'s #1 U.K. fan Stefan Kwiatkowski for years of diligent service in promoting us throughout all of England, sending copies of every schedule of London's nifty Scala Cinema, turning us on to great Euro zines like NORA K. (dedicated to the films of Traci Lords) and Jim McLeon's excellent Trash City without once ever asking to be re-imbursed, secretly letting us know what video scumbags are afoot in the shops of Merry Olde and (most importantly) sending us \$50.00 in U.S. Cash for multiple copies of every new G.G. we publish! This whole issue is dedicated to you, dude...By far the wildest, rudest and funniest multi-media zine to appear on the scene since Grindhouse, Happyland is a must for all fans of G.G.-styled "fuck you" writing. Self touted as "a journal of horror, degradation, self-obsession and lots of BEER" and named after the tragic (yeah, right!) Bronx social club fire of last year, madman editor Selwyn Harris and his concubine Lyric cover such topics as a trip to a gay porn theater and an onanism forum wherein readers are urged to reveal their favorite masturbation stories, all sprinkled with some obnoxious film reviews that make the G.G.'s seem like Scareaphanalia (no, nothing could be as bad as that!) by comparison. And anyone who thinks that Hoboken wimp rockers Yo Lo Tengo really suck are alright with us! Send two bucks (one for the zine, one for a beer) to Selwyn today at 350 6th Avenue, #4, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215...On a certainly more somber note, Staten Island bile-spewer Nick the Yak has published the final, single-paged, one-sided Xeroxed edition of his long-running magazine Stink. The shocking reason cited within is that after 12 years of "sex, drinking and Mexican food (?) " 'ol Nick is claiming to have become a born again Christian. The Devil you say? We'll have more info next issue, but this news tidbit is either the greatest practical joke ever pulled in fandom history or the biggest loss we legions of the depraved have endured to date...Twisted Limey Gary Gittings has started up a new publication called Pretty Poison. Issue # 2 features reviews of DEADBEAT AT DAWN, SANTA SANGRE and THE OPRA WINFREY SHOW (?), but says some pretty nice things about the G.G. in general and the Rev. specifically, hence its presence in our plugs column. A single copy will set you back just three clams, with a six issue subscription a steal at \$15.00. Write to Gary at 307, Bloxwich Road, Leamore, Wallsall, West Midlands, WS28BD, England...Dan Golden, director of the excellent depraved sexploitationer NAKED OBSESSION, wrote to thank us for our rave review (see last issue) and to ask what a thumprag was...Congratulations are in order to George Maranville, orchestrator of the maverick review program BRAINS ON FILM out of Lexington, KY, for his recent marriage to the lovely-----oh, fuck, we forgot her name! She does have great tits, though! Best of luck, kids. Kudos also go out to Jim & Jane McCabe, proprietors of the legendary Video Vault in Alexandria, Va., for the surprise arrival (to them as well) of their first child: a demonic baby boy named Tenant. Let's just hope his name doesn't inspire any Polanski-like behavior and that in a few decades he's caught boffing twelve year olds..We salute the balls of Tower Video who



with this issue have agreed to distribute the G.G. nationwide. However, with the "cuntroversial" cover of this edition, it may be a short-lived business arrangement....Lastly, if anyone still gives a fuck, the N.Y. metro area release of the long-awaited George Romero/Dario Argento 1989 collaboration TWO EVIL EYES is finally slated for October 25. The wormbags at Marvin Films are handling the distribution, and since we haven't been too nice to them in these pages as of late, they've refused to provide us with any graphic stills to present here. We're crying...

Videophiles searching for some really obscure and unreleased quasi-legal offerings are urged to send off \$5.00 today for the newly-updated 1991 edition of the G.G. Private Library Listing featuring dozens of new titles since the last one was published over a year ago. Included in this edition are offerings we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre, porn and rock music curios that aren't normally advertised in the "Rare Videos" section of the G.G. Plus: Your 5 bucks will be fully refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your cabbage today to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo.

RARE VIDEOS- Excellent quality copies of the following new rarities are now available from our money-hungry video department:

• MEET THE FEEBLES- The long-awaited follow-up to his classic BAD TASTE, New Zealand dementoid Peter Jackson offers up this maggotty Muppet movie featuring gore, sleaze and depravity we've only seen in the most base of bestiality loops. Guaranteed to traumatize children (and many adults as well) for life.....

• THE BLOODY JUDGE (Le Throne De Dieu)- Ultra-rare Jess Franco sex and sadism outing featuring a youthful Christopher Lee as the title character who gets his rocks off by fucking young village nubes and then torturing and mutilating them. In interviews, Lee claims to have deep regrets about ever having made this sick gut-churner! Completely in French with no sub-titles.

• THE EROTIC RITES OF FRANKENSTEIN- More boning and bloodletting from Mr. Franco, this time dubbed into English in a twisted soft-core re-telling of the Mary Shelly classic. Recommended.

• MR. VAMPIRE- The popularity of these Asian gore outings is spreading like wildfire! This one features a hopping, bloodsucking, raping, kung-fu kicking resurrected vampiric corpse of a nobleman and must be seen to be believed. If you buy one tape this month, make it this!

• AEINEMA- Completely dubbed into English and featuring a pristine transfer from a Japanese laser disc, Lucio Fulci's warped tale of flesh-eating snails and assorted splatter at an all-girls school shows the Italo goremeister at his depraved finest.

• BOOBS, BUSH & BUTTSTEAK: YOUR FAVORITE ACTRESSES IN THE

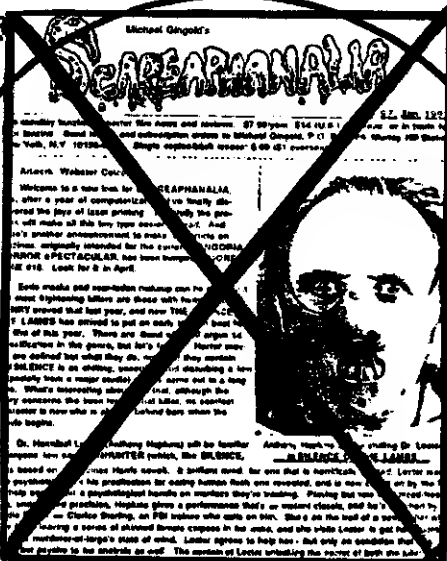
RAW- Just what the title says: a G.G. staff-compiled compilation of your favorite actresses in their most Johnson-throbbing nude scenes. Featuring Linda Blair, Phoebe Cates, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Sybil Danning and many, many more; poonhounds will no longer have to wade through hours of shitty movies to get to the meat of the matter. (Baby oil not included with this selection.)

• MORE INCREDIBLY STRANGE INTERVIEWS- Round three of Jonathan Ross' excellent British interview series with warped and unusual genre film directors, this installment is probably the most outlandish of all as it features a talk with Alejandro Jodorowski, a true madman (EL TOPO, SANTA SANGRE) whose insane ramblings make David Lynch seem like George Bush. Also included in this program is Pedro Almodovar, gay Spanish director whose TIE ME UP, TIE ME DOWN was pulled from the shelves of puritanical Blockbuster Video.

• SURPRISE TITLE- Once again, we are offering a title that is so illegal, we'd get our scrotal sacks nailed to the wall if we mentioned it in print. We can only give you these few hints: we loved the film and gave it one of the highest gradings of this issue, it is not a big-budget release and its plot somewhat resembles the old New Line Cinema film, The Hidden. That's all we can tell you about this one, but it is well worth purchasing and not slated for a video release anytime soon.

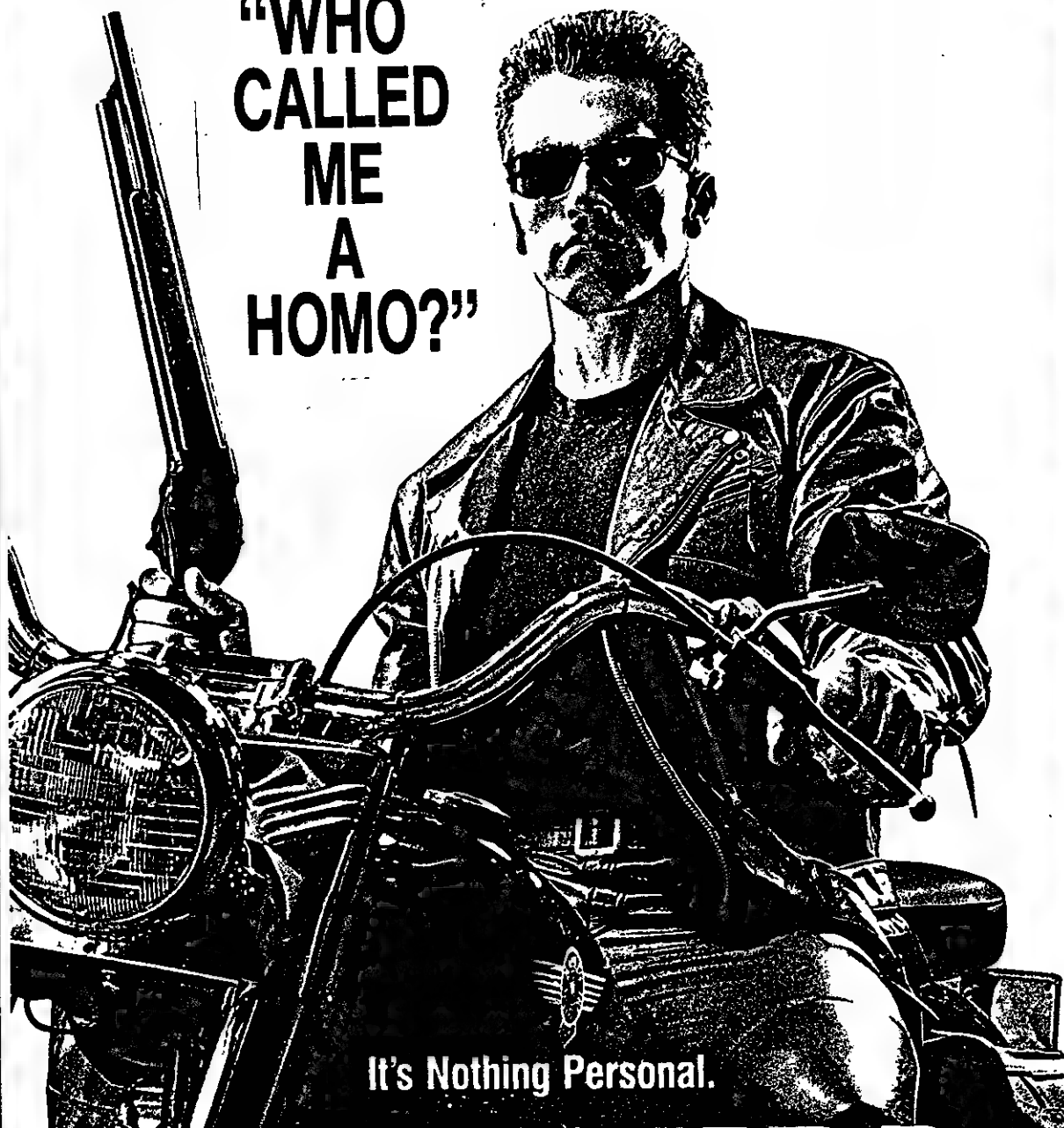
Since money is still extremely tight around, we've decided to extend our recession-buster price reduction of \$ 14.95 per video title through this issue only. With the publication of G.G. #106, we are definitely raising our prices back up to our normal \$19.95, so be sure to act now! All tapes are now duped on high-grade blanks for the best possible transfer quality, and we've recently purchased new industrial duping equipment to improve our product even more as well as reducing our delivery time down to 3 weeks from the time we receive your order (will wonders never cease?). Also, all orders postmarked by November 23 will be guaranteed to be mailed out in time for Xmas, so now's the time to start thinking about giving the gift of gore..... Please specify either VHS or BETA format and send \$14.95 (plus \$3.50 for postage and handling) to the G.G. c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Order today!!!!

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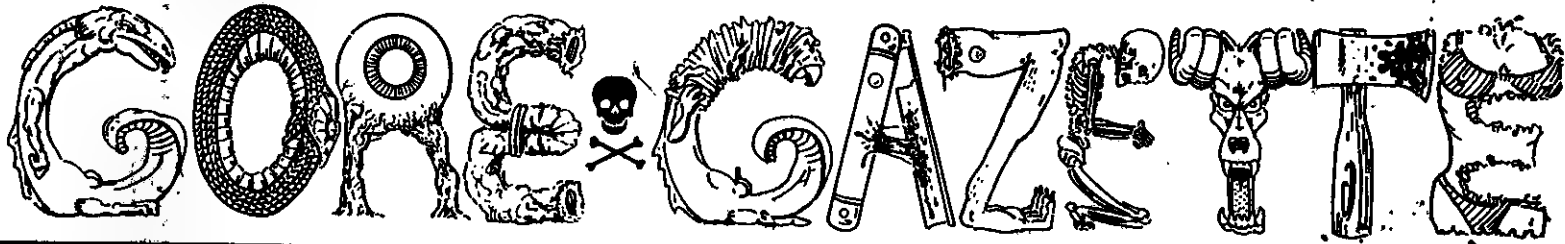
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HOLLYWOOD FAME MACAULEY CULKIN RARE TIJUANA KIDDIE PORN LOOP KNOWN AS HOMO  
ALONO !!!!!





Hello again and thanks a heap for all the accolades lavished upon the graphics of last issue. It seems as though the Willy Nelson-esque thick fur patch of our well-worn cover model Lisamarie went over big with our sex-starved readership as well as our making sport of copywrited big budget Hollywood print ads by mutilating their tag lines. Well to date, Carolco has not acted upon their lawsuit threats (and is not likely to considering their impending bankruptcy), leaving us to decide now to accept paid advertising on a selective basis from those distributors who have screwed over film fans in the past via retitlings, Americanizations of foreign casts, misleading graphics, etc. Of course, once paid for the space (at the lucrative rate of \$200 as set by the self-important bullies at Carolco), we will continue to alter the copy in G.G. unorthodox-styled fashion in order to 1) entertain you readers 2) fatten our bank coffers and 3) mete out justice to the handful of scurrilous hucksters out there who have wasted both our time and money over the years with their fraudulent ad and TV campaigns. Since the nefarious Terry Levene of Aquarius Releasing is no longer actively involved in theatrical distribution (and is said to now derive his primary source of income as the head mop boy at Time Square's Show World), number two on our shyster shit list is easily N.Y.'s own Marvin Films whose most recent offense was capitalizing on last year's Persian Gulf War by advertising a Saddam Hussein-assaulting actioner called HANGFIRE that was actually merely a no-budget melodrama concerning a New Mexico prison break with nary a towel-head in sight (see G.G. # 104 for the whole low-down). Why would those dumb bastards at Marvin respond to our notice that "we were now accepting paid advertising "after we had bashed them relentlessly for nearly a dozen years now? It's beyond us, but we sincerely hope you get a kick out of their surgically-altered ad for TWO EVIL EYES that adorns our back cover. We laughed all the way to the bank and hopefully won't be crying leaving the courtroom...As for our cover, we couldn't dredge up any Lisamarie clones to humiliate for this edition's "spread", so we decided to diffuse the many rampant rumors concerning the G.G. staff's homophobia by displaying some male genitalia and unearthing a shocking Hollywood scandal in the same stroke (no pun intended). Now, we must assure our more macho readership that in no way is the G.G. "going homo", but even the butchiest dudes among us will have to admit that they've thought about cock-whipping the annoying mug of brat millionaire McCaulay Culkin with their engorged shlongs at least once since that imp's runaway success. Admittedly, weens are not our cup of tea, but it's rough coming up with increasingly shocking covers 5 times a year! We'll try better next time...Incidentally, our "gimmick" front cover was not merely an attempt to fill up space, but a sincere plea from the Tower Video organization (whose nationwide distribution of the G.G. has substantially increased our circulation) who did not feel our neo-kiddie porn cover design would sit well with mainstream Americans who had to look at it while waiting in line to rent out their copies of ROBIN HOOD, PRINCE OF THIEVES. After careful deliberation (considering of course the loss of revenue from the sale of a couple thousand issues), the G.G. staff relented and concocted the hokey cover you now hold in your hand. A cheap sell out? Not really. How would you feel about reading this edition out in public

with its cover displayed prominently? You'd instantly be mistaken as a member of the North American Man-Boy Love Association, so before chastising us, be thankful. Anyway, with the advent of 1992, it's once again time to announce the Gore Gazette Film Of The Year Award for 1991. Admittedly a rather glum year what with the recession biting into everyone's wallet, independent theatrical releases at their lowest ebb since our inception of publishing and the MPAA's ever increasing crackdown on graphic violence and sexual content (note that we've dropped the "Gorefilm" part of the Award from our title--flicks just aren't gory anymore!), this is the first year that we've actually received responses from readers like "who cares?", "why bother?" and "what's the use?" instead of actual nominations. Now, we'll agree that things are a bit anemic, but it's not that bad...yet! This year marked the first time the coveted award was meted out to 1) a big-budget Hollywood film that 2) might actually win an Academy Award! (Could our readers be getting respectable?) Anyway, dozens of nominations for releases like BRIDE OF THE RE-ANIMATOR, BODY PARTS, and John Woo's excellent THE KILLER (made in the late 80's, but released theatrically in the U.S. in 1991) were left in the dust by the landslide votes garnered for Jonathan Demme's excellent SILENCE OF THE LAMBS, a harrowingly creepy thriller whose intro minutes brought a new respectability to the art of masturbatory jizz-slissing. Mr. Demme had been having his own problems with the cadre of this country's gay press who have called him out as a gay-basher for the stereotypical portrayal of LAMB's serial killer Jame Gumb (i.e. he owns a white poodle, loves Barbara Streisand records, etc.). He was actually heckled while speaking at a N.Y. Film Critics Awards ceremony by members of that repellent elitist liberal rag The Village Voice as he received an award for LAMBS. What those sperm-drunk rump wranglers don't realize is that Demme didn't write SILENCE or even adapt it for the screen! If they have a beef, they should take it up with Thomas Harris, the creator of the Hannibal Lector series. Best of luck with your critics, Jonathan, and don't worry: we won't tell anyone that you've been a G.G. subscriber since 1985! Although the entire G.G. staff thought SILENCE was an excellent film that merited it's winning of our coveted award, we were a bit surprised that not one single vote came in for NAKED OBSESSION, the perverse, violent sexploitation sleeper from Roger Corman's Concorde Pictures that was our personal pick this year. And to those 20-odd folks who cast their nomination for Ridley Scott's THELMA & LOUISE, please be advised that 1) the exact same plot was presented much better (and with more tits displayed) in David De Cotteau's 1988 ASSAULT OF THE KILLER BIMBOS and 2) your G.G. subscriptions have now been terminated, film nerds! In last issue's plugs/news/apologies corner, we gave a rave review to the maiden issue of Selwyn Harris' highly irreverent Happyland fanzine. Since that time, we've met Selwyn personally and your editor has more or less adopted this 23 year old miscreant as his idiot bastard son. When Harris published the second issue of his lewd and crude trash culture 'zine, I tried to secure distribution for the young wunderkind through most of N.Y.'s G.G. outlets only to have him be politely told by such stalwart 'zine supporters as Michael Weldon and Ted Gottfried of See Hear bookstore that Happyland was far too

racist and homophobic for them to be associated with. Upon re-reading Happyland # 2, I must admit that Selwyn definitely knows how to call a spade a spade (both figuratively and literally), but his publication still stands out as one of the brash-est, funniest reads in this era of increasingly Gingoldish wimp-zines, so I do not feel that this squelching is entirely warranted. Though most of my friends feel he is an annoying, drunken, opinionated asshole (a chip off the old block, perhaps?), I gotta go to bat for the guy and urge all G.G. readers to send off at least two bucks to him at 350 6th Avenue, #4,



THE RT. REVEREND AND TWO OF HIS LOVELIEST STAFFERS HOLD THEIR OWN PERSONAL WAKE TO MOURN THE PASSING OF THE RECENTLY-DECEASED LYRIC THEATRE AND THUS PROCLAIM THE OFFICIAL DEATH OF THE DEUCE. R.I.P. ....

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215 for this meanspirited, yet hilarious second issue. He kisses your humble publisher's ass both in print and in public every chance he gets as well as picking up the tab for endless pitchers of beer, so he definitely deserves your support...On a more somber note, the advent of 1992

brought about the closing of yet another of the Times Square/42nd St. area's crown jewels, the Lyric Theatre. Notable primarily as one of the wildest of the Deuce's urban venues featuring the most obscure exploitation triple bills coupled with blowjobs and contraband openly offered for sale in the halcyon days of the early 1980's, the acrid stench of urine excreted from diseased bladders that permeated the entire expanse of the theatre will be sorely missed. With only two 42nd St. theatres now remaining open (out of an initial 12) and thus supplied continuously with mainstream Hollywood product, it can be finally proclaimed that the 42nd St. sleaze theatre era is officially dead: R.I.P. Those videophiles with asses now puffed into globules of cottage cheese cellulite from hours of sitting and watching "rare" videos at home while wishing that they could figure out how to get laid can take partial responsibility for this happenstance...We always admired prankster Chris Gore and his crafty Film Threat organization for hours of entertaining reading, but must take him to task for blasting Chas Balun, the Paul Bunyon of gore-dom, in the latest issue of Film Threat Video Guide. Gore and Co. criticize the DEEP RED statesman for pirating the films of splatter auteurs like Argento, Romero and Fulci to make himself a quick buck. Hmmm...it doesn't seem like too long ago that the Film Threat crew was financing its operations by offering the likes of poor quality dupes of the Go-Go's sticking dildos up the asshole of a coked-out roadie, etc. so who's calling the kettle black? Being cut from the Captain Kidd mold myself, both Balun and I offer videos through the mail of films by the above goremeisters that are not readily available in this country through normal video outlets. We are fans who sell to fans and don't make a fuck of a lot of money doing such. If we had to rely on per copy sales and subscriptions to cover our production expenses, the G.G. would have closed up shop a long time ago, so why don't you leave our meager bootlegging income alone? Once any of the titles we sell becomes legally available in this country, both Balun, myself and others immediately cease our sales. If you want to take the colossal Chas to task, why not do it for the outlandish prices of his Deep Red digests (now \$14.95 per copy and rising). Film Threat may now be a prozine, but Gore & Co. should realize that they achieved that lofty status through the path of pirating and fandom pandering, so leave the poor bearded bastard alone...Rapidly on its way to becoming one of our most popular features, our mailbag has been deluged with accusations of "Goredom's Most Wanted" for everyone from the despicable Michael Flores, a certain mail order video pirate from Virginia (you're a pal of ours, but we've been getting as many complaints about you as we had for Donald Farmer—get your act together now or you'll be next month's poster boy!) to a N.Y. video store clerk with a penchant for sniffing little girl's bicycle seats! However, this issue we must use the space as a personal forum against a weasely little poster dealer who tried to take your editor as the old burnout he often appears to be. We're talking here about the nefarious Mike Accommando (rhymes with Sambo), whose mail order/convention one-sheet business Dreadful Pleasures has been bilking fans for a number of years now by charging outrageous prices for rare posters (i.e., \$30 for a dog-eared DR. BUTCHER, M.D., \$200 for a FASTER PUSSYCAT, etc.). The Rev first ran into Mr. A. while MC-

ing one of Kevin Clement's excellent anti-Fagoria HORRORTHON conventions. The mild-mannered sleazeball approached me with a copy of the debut issue of his fanzine Dreadful Pleasures (why does every horror fan aspire to be the next Ernest Hemingway?) and asked if I would plug it in the next edition of the G.G.. Eyeing up Accommando's luscious girlfriend (whom I'd much rather plug than his pitiful publication), I agreed that I would and then I off-handedly mentioned that I literally had thousands of one-sheets from the 50's, 60's and 70's in the G.G. offices' attic that have lain uncataloged for over a decade. On that comment, his beady little eyes lit up and he asked if I wanted to sell any of them. I said that I would, but I warned him that I knew what they were worth and that if he entertained the slightest thought of hustling me, we were wasting each other's time. Accommando assured me that his intentions were honorable, and a few weeks later he arrived at my door step with two cases of beer and a muscle-bound friend-cum-bodyguard named "Vinnie from Long Island". They served up the beer as an offering to the Rev. and then went on a 4 hour plus shopping spree, rampaging through every carton of movie material I had on hand. Throughout that time, I had to contend with the incessant buzz of their film nerd banter as I watched the stack of the posters they wished to buy grow larger. 'Round past midnight and well in my cups, I announced the basement sale to be over and began to peruse the pile they had selected for purchase. Accommando definitely knows his trade, selecting the cream of my collection: original poster art for the old A.I.P. SHE CREATURE, Russ Meyer's MUDHONEY, H.G. Lewis' BLOOD FEAST, etc. In total, his pick came to just under 150 one-sheets. He then slyly asked me "What do you want for all these?" Reeling from the brews and his non-stop needledick chatter I replied "I don't know, I've never sold any of this stuff before. I'll have to think about it!" On that note, the evil spawn whipped out his imitation-leather STAR TREK wallet and hurled down \$400 bucks on my coffee table, offering the C notes as a package deal. Harking back to my accounting days at Exxon, I quickly grabbed a calculator and proceeded to delve into some complicated algebra: 141 posters divided by \$400 equals—\$2.83? Thinking my math skills were fogged by inebriation, I repeated the process only to arrive at the same quotient. When I conveyed this info to Accommando, he barked, "That's my offer take it or leave it!" I then felt a nervous tingle in the small of my back that quickly travelled up my spine and into my cheeks as I realized this curly haired, myopic fuckwad was trying to beat me into accepting what was surely to be the poster deal of the century. Visions of Accommando devilishly grinning as he sold some cretin a MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY one-sheet for 80 bucks and even charged poor T.V. Mikels a fast 15 clams for his own ASTRO ZOMBIES lobby card danced in my brain as I strolled behind the G.G. office copy machine and produced a metal tip dart pistol that looks convincingly enough like a real P38 German Luger and ordered the two assholes out of my house at gunpoint. The boys didn't expect that violent reaction for sure, and Accommando blurted out that it was all "a misunderstanding" as I showed him and his buttboy the door. Laughably, the next evening a G.G. staffer found poor Mike sitting on the staircase leading up to the G.G. offices claiming that he was here to make peace with the reverend because

after the prior night's debacle he was sure that "Rick was gonna write me up!" Well Mike, you were right—and your aborted scam attempt made for a half page of fun reading! And you know why I wasn't home that night when you attempted to make amends? I was out fucking your girlfriend of course! The moral of this issue's "Goredom's Most Wanted" is twofold: 1) never try to scrode any of the G.G. staffers no matter how dim-witted we seem and 2) stay away from Mike Accommando and his overpriced Dreadful Pleasures poster enterprise. Gorehounds hungry for movie material can make far better deals at Michael Weldon's Psychotronic Video, New York, NY, Kevin Clement's Chiller Theatre Video, Rutherford, NJ, or Eric Caiden's Hollywood Book & Poster, Hollywood, CA...Speaking of Kevin Clement, we're sad to report that his Horrorthon convention partnership with bald money-grubbing dwarf Charles Candelosi has gone splitsville, with both parties threatening to sue the other if the name Horrorthon is used to promote future shows. This put the loyalty of the G.G. to test as the Horrorthon has hired your humble editor as Master of Ceremonies for each of their 3 past conventions which in the past featured such great guest stars as Dyanne Thorne, Hershell Gordon Lewis, Zacherle, etc. and now that the two partners were bitterly split, whose new convention organization should we endorse? Let's review the facts:

- Who allows the MC uncensored reign of the microphone? (Kevin)
- Who chastised the MC for publicly calling the MUNSTERS' Butch Patrick a burned-out, has-been coke fiend? (Charlie)
- Who allows the MC to drink alcohol openly while running the Horrorthon memorabilia auction and insult women and children alike? (Kevin)
- Who almost fired the MC for making fun of Jonathan "LOST IN SPACE" Harris' limp-wrist, fey-speaking voice and overall faggotry when introducing him at the last Horrorthon? (Charlie)
- Who still owes the MC about 50 bucks for T.V. Mikels' monumental bar tab from the last Horrorthon and is refusing to pay up? (Charlie)

After reviewing the situation, it is evident that the G.G. fealty lies heavily with Kevin Clement, so we heartily endorse him in his solo bid at conventioning. Now remember, the Horrorthon name is still in legal limbo, so that when Kevin resurfaces this May 2 & 3 at the Rothman Center in Hackensack, N.J., he'll be using the weighty monicker Chiller Theatre Toy, Model, and Film Expo as his corporate entity. No word yet as to what Candelosi will be calling his mid-June outing, but we hear that Mr. Rogers is the featured guest. As for an MC, we know that the bawdy Michael Gingold is always looking to pick up a few bucks. You two deserve each other...Many thanks to England's Cathal Tohill for featuring a lengthy inter-

view with your editor conducted about a year ago by Vic Stanley in the #4 edition of his excellent Ungawa! magazine. Vic caught me at the tail end of a bender one night on the telephone more than a year ago and in the course of our one hour plus conversation, I let fly with some comments that I cannot believe ended up in print. They're all true, though, so send off six bucks U.S. to Cathal today c/o Ungawa!, P.O.Box 1764, London NW6 2EQ, England. I share the spotlight with the likes of Samuel Z. Arkoff, John Saxon, Martin Denny and Blowfly, so it's quite an eclectic read...Longtime readers know that for the sixth consecutive year now, the G.G. staff, friends and relatives take the entire month of January off from drinking, substance abuse and even ejaculating in a Spartan attempt to cleanse our systems and atone for the sins of the previous year! This January was a particularly tough one, owing to the fact that our irregular publishing schedule caused the new issue of the G.G. to be due smack dab in the middle of our rest cure month. Try as we could to commence writing, it's just downright impossible to be even the least bit humorous when you can't even beat off! Why are we wasting our valuable space telling you this? To come up once again with the umpteenth reason why this edition of the G.G. is again extremely tardy. However, as we compose this lengthy editorial it is now February and we're feeling much more like ourselves. So much so that when discussing plans for this issue, on our first day of imbibing, we decided to resurrect one of our most popular gags of last year, the phone prank. Since it is not quite April Fools Day and we have more than 30 (mostly awful) films to tell you about, we decided to limit ourselves to just one. But if you like them, let us know and we'll include more next issue! Checking our press release file, we decided to harass poor Tim Lucas, whose evidently successful Video Watchdog has now begun quoting Cocteau on its masthead and telling film dweebs more than they would ever want to know about hopelessly obscure films. Our set-up is as follows: we reach Lucas at home under the pretense of wanting to interview him for the N.Y. Times Book Review section. The pompous ass falls for it hook, line and sinker as the Times never reviewed a magazine in its publishing history:

G.G. - Tim, this is Drake Gorman from the N.Y. Times. We're interested in doing a profile on you and the excellent Video Watchdog for our book review section.

T.L. - Great. I'm honored.

G.G. - I must say our editors have our eye on you. With your great investigative style, I wouldn't be surprised if soon you're invited to join our film review staff. Both Vincent Canby and Janet Maslin are avid Watchdog readers.

T.L. - (self-importantly); Well, thank you.

G.G. - In your newest issue, you offer up a lengthy dissertation of the films of Aleksander L. Ptushko, the little-known Russian fantasy director

as well as uncovering and time coding via laser disc slow motion, 15 separate micro-second subliminal appearances of a death figure in Oliver Stone's The Doors movie.

T.L. - Yes, I did.

G.G. - (rapid fire) Do you think anybody really gives a flying fuck about such trivial information?

T.L. - Excuse me? (Confused)

G.G. - Obviously, you don't get laid too much micro-screening 6 different versions of old Roger Corman movies and then publishing the differences?

T.L. - (Angry) Who is this?

G.G. - Is it true that your publication is named after your wife, Donna?

#### CLICK

On a more serious note, we'd like to mention and mourn the untimely death of actor David Gale who passed away unexpectedly last October in the midst of starring in an Off-Off Broadway experimental play in Manhattan. Gale holds the dubious honor of being decapitated in all four of his starring screen roles: RE-ANIMATOR, THE BRAIN, SYNGENOR, and BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR and will be sadly missed by all gorehounds... So ends the lengthiest G.G. editorial to date. Since we last published, nearly 30 genre-related releases have hit area screens, although most are pretty big budget mainstream fare. As such, we've included at the end of our review section a number of independent video releases that have caught our attention. It seems that these low-budget mavericks are just about the only ones doing anything really shocking or ground-breaking these days, so against our better judgement we're now grudgingly including a video review section. Aspiring Hitchcocks can submit their efforts to us for review c/o the address on our masthead logo. Well, enough of the rambling, let's take a look at what's been around

RICOCHET - We were just hustling off to see this flick as last issue went to press, so before it hits the home-video market next month, let's quickly comment that Russell Mulcahy's NEW JACK-styled action yarn concerning a psychotic white serial killer who craftily plots the downfall of the politically-aspiring black yuppie cop who sent him to prison is packed with enough non-stop action, gratuitous violence and a smattering of smarmy sex to hold the interest of action mavens but ultimately finishes up as a preposterous DIE HARD wannabe imitator. Rapper Ice-T (who between film rap and his new found hard core band Body Count must be the new "hardest working man in show biz") is on hand for laughs as an Eldridge Cleaver-styled Black Panther "death to whitey" crack-dealing revolutionary in a strong supporting role \$6.00

**WHORE**- In what surely must be madman director Ken Russell's lowest budget feature to date, Theresa Russell (no relation) spends the balance of this 84 minute, NC-17 rated quickie walking around the streets of Los Angeles and providing us with a seamy travelogue about an average day in the life of a prostitute. Her white trash character, Liz, is hilarious as she spouts comments about the odious taste of old men's jizz, how quickly she can make a guy drop his malt, etc. , but her constant asides directly into the camera get quite annoying and leave one to feel as if they are watching a Woody Allen outing. Still, the old broad has a great set of tits and an enticing snatch to match which she reveals throughout plus, the title reggae song "I Want To Bang Her" is worth the price of admission alone...

**\$6.50**

**McBAIN** - Poor Christopher Walken's career goes further down the tubes with this shoddy, nonsensical actioner more suited to the flag-waving antics of Chuck Norris than a one-time Oscar winner. Walken and a band of overweight, rag-tag Vietnam vets from two decades ago (headed up such action stalwarts as Steve James and Michael Ironside) throw international law and detente to the wind as they fly into Columbia to overthrow a coke cartel-running dictator who has cold-bloodedly slaughtered an Hispanic army buddy of theirs on national television. How this dirty half dozen thwarts an entire military junta was not witnessed by us as we actually left the theatre after 75 minutes of this no-gore, plodding 105 minute abortion.

**\$1.50**

**THE TAKING OF BEVERLY HILLS**- Not even the completist review journal **Variety** bothered mentioning this crud bomb from Columbia Pictures that clocked in as their lowest-grossing release (per capita) in the past decade. **Wiseguy** heartthrob Ken Wahl here plays "dumb as a fence post" pro football superstar quarterback Boomer Hayes who gets wise to the scam in this nonsensical melodrama about a band of crooked cops who stage a phony toxic waste spill in the lavish city of Beverly Hills in order to seal off the town and rob the rich fuck inhabitants of all their jewels and money. Who could argue with a stunt like that? Ethnic minions at 42nd Street's Selwyn Theatre were actually cheering on the bad guys as they robbed the snobs and booed the muscle-bound Wahl as he attempted to defend them. No gore, no tits and minimal action leave this dud scarcely better than made-for-TV fodder. Forget it!

**\$1.75**

**HOUSE PARTY 2**- Though lacking the involvement of the Hudlin brothers who declined working on this sequel citing the need to "tackle more serious issues" (oh-oh sounds like a bad case of Spike Lee-ism coming on), **NEW JACK CITY** producers Doug McHenry and George Jackson do a fine job of continuing the slapstick misadventures of cartoonish rappers Kid 'N Play as they attempt to scam poon, party on and aspire to get a record deal as "the world's best MCs". This time out, Kid decides to break up the group to get a college education, but is soon thrown out of the university when he realizes that his best pal Play has cashed his tuition check to bed down a sultry ebony femme record producer. The directors stall the comedy a bit with an unnecessary sub-plot about black activism and feminism featuring rotund Aunt Je-

mima look-alike Queen Latifa, but in total **HOUSE PARTY 2** is really funny, sophomoric stuff that plays like an Amos 'N Andy version of **BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE**.

**\$6.50**

**THE HITMAN**- Evidently tiring of playing the patriotic, P.O.W.- saving nice guy, an aging, grizzled Chuck Norris returns as one cold-blooded ruthless motherfucker in the title role of this ultraviolent low-budget quickie directed in a quirky noir visual style by his brother Aaron. This time out the Chucker plays a cop who is ambushed by his own crooked partner during a stake-out. Left for dead and revived during a chunk-blowing gory surgery sequence (which sent a female patron running out of the theatre and demanding a refund at the mall multiplex where I screened this epic), Norris resurfaces with a new identity three years later working as a Mafia hitman while trying to track down the skunks who set him up. Exploitation fans have all seen this trite plot a zillion times before, but what elevates **HITMAN** slightly above mediocrity is the mean-spirited sadistic way Norris dispatches his enemies. It's hard to believe, but after 2 decades Chuck Norris has finally learned how to act and it helps the proceedings greatly!

**\$4.75**

**TWO EVIL EYES**- Filmed in Pittsburgh, PA back in the spring of 1989 and theatrically released throughout Europe more than two years ago, this long-awaited two story Poe anthology collaboration between George Romero and Dario Argento has been circulating around for so long on dubious quality Italian language bootleg video copies (thanks to us) that its overdue domestic release seems almost anti-climatic. Most gorehounds know the score by now: **EVIL** opens with the Romero segment, "Facts In The Case Of M. Valdemar" that features Adrienne Barbeau as an adulterous slut who engages her hypnotist paramour to kill her aging millionaire husband, but not before he signs over his fortunes to her in his will. Predictably, the old man's corpse begins speaking and driving them both mad, eventually re-animating himself and a legion of zombies to slaughter the murdering couple. Predictable ho hum stuff, with hokey gore effects reminiscent of the old **NIGHT GALLERY** series and a plot that is much too simple for its tedious one hour running time. Argento, on the other hand, kicks poor Romero's ass around the block with his "Black Cat" segment that features a wigged-out Harvey Keitel as a crime photographer who specializes in gory murder shoots. His job becomes an obsession and it isn't long before he's creating his own crime scenes, ala **HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM**. Argento offer up scene after scene of gutwrenching gore with some snatches of full-frontal nudity thrown in for good measure (no pun intended). If he could have padded his sequence out for another 15 or so minutes, Argento would have had a standout feature film on his hands. As such, **TWO EVIL EYES** gets two grades: Romero: **\$1.25**, Argento: **\$7.00**

**THE BORROWER**- Sleazemeister supreme John McNaughton's long-awaited follow up to **HENRY** has been sitting on the shelf since 1989 when the financial collapse of Atlantic Releasing (the flick's financiers) left it in such a morass of legal entanglements that many thought the film would never see the light of day. Well the weighty wallet of Cannon Pic-



ures' Manheim Golan sorted out the mess and **THE BORROWER** hit one N.Y. area theatre for a few weekends of midnight showings before being released on homevideo just before Christmas. The flick deserved a wider release as while it is definitely not in the same league as **HENRY**, it still is an amusing romp that plays as an ultra-gory re-vamp of 1987's **THE HIDDEN** wherein an alien serial killer is banished to Earth for a lifelong sentence. In **THE BORROWER**, however, this alien requires tearing off the heads of his victims to survive and thus acquires their memories and personalities as a side effect. Basically an 88 minute excuse for oneliners and violent bloodspewing, **THE BORROWER** will leave gore-hounds more than satisfied but impatient for the release of McNaughton's next unannounced sleazathon. One complaint however: when the fuck is Rae Dawn Chong (the flick's hard-boiled feminist detective) going to learn how to act?

**\$6.75**

**THE PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS**- Wes Craven atones for 1990's abysmal **SHOCKER** with this over-the-top, tongue-in-cheek cannibal outing that is easily the best thing he's done since **THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**. A gang of ghetto kids who decide to burglarize their slumlord's gothic mansion in retribution for their families being evicted bite off more than they can chew when they discover that the husband and wife are sort of a yuppie version of the Leatherface clan who eat human flesh, practice bizarre bondage ceremonies, regularly molest their kidnapped daughter and keep an array of teenage boys in a basement under the staircase after they have torn out their tongues. **PEOPLE** suffers slightly as it descends into a Road Runner-styled comic violence cartoon and its hokey finale seems lifted straight from fairytalesville, but for a mainstream megabudget Hollywood release, things don't get much sicker than this, pal! Recommended

**\$7.25**

**THE LAST BOY SCOUT**- I gotta admit, I'm one of those guys who detested Bruce Willis for ages but that smart-mouthed, balding scion of yuppies, Demi Moore-boning hambone has finally won me over with this no-holds barred, vulgar, violent action romp that should serve as a textbook example for how to make an exploitation classic. Forget the non-sensical plot, just sit back and enjoy 110 minutes of beatings, stabbings, car chases, explosions, murders, maimings and mutilations all framed by the rude, crude and extremely lewd dialogue of overpaid screenwriter Shane Black (**LETHAL WEAPON**) that makes the cussing of, say, **THE LAST DETAIL** seem like a Disney outing by comparison. Add to all this some well-placed "fuck you's" from your publisher's current fiancée, 10 year old Danielle Harris (**HALLOWEEN V** and check out page 6 of **G.G.** #102 if you don't believe me) and crotch grabbing homeboy hijinx from **In Living Color**'s Damon Wayans and **LAST BOY SCOUT** emerges the hands down hit of the holiday season and one of the most mindlessly violent flicks we've seen in months!

**\$7.00**

**HIGHLANDER II: THE QUICKENING**- Eclectic young action auteur Russell Mulcahy leaps from the ghetto crack dens of his **RICOCHET** (reviewed earlier) to the Celtic hinterlands of a futuristic Scotland in this sequel to the 1985 sword & sor-

cery sleeper that holds the dubious distinction of not making one thread of sense throughout its 93 minute running time. We thought maybe we were missing something and actually re-watched the original outing on videocassette to no avail. This hokey time travel travesty concerns an aging Christopher Lambert (again reprising the title character of Connor MacLeod) who somehow regains his youth to battle a ruthless barbarian from another dimension (Michael Ironside) who may have killed his wife many years ago and also is seeking to destroy the artificially-created ozone layer which is saving what is left of the Earth's post holocaust, radiation-scarred survivors. In the midst of all this, a pony-tailed Sean Connery walks through the mess calling everyone "a shithead" and mumbling about some powerful force called "the quickening". If this all sounds mighty confusing, you should try actually sitting through this dreck where the only "quickenings" we witnessed was the quickening patter of disgruntled theatre patrons' feet who bolted from the theatre to escape this loser-long before its final reel!

**\$0.75**

**BEASTMASTER II** - A major embarrassment for late 70's beefsteak stud hunk Marc Singer who once again is forced to don a loincloth and blither like a monosyllabic Mongoloid while battling the onslaught of sagging middle age and some seemingly unnamed debilitating social disease in this tongue-in-cheek sequel to Don Coscarelli's Tarzan rip-off of a decade ago. Reprising his role of Dar, a barbarian who can mind-control all beasts, sappy Singer and his twin gerbil menagerie find themselves whisked through time into present-day Los Angeles to do battle with the evil (and overweight) Wings Hauser who is attempting to rip off a nuclear weapon from the U.S. army so that he can bring it back to medieval times and thus change the future of the world. Of course, the **BEASTMASTER** triumphs at the finale of this PG-13 rated, no-gore, 107 minute test of tedium, but not until losing his two fury gerbil allies who meet their demise by being shoved up Richard Gere's ass at a trendy Hollywood coke soiree. Just kidding..

**\$2.50**

**STRICTLY BUSINESS**- Changed abruptly from its original shooting title of **GO, NATALIE!** scarcely six weeks before its theatrical release, this glossy, sitcom-styled comedy about a nerdy black Uncle Tom yuppie who is given lessons on how to land a fine slice of street-wise ebony poon by a wise-cracking homeboy mailroom clerk leans too far heavily on Bill Cosby-inspired wholesome humor and sight gags than the racist and sexist blaxploitation vulgarities that are needed to get **G.G.** readers cackling for this 84 minute quickie to be more than just moderately recommended.

**\$3.25**

**CAPE FEAR**- Martin Scorsese's mega-bucks remake of J. Lee Thompson's 1962 sleeper psychodrama is handled superbly and is highlighted by the truly twisted performance of Robert De Niro as psychopath Max Cady, who upon release from prison is dedicated to destroying the lives of Nick Nolte and his family when he realizes that while acting as his own defense attorney in a rape case 14 years ago, Nolte suppressed crucial evidence that might have let De Niro go free. As Cady, De Niro is even creepier and more slimy than in his classic role of maniac Travis Bickle in **TAXI DRIVER** back in 1976, with Scorsese packing **CAPE**'s taut 128 minutes with a



degree of sadism and graphic bloodletting that will delight even the most jaded of gorehounds and is rarely seen in mainstream Hollywood films. The only flaw with the entire film is its finale, as where De Niro plays the bulk of **CAPE** as a calculating, sinister Hannibal Lector-styled lunatic, he lamentably transforms into a Jason/Freddy Kruger-esque cartoon-strip mindless killing machine for a series of false deaths and resurrections that cheapen the entire proceedings. Aside from this complaint, **CAPE FEAR** emerges as first rate fright fare with De Niro definitely going up against Anthony Hopkins for "Best Psychotic" award at this year's Oscars.

**\$7.00**

**NAKED LUNCH & NAKED MAKING LUNCH**- Having never been a fan of the pretentious prose that drug-addled, art fag king of lobsterdom, William S. Burroughs, I approached David Cronenberg's celluloid adaptation of his 1959 beatnik classic with extreme trepidation, imagining any kind of collaboration between two of the planet's biggest weirdos to be a tenuous experiment at best. Having caught the film at an early preview, we enjoyed the endless sequences of Peter Weller and his wife shooting up exterminator powder, Chris Walas' endless array of amazing f/x monster creations (featuring giant-sized cockroaches with muscousy, talking assholes), strident depictions of rump-wrangling and other assorted homo hijinx, but were ultimately let down by the fact that the entire 115 minute film did not make one fucking thread of sense and was in fact the cinematic equivalent of a bad mushroom trip...Until, I happened to catch British Documentarist Chris Rodley's 60 minute effort on the making of the film, **NAKED MAKING LUNCH** which surprisingly puts Cronenberg's hallucinogenic sleazathon into razor-sharp perspective via candid interviews with the director, Burroughs himself, **LUNCH's** producer and stars Peter Weller and Judy Davis, all of whom provide interpretations of the flick's convoluted plot. Unfortunately, this essential docudrama was only screened twice way out at the American Museum of the Moving Image in Astoria, Queens and is next slated to be presented on British television in late April, with no further plans for a stateside release at present. As such, **NAKED LUNCH** merits two monetary ratings: **\$3.50** for most gorehounds who have not had the opportunity to see **NAKED MAKING LUNCH** and will be repulsed and confused as hell and **\$7.25** to those lucky few who managed to catch this elusive primer...

**PIN**- Surely one of the strangest release strategies of the season was the one-week run at Manhattan's erudite Film Forum of this 1987 Canadian import pick-up from the waning days of New World Pictures that has been readily available on homevideo cassette for over two years now. Debuting director Sandor Stern offers up this truly warped story of Dr. Linden (**STEPFATHER's** Terry O'Quinn), a quirky pediatrician who uses ventriloquism skills to make it seem as if his anatomically correct dummy Pin (short for Pinnocchio) can actually speak to his young patients and explain to them about, among other things, sex and reproduction. The doctor's young son truly believes that Pin is alive, and after O'Quinn and his wife (who has been secretly using the dummy's plastic ween as her own personal dildo) are killed in a freak car accident, develops a Norman Bates-styled relationship

with the doll, transferring his own psychoses onto it, with murderous results. This plot sounds intriguing on paper, but Stern keeps the mayhem and violence relatively low-key for a sleaze outing, leaving **PIN** scarcely more than a watered-down **PSYCHO** variant recommended for rainy-day video viewing only.

**\$3.00**

**ADDAMS FAMILY**- Aside from the chubby-inducing performance of 11 year old Christina Ricci as Wednesday Addams (for whom I'd gladly chance a child molestation charge for one half hour alone with), mostly all of the other elements of this multi-million dollar celluloid feature adaptation fall far short of the original 1964 low budget black & white TV show which it struggles in vain to imitate. Face it: no one could ever beat John Astin's Gomez and in the shoddy update Angelica Houston as the 90's version of Morticia looks like a spermy old drag queen. (I used to beat off thinking about Carolyn Jones' portrayal of Charles Addams' vampira, so this is blasphemy!) And for a movie that already has a PG-13 rating, why doesn't the Thing flip the bird at least once in this 99 minute unfunny comedic dud?

**\$2.25**

**STAR TREK VI**- Your **GORE GAZETTE** subscription is hereby cancelled without a refund if you even thought about attending any chapter of this repellent film nerd magnet series. What are you, some kind of major league homo? For **Scareaphania** readers only.

**\$0.25**

**RUSH**- Based on an autobiographical novel from a "femme narcotics dick who began getting too high on her arrest seize supply", Kim Wozencraft's titular novel is given an arthouse bent by first time directress Lili Fini Zanuck (yep, she's related to that family) who casts Jason Patric and Jennifer Jason Leigh as two undercover cops afoot in the deep South of 1974 who attempt to bust real-life drug burn-out Gregg Aliman, who is allegedly the area's chief blow dealer. In the course of their pursuit, the pair become addicts themselves and Zanuck pads the flick with endless sequences of excruciating Method acting exposition as the duo cry, fight and mull over their plight, emerging in **RUSH** evolving as little more than a narcotics-flavored 120 minute redneck soap opera. J. J. Leigh once again exposes those "best tits in the Western Hemisphere" and a sequence where Patric inexplicably graphically butt-fucks her to bring her down from a drug-induced freak-out might be worth the price of a ticket for pervert sleaze fans.

**\$4.50**

**THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE** - The Walt Disney organization surprisingly throws their corporate hat into the horror ring with this frightening, perverse thriller about a deranged nanny who is bent on destroying the family who have driven her sexually-molesting gynecologist husband to suicide. Basically a superior re-tread of the 1990 outing **THE GUARDIAN**, the delectable Rebecca De Mornay is riveting as the schizophrenic nursemaid who begins weening the family infant with her own gozongas threatening the local children, tormenting the retarded Negro handyman and trying to bone the family dad before going full tilt bonkers in the film's bloody finale. Walt must be howling from his grave!

**\$6.75**

**KUFFS**- Sort of a white honkey variation of the **BEVERLY HILLS COP** formula, Christian Slater portrays a wise-mouthed slacker who grudgingly becomes a police officer after his straight-laced cop brother is ruthlessly slaughtered in a church. Surprisingly violent for a PG-13 outing with some mildly amusing black humor thrown in, the flick is somewhat flawed by Slater's signature grating poor man's Jack Nicholson impersonation and the fact that director Bruce Evans (**STARMAN**) allows the brat packer to stop the film to give asides to the audience too many times throughout **KUFFS** 101 minute running time. **\$3.75**

**JUICE**- Spike Lee's talented camera ace Ernest Dickerson goes solo in his first directorial effort, a violent cinema verite treatise on the day-to-day lives of a four man ghetto possee in the South Bronx: they drink St. Ides, knock up underage homegirls and refuse to support the resultant pickaninnies, torment the local Korean deli owners, call rival Puerto Rican gangs faggots, bully white businessmen off the sidewalk and aspire to be mixmaster D.J. kings of hip-hop. All of this wholesome activity is threatened to be interrupted by lengthy jail sentences when one of the gang members goes nuts during an aborted robbery attempt and blows out the brains of a Jewish deli owner. After this shocking slaughter, one of the possee members gets hysterical with fear, only to be blown away by his bro for being a "pussy". The bulk of this twisted morality fable is concerned with whether or not the surviving two 'hood brothers have the "juice" to overthrow their psychotic leader makes for riveting viewing and a harrowing statement on the values of today's ghetto youth. It might be wise to bring another kind of juice (i.e. booze) to the theatre and drink yourself into oblivion to calm your nerves while watching this spook opera as things have been getting pretty out of hand with the unruly audiences viewing this classic at seedier ethnic venues in the area. **\$7.00**

**FREEJACK**- Pity poor Anthony Hopkins, riding the wave of critical accolades for his portrayal of Hannibal Lector in **SILENCE OF THE LAMBS** who must now contend with lengthy lambastings from critics around the country for a film which he actually made before the Demme classic. Ron Shussett's inane production concerning a non-sensical plot about time travelling body snatchers in the year 2009 who sell souls of 20th century citizens to only the ultra-rich in a post-apocalyptic U.S. looks lower budgeted than even the worst Corman sci-fi cheapie. Add to this abysmal acting from two of Earth's biggest hambones, Emilio Estevez (who is increasingly resembling a pudgy humanoid gerbil) and Mick Jagger (looking so withered that you just know he's carrying the AIDS virus in his hiney), no gore or bloodletting and absolutely no nudity and **FREEJACK** emerges quite an expensive "jack" (as in "me off") for those unlucky enough to have spent seven clams on it. **\$0.50**

**DRIVING ME CRAZY**- We walked out on this lifeless, PG-rated slapstick actioner originally titled **TRABBI GOES TO HOLLYWOOD** when we found out it was about an East German inventor who devises a car that can run on turnip juice and goes to L.A. to patent his idea. The 42nd St. audience booed so loud it was yanked from the screen after only a day

and a half. We hear Michael Gingold enjoyed it, though... **\$0.25**

**THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE**- N.Y.'s own 21 year old whiz kid director Rolfe Kanefsky offers up this Troma-esque parody of dead teenager monster movies that would have been amusing, say, 6 years ago, but has been done so many times before from efforts like **POPCORN**, **RETURN TO HORROR HIGH**, etc. that the film's well-intentioned spirit still falls flat and gets viewers checking their watches shortly into the second reel. Rolfe's dad, the highly-talented low budget editor Victor Kenefsky, uses his skills to tighten up this amateur production, while his son packs **NOTHING** with enough monster hijinx, Henenlottery comical bloodspurting and graphic nudity to amuse non-critical gorehounds. Here's to a shaky start on what we hope to be a promising career **\$3.75**

**LOVE CRIMES**- Skip this self-touted "psychosexual" thriller from N.Y. art bear Lizzie Borden as this predictable tale of Sean Young as a dyke-like D.A. intent on nabbing a psychotic con man who picks up ugly girls by posing as a famous fashion photographer in order to fuck, humiliate and ultimately fleece them out of a few bucks sets up poor Patrick Bergin (nearly duplicating his chauvinist role in **SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY**) as a detestable villain for the above actions. Why? My buddies and I have been doing these things to chicks for years and are the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet. No gore, mucho nude cellulite and mis-guided feminist moralism at its worst. Stuff like this could give women ideas that could get us castrated some day! **\$1.00**

**IN THE HEAT OF PASSION**- That spicy old warhorse Sally Kirkland steals the show in this low-budget sexploitation thriller from Roger Corman's Concorde Pictures concerning a bored rich housewife who begins boning the local young car mechanic/actor wannabe/stud whenever her bloated husband is out of town. When hubby comes home unexpectedly and catches them humping like bunnies, he is accidentally killed in the ensuing argument. The adulterous pair then agree to make the death look like the work of a murderous rapist who has been reported in the area. What follows are many convoluted plot twists, gratuitous violence snippets and some johnson-throbbing sex scenes courtesy of Ms. Kirkland and her unageable body. Easily pushing 50, ol' Sal still has the firm tits and tight ass of a babe in her 20's and adamantly refuses to use body doubles for any of her nude sequences! We salute her and recommend **IN THE HEAT OF PASSION** as one of the most entertaining sleepers we've seen thus far this year. **\$6.50**

**INTO THE SUN**- Not nearly as bad as its misleading **TOP GUN**-inspired ad campaign would have you believe, this breezy actioner is a virtual fighter pilot re-hash of last year's **THE HARD WAY**, substituting porky Anthony Michael Hall and Michael Pare as the respective Michael J. Fox and James Woods characters. Mildly amusing as the two banter vulgarly at each other for the first hour, **SUN** kicks into action mode when the two are shot down and captured by an enemy Arab country and tortured into making anti-American propaganda videos. At this point the film features some of

the funniest, racist anti-Arab epithets ever uttered and coupled with a bloody, thrill-packed escape finale is recommended as rainy day, reduced-admission bargain viewing if there's nothing else around. **\$3.50**

**THE PIT & THE PENDULUM**- This long-awaited Poe adaptation from **RE-ANIMATOR** kingpin Stuart Gordon holds the dubious honor of being the best film of 1991 never released. Aside from a brief five day engagement at a small theatre in Hollywood and a poster announcing its imminent arrival that hung for months on the mildewed walls of 42nd St.'s Harris Theatre, this sadistic unrated sleeper was dumped straight into low budget cable T.V. rotation and mid-price home videocassette sales. It's too bad, because the little gutwrencher is one of the sickest gore outings to come down the pike this decade. Playing more like a **MARK OF THE DEVIL** remake than a gothic Poe outing, Gordon packs his chunkblowing sleazathon concerning the corrupt witch hunts of the Spanish Inquisition with unflinchingly graphic dismemberments, torture, mutilations and loads of full-frontal nudity from sultry damsel-in-distress Anita Handjobb that will have gorehounds salivating with glee and dropping their malt all over the living room floor while viewing this masterpiece. Add to all this an over-the-top performance from the manic Lance Henrikson as Grand Inquisitor Torquematta who blames his unexplained erections as the work of the devil, and **PIT & THE PENDULUM** clocks in as first-rate sleaze fare that deserved far better distribution. **\$7.25**

**BASKET CASE 3** - It was just two days from our press deadline and I felt extremely guilty for blowing off viewing my old boyfriend Frank Henenlotter's mutant blob sequel at a weekend only midnight screening at Manhattan's Waverly Twin Cinema in order to stay and drool over the ten babe Go-Go-Rama that same night being held at Maxwell's in Hoboken. (It might have been also that I was afraid to go there by myself fearing that some of Frank's sycophantic cabin boys might have been sicked on me for all the unflattering things I've written about him over the years...) As I strolled down 42nd St. feeling that the issue you now hold in your hands was going to be sadly incomplete, a homeboy beckoned me to his kiosk, grunting "Wan buy sum videos?" Was I ever surprised as hell to see that one of the titles he was offering at \$12.50 a shot was the new Henenlotter opus that I had just missed "Where did you get this from?", I stammered, not really expecting an answer. The brother beamed from beneath his Ice Cube hooded sweatshirt and announced proudly "I cam-corded it myself-just last night!" Oh, the American way of free enterprise is great, ain't it, Frank? By the way, the film really sucks. Henenlotter continues with the cutesy exploits of Granny Ruth and her menagerie of freaks as they deliver and take care of a litter of a dozen tiny blobs that were spawned by that sneaky sperm shooter Bellal when he impregnated his female mutant love Eve at the finale of **BASKET CASE 2**. Cheesy rubber prosthetics and unfunny slapstick humor give the entire film the air of a Troma production. How the once-great **BASKET CASE** series has fallen- have you lost it, Frankie? **\$2.00**



**YUPPIE SCUM IS DISEMBOWELED BY "SATAN" CLAUS IN THE FRIGHT BEFORE XMAS SEGMENT OF PAUL TALBOT'S EXCELLENT CAMPFIRE TALES.**

**VIDEO CORNER:** As mentioned in our editorial, the following independent direct-to-video productions were received in the **G.G.** offices and are rated and available as follows:

**SATAN PLACE**- This direct-to-video no-budgeter distinguishes itself from the rest of the lot only by virtue of the fact that it was directed by Marvel Comics' ace artist Alfred Ramirez. He should stick to his ink pens, as aside from some gristy gore effects and sexist one-liners sprinkled throughout, the various plots of this 82 minute anthology epic are pretty non-existent. Fans of Herschell Gordon Lewis-styled production value should write to Sun Reel Pictures, P.O. Box 3616 Hollywood, Fl, 33083 for purchasing information.

**CAMPFIRE TALES**- Longtime **G.G.** subscriber Paul Talbot co-directed this superior anthology effort down in the backwoods of South Carolina and actually had enough of a budget to hire Gunnar Hansen (**LEATHERFACE**) for a day's work to frame the four horror tales spun here. Quite graphic bloodletting and some original spooky tales whisk this quickie smoothly along at a brisk pace. The lack of any sex or nudity whatsoever precludes our full endorsement, but **CAMPFIRE TALES** is a commendable debut effort from a filmmaker with a promising future. Keep your eyes on Talbot and write to Crimson Productions, 300 Pickers St., Columbia, S.C. 29205 to find out how you can obtain this nifty chunkblower

**WAS A TEENAGE MUMMY**- Christopher Friori, madman auteur who brought us 1990's classic **THE ORBITRONS** returns once again with a full-length, black and white puke-anon featuring music and an on-camera appearance from J.Y.'s own rockabilly sewer rats the A-Bones. This time out, there are no endless shots of Friori cruising the streets on his motorcycle while bad Blue Oyster Cult music plays in the background, so the director is definitely refining his craft. Plus the endless Arab-bashing that propels the script is certain to bring a chuckle to all veterans of the Persian Gulf War and those of a similar mind-set. Send at least 20 bucks to Chris c/o Ghost Limb Films, P.O. Box 3066, Hoboken, N.J. 07030 for a copy of this truly warped effort!

**OZONE ATTACK OF THE REDNECK MUTANTS**- Red-necks turn into gruesome zombies after the ozone layer is destroyed, or so says **Film Threat Video Guide** as we lifted this description from them verbatim since it is now presstime and we just haven't found the 90 minutes to spare to watch the damned thing ourselves. We did promise the producers a mention, however, for sending us a review copy of the tape: **OZONE** sounds an awful lot like Troma's **REDNECK ZOMBIES**. There. Caveat emptor to Muther Video c/o F.T.V., P.O. Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170. \$29.95 plus \$2.40 postage

**PLUGS/NEWS/APOLOGIES CORNER** - This time out, our column is just one big apology—to everyone who asked us for a plug in this edition over the past few months. We just don't have enough room left in the issue. Don't feel bad, it's nothing personal! Do we ever ask you for a plug in your (magazine, fanzine, rock band, movie, novel? Pick one as applicable.) Condolences to Brother Randall, Johnny Legend & Eric Caidin, Joseph Johnson (who continually spreads the gospel that your humble editor is NOT a dick, Carl Moreno & Eric Mache (now there's a lovely couple!), Rick S. Hall, Michael Helms, Joseph Olszewski, Vic Stanley, Dom Salemi, Frank Liquori and the lovely Brianna, Jim De Witt, Kirby Mills, D.F. Lewis, Charles Kilgore, Keith Brewer, Jason Stephenson and Andrew Featherstone, champion fellas all. Best of luck in your respective project(s). Maybe some day.

**RARE VIDEOS** - Excellent quality copies of the following new rarities are now available from our money hungry video department:

- **BOOBS, BUSH AND BUTTSTEAK: YOUR FAVORITE ACTRESSES IN THE RAW (VOL. II: M THRU Z)** - When we were busy editing volume 1 of this best-selling compilation offered last issue, we realized that 2 hours was not enough to include all the segments of full-frontal nudity and other assorted sexual hijinx of the now-famous sluts we had planned and had to split it into two volumes, the second of which is being offered to you now. Easily the best-selling selection ever offered in our pages, **B, B & B** is a G.G. staff-compiled compilation of your favorite actresses in their most Johnson-throbbing nude scenes. You must own this tape. (Warning: excessive masturbation may be hazardous to your health!)

- **EDWARD PENISHANDS** - This hard-core porn parody of Tim Burton's fairytale fantasy of last year was yanked from the marketplace after 1) 20th Century-Fox, **SCISSORHANDS** distributor threatened severe legal repercussions and 2) it was discovered that the film's star Alexandria Quinn was in fact an underage minor ala the Traci Lords scandal of 1985. Here's your chance to own a real rarity as

warped pornographer Paul Norman spins the tale of a mutant adolescent who has jizz spewing penises grafted onto his wrists with the expected results. A must!

- **A BETTER TOMORROW** - Hong Kong action-meister John Woo's follow-up to his landmark classic **THE KILLER**, again featuring Chow Fat and more bloodspurring than a dozen domestic gore classics combined!

- **THE INQUISITOR** - Ultra-rare 1975 splatterthon imitation of **MARK OF THE DEVIL** which looks an awful lot like it may be a lost, disguised Jess Franco outing. Tongue extractions, mutilations, soft core sex and lesbianism. Who could want more? (Note: this is not Naschy's **INQUISITION**!)

- **SONNY BOY** - The uncut version of the film which many people said we were crazy for naming as 1990's **G.G. FILM OF THE YEAR AWARD**. We stand by our raves. Warped, tongueless monkey child. David Carradine in drag. Paul Smith as a fag. See for yourself!

- **LEATHERFACE** - We may lose Jeff Burr as a friend after offering up this rarity, but we've acquired the completely unedited director's cut of **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE III** that was hacked to bits for its theatrical release by the splatter-loathing MPAA. Burr shouldn't be too pissed as this version shows him to be the genius director he really is! (Insert ass-kissing sound effect here.)

- **ABBY** - Long-suppressed by a court order for being a blatant blaxploitation plagiarism of **THE EXORCIST**, this 1974 A.I.P. rarity directed by the late William Girdler has been one of our most requested titles on gorehound want lists and a must for Negrolia completists.

- **SURPRISE TITLE** - You must write to us to inquire about the title of this film that we'd definitely get screwed for offering for sale in print. Our only hints are: 1) the director of this film really thinks the **G.G.** sucks, 2) we think that this sequel and its original are highly overrated (yet most horror fans seem to love 'em!) and 3) the flick has readable titles. Astute sleaze hounds could easily put their thinking caps on and figure this one out. Order today!

Since money is still extremely tight around, we've decided to extend our recession-buster price reduction of \$14.95 per video title forever! All our tapes are now duped on high-grade blanks for the best possible transfer quality, and we've recently purchased new industrial duping equipment to improve our product even more. We've even reduced our delivery time down to three weeks from the time we receive your order. (Not). Please specify either VHS or BETA format and send \$14.95 (plus \$3.50 for postage and handling) to the **G.G.** c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel Street, Clifton N.J., 07011. Order today, because should this recession end suddenly, our prices will rocket sky-high, you cheap bastards!

Videophiles searching for some really obscure and unreleased quasi-legal offerings are urged to send off \$5.00 today for the newly-updated 1992 edition of the **G.G. Private Library Listing** featuring dozens of new titles since the last one was published over a year ago. Included in this edition are offerings we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre, porn and rock music curios that aren't normally advertised in the "Rare Videos" section of the **G.G. Plus**. Your 5 bucks will be fully refunded with your first video order. How can you lose? Send off your cabbage today to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead logo.

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# INSIDE: FANZINE EDITORS GO TO WAR!!

By Ed.

**RICK SULLIVAN'S**

Criticism/correspondence welcome. Write G.G., c/o Sullivan, 450  
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## GORE-GAZETTE

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**NEW HORRORS ON THE HORIZON:**



Slopehead mutant with a corkscrew cock in THE IRON MAN !!

Pinhead returns on Sept. 11 in  
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As we enter the first week of August, which for us always delineates the median of summer, we could not believe that it's been exactly 5 months since we last published and are once again most heinously late. The reason this time out was not our hectic schedule, computer problems, impending lawsuits or even your humble editor's upcoming nuptials (see the announcement later this issue), but the sad fact that there has been a severe dearth of genre-related product released theatrically in the N.Y. metro area. Still steadfastly refusing to review most direct-to-video releases in these pages (which for the most part cause us to either fall asleep or jostle our sacks out of boredom while the worst drivel imaginable flickers across the tiny cathode screen) have left us with only a measly 27 titles to review for almost a half-year period, causing us once again to bemoan the certain death of the grindhouse circuit. We realize that the G.G. and almost all of the other area 'zines have harped on this issue until I'm sure just about every reader is sick of hearing about it, but since when in our almost 12 years of publishing did we have to resort to seriously reviewing a lobsterific, Woody Allen film noir (our word processor groans just typing that epithet) horror parody for lack of anything else out there? Times are tough, sleaze fans...Speaking of computers, in cataloguing and transferring to disc all 106 issues of our rag for the future publication of a bound hardcover edition of all of the G.G.'s ever printed (don't send your checks in yet, this is still in the negotiation stage), we noticed that in re-reading through our opening preambles, we've started off by apologizing for our publishing tardiness in 77 of our 106 issues to date, so we do realize that this must be getting quite tedious for our loyal readers to wade through by now. Suffice to say that the G.G. staff are a bunch of lazy fuckers and that each issue will be later than the last one from now until the end of time, O.K.? That way you won't have to suffer through paragraphs of lame excuses and we won't have to feel guilty for lying through our teeth to you...I guess the biggest news on the fanzine circuit since we last published is the all-out war which has developed between fanzines and prozines of all ages. You can't tell who is enemies with who anymore without a scorecard, and it all seemed to start with our castigation of Film Threat's public flogging of that loveable of Paul Bunyon of bootlegging Chas Balun who in his Deep Red magazine had been selling copies of the Krautensplat-terflick Nekromantik, to which F.T.'s Chris Gore and David E. Williams own the domestic video rights. Within days of our "look who's calling the kettle black" editorial hitting the newsstands, no less than F.T. grand poohbah Gore himself called you editor to steadfastly maintain that "F.T. had never participated in bootlegging as a means of financial solvency" and immediately demanded a retraction in our next issue. When I asked about the "Go-Gos dildo up the coked out roadie's ass" or "Rob Lowe boning 15 year olds "video titles they had blatantly offered for sale in their pages, the fast-talking Mr. G. responded that "those were ads from advertisers, the tapes were not sold by us" and went on to ramble about how he and Williams had already filed criminal copyright infringement charges against Balun in California's superior court. Real cool...the mavericks of the independent film scene are out to put some mild-mannered

Gentle Ben of a gorehound behind bars. Isn't the fact that he stopped selling Nekromantik (which blows anyway) enough for you guys? And isn't there a fine line between accepting advertising for pirated tapes and actually selling the bootlegs yourself? Since Gore and Co. seem to have the integrity of high school hall monitors, the fangs of the S.S. Gestapo and the financial resources of Ft. Knox, I backed down and told Gore that he'd get his retraction and even wimped out and immediately sent off a check for a few of F.T.'s more interesting video titles (mostly to appease him from investigating our own tenuous video sales list), but the more I thought about it, the more I became pissed off at Film Threat's strong-arm tactics. As much as I love the magazine, attempting to send Chas. Balun to prison is wrong no matter what he's done to you. It's no secret that even though we here at the G.G. despise Tony Tampion and his venal Fagoria, we wouldn't think it was funny knowing that we were behind having him sent off to get corn-holed (no pun intended) in jail for lying about his S.A.T. scores to secure his editorial position with Starlog Publications as well as his skimming off the subscription bank account on a regular basis. (Oops, did we let that secret out of the bag?) Seriously though, Gore & Co. can bark my hole if they expect a retraction and fans as pissed off about the imminent legal persecution of Balun as we are, are urged to write Film Threat at P.O. 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078 to express their displeasure. Let's keep the legal powers away from our fan scene—it can only bode ill for all of us.....Moving away from the West Coast, we now focus our wartime correspondence back here to N.Y. where everybody's favorite whipping boy Selwyn Harris is experiencing some personal problems of his own. Now in his fourth issue of Happyland, a multi-faceted, hate-filled diatribe of scum culture less concerned with media and film than menstruation and filth that makes an average issue of the G.G. read like the Christian Science Monitor, editor Harris has in the past indulged in the G.G.-inspired sport of poking fun at various "safe" (i.e. homo) zines like the always limp-dicked Scareaphanalia, the sophomoric Sticky Carpet Digest and the press-book-cut-into-pages World of Fandom that are all about as amusing as a turd in a punch bowl. Well it seems as if Selwyn took one too many jabs at Sticky Carpet's head-dork Tom Deja. In the latest issue, Deja, after spending a lengthy paragraph railing against Harris by using such strong adjectives as "butt-brained" and "foul-mouthed" reveals that after some lengthy detective work in tandem with Weird City's Dave Szurek (another douche boy who months ago asked his readers to respond as to whether or not they had beards!) they uncovered Selwyn's real name and printed it on the S.C.D. front cover. Nothing wrong with that, except they close their piece by stating they are currently hard at work computer hacking (isn't getting laid more fun?) to discover Selwyn's place of employment so that they can alert his employers as to the sick private life he leads while off the job as well as letting them know that they are unwittingly subsidizing a piece of vengeful, sexist trash out of their copy room. Huh? Force a guy to lose his job because you don't like his style of humor? 9 1/2 years ago your editor was booted out of Exxon due to similar circumstances, and I can tell you it sure ain't

fun having to start up a new career. Luckily, I landed one, but would Deja & Co. be so fucked up as to want to screw up a guy's life? The G.G. has never threatened anyone, but since we've kind of adopted the pathetic, yet talented Selwyn as our own misguided ward many months ago, I would like to publicly state that if Tom Deja or any other of his 'zine tard toadies make any attempt to contact Harris' employers, whether successful or not, I will 1) telephone Mrs. Deja and let her know exactly how many times her son whacks off per week in the bathroom reading his Star Trek novels while wearing her own panties around his head, 2) contact See Hear bookstore and every other important N.Y.C. 'zine distribution point and tell them of your treachery and threaten to pull the G.G. from their racks if they don't stop immediate distribution of your sorry squeal rag, 3) tell Michael Gingold that you've been cheating on him with that young Latino boy from the neighborhood comic collector's shop and 4) personally pummel the living shit out of you the next time our paths cross at some film nerd fest (and remember, Fanex 6 is right around the corner...). Now in no way is your reverend a violent man nor is Harris paying us for protection (hmm, that's not a bad idea), but the thought of a little rat bastard like that attempting to get revenge because he can't deal with someone on a journalistic level just makes me see red. Send letter bombs, death threats, human fecal parcels, etc. to Dickbreath Deja, 5535 Myrtle Ave, Top Fl., Ridgewood, N.Y. 11385 if you think he is as fucked up as we do.....The next fanzine skirmish that directly involved us came from the Windy City and a fraudulent form letter sent by that coke-snorting Latino Larry Fine look-a-like Michael Flores who has been raked over the coals in the past in our pages for such questionable business practices as re-titling our own G.G.-compiled trailer video compilations and selling them as his own creations, not honoring subscriptions for his sporadic It's Only A Movie ("the poor man's Psychotronic) zine and holding a track record only slightly better than the reprehensible Donald Farmer for actually sending out the mail-ordered videos for which his readers pay for. The form letter began the backpedaling to chagrined customers by explaining that Flores had recently suffered a flood which "destroyed his home and over \$2,000 worth of girlie mags", this interrupting his publishing biz and supposedly giving him license not to honor any of his overdue video and merchandise orders. He then goes on to state, in a highly-amusing Oliver Stone-styled spate of J.F.K.ish paranoia that the "N.Y. Gang of 3", comprised of myself, Michael Weldon and some dude named Louis Paul (whom I've never even met) have conspired to slander his "good" name and make him look bad to sleaze fans across the country to make our own enterprises even more successful. Naming your humble editor specifically as "one of Weldon's pack". Flores goes on to say that he had called me personally and written many times requesting a chance to respond to various personal attacks in the pages of the G.G., but received no reply from us. To those who may have received one of these letters, let me respond that it is unequivocal BULLSHIT: Fecesface Flores has never once called me or written any letters requesting a chance to defend himself and including me as a foot soldier in his territorial pissing war with Weldon is

something I neither want nor have the time to be part of. As far as being a member of "Weldon's pack", why don't you carefully roll up this edition of the G.G. and "pack" it straight up your ass, you trouble-making, rotund, drug-addled, lying, stealing, fey-voiced, greaseball motherfucker! Your whimsical rantings about all of us conspiring against you to have "fallen into the biggest rat trap in the history of fandom" does have one shred of truth to it--if we had in fact set it, we certainly would have caught the biggest rat! And if your "tragic" flood story holds water, why did you not report it to the Chicago Tribune's Lynn Van Matre when she did that lengthy profile on you on February 16, 1992? Wouldn't that have gotten the word out quicker than your flimsy flyer? Or, are you lying again dickweed? While on the subject of that article, you claim that It's Only A Movie has a worldwide circulation of 20,000...Come on, be real! Do you also have an 11 inch penis to go along with that? In fact, in one final attempt to depict just what a vile wanker Flores really is, we'd like to slip into National Enquirerism and tell how we recently received a call from an employee of a famous sleaze director who asked to keep his boss anonymous (although he did direct Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer--oops, I guess we made another enemy!), but told us that at the beginning of this year while filming a major feature release in his old hometown of Chicago to be called Mad Dog and Glory, he looked up Flores (whom he remembered as being a contrband purveyor) to see if he could score some pot for those after-shoot recreational hours. I guess the flood didn't damage the weasel's marijuana cache, because Flores quickly scurried down to the soundstage to collect the \$160 payment for the 1/2 ounce of weed that he said he would return with within the hour. That hour soon turned plural which eventually turned into days and finally into weeks, with Mr. F. never returning with the dope, the money or even an explanation to the chagrined director as to what had happened. Putting a determined P.A. (and G.G. subscriber informant) on the case of the missing scumbag, Flores was harassed by angry phone calls and threats and eventually coughed up the wacky tobacco--a full three months after the director had paid for it! To put a capper on this gloriously licentious story, the director found the grass to be some of the worst ragweed he'd ever smoked and believed that fuckwad Flores had actually cut the stuff with oregano or something equally repellent. The moral of the lengthy diatribe? Would you place an order for videos or merchandise from some lowlife felcher who would rip off one of our own genre heroes on a low-level drug deal? (Try to squirm out of that story, Mikey!) We rest our case.....In the final installment of the recent zine' was the G.G. found itself under attack from no less a stellar publication than Al Goldstein's own Screw Magazine, which in a full-page schizophrenic lambasting/lauding of the aforementioned Happyland refers to the G.G. as being "a useless contribution to society", its staff a bunch of wimps and scaredy-cats" and, in an ultimate slam, describing your editor as "resembling Fred Savage's dorky, bespectacled Jewish pal on The Wonder Years". With all due respect to Mr. G., whose decades of fifth publishing have prompted me to manually pump out several dozen liters of that thick ropey white stuff over the course of

innumerable masturbatory sessions, but since I've already lowered myself to sub-Guido, Sylvester Stallone-styled em-barrassing bravado by threatening to punch out one particularly spineless fanzine editor earlier on in this sermon, I'd like to continue to flex my sphinctoidism by publicly challenging Screw Magazine's "Zine Scene" columnist David Aaron Clark to a duel to the death with him choosing the weapon of his choice: fisticuffs, firearms, beer steins, drugs, dicks (for a fucking contest, not a sucking outing, Davy), nunchucks, tequila-drinking, daggers--you name it. No one can call me a Hebraic wimp scaredy cat and get away with it, you needle dicked smut-peddler! (Why do I get this deja vu that I've gone through this Polka once before--could it have been the 6th grade playground?) Conversely however, if you are trashed in Screw Magazine, can a laudatory N.Y. Times review be far behind? Maybe we should leave it alone.....Seriously though, I do not want to come off sounding like the donovanian peace 'n love arbitrator of the fanzine enclave, but all this fighting and cheating and accusing and general naysaying has got to stop--we're too small a network of sleaze and gore fanatics to aimlessly squabble amongst ourselves. Every new issue of most fanzines is dripping with enough noxious venom to create a vaccine for the fucking A.I.D.S. virus (ourselves notwithstanding), so let's cut the crap: if you're selling stuff--give the people what they pay for; if you don't like another's fanzine's style, either don't read it or critique it yourself in print--don't dick with a guy's life just because you may think that he's an asshole. It used to be in the old days of the G.G. that we appointed ourselves the Ralph Naders of horror and exploitation to keep wily film distributors from fleecing us fans of our hard-earned cabbage via re-titling, deceptive advertising, etc. We never thought in our wildest dreams that someday we'd be blowing the whistle on each other. Let's stop all the watery quimspew and range wars now! (Thank you Rodney King for inspiring our closing summation!) On a lighter note, England's Cathal Tohill, editor of the penultimately perverse Ungaw! magazine let us know that the British police have once again resumed their near decade old practice of raiding video shops and confiscating what they purport to be "video nasties"--the only difference between this and their famous Thatcher-sponsored 1983 raids is that this time, the G.G. made the headlines as shown in this actual news item from London's Daily Express.

## Torture videos network smashed

By STEPHEN THOMPSON

A NETWORK selling videos of torture, mutilation and cannibalism has been smashed in a huge undercover operation.

Trading standards officers who spent six months posing as dealers in

the vile trade yesterday seized three thousand tapes worth £150,000.

A boy of twelve was discovered swapping films with friends in Liverpool. A number of teenagers were also questioned.

Tapes were being sold for up to £90. But some were changing hands for as little as £12.

Most of the videos, with titles like Cannibal Holocaust, Bloodbath, Blood Sucking Freaks and Gore Gazette Salutes Blood-Drenched Bitches, are thought to have been smuggled in from abroad.

Others appear to be amateur productions which could have been filmed on home video equipment here.

A total of nine raids were carried out from Merseyside to Cardiff, and from Rochester in Kent to Redruth in Cornwall.

Our Birmingham confidant Stefan Kwiatkowski also corroborated the above and added that on the day of the seizures, London's Chennel 4 News showed footage of a shop being raided that had G.G. trailer comp tapes displayed prominently in color boxes on their shelves. Now, we welcome the press coverage, but since when did our trailer tapes come in labeled boxes? Are our hand-crafted labors of love being bootlegged around the globe? Jail the pirating bastards! (Just kidding).....Dan Golden, young whiz-kid director of last year's marvelously depraved sleaze sleeper Naked Obsession for Roger Corman's Concorde Releasing has written to inform us that his vastly underrated sex opus has finally been released to home video in his original unrated director's cut. The R-rated theatrical version itself was pretty steamy, so we urge all sleaze mavens to be well-stocked with baby oil and tissues before attempting to tackle this bone-milker in the privacy (pun intended) of their own homes ....While trying to turn ourselves away from anymore negativity and people-bashing, we here at the G.G. have been mildly amused by the relative frequency the terms "politically correct" and "politically incorrect" have been popping up in regular journalistic usage for the better part of a year now. Exercised most frequently in liberal fag rags like The Village Voice, N.Y. Newsday and even Spin Magazine (wherein the G.G. was summarily labeled as being P.I. by some art bear, boho tastemaker), we began to wonder just what criteria makes one correct or incorrect in the eyes of the public. Contacting a noted intellectual academician friend of ours, Mr. Guy Mandude, with this puzzling query, he has devised after many exhausting hours with our G.G. staff a simple, yet comprehensive revolutionary new combination I.Q./Political correctness examination for all our readers to take at a bargain basement cost. Realizing that in this day and age, being labeled politically correct is most important for landing poon and being cool, we've devoted our entire back cover to the brand new Gore Gazette I.Q./Political Correctness Meter examination. Merely fill out the form and answer the 35 questions to the best of your ability. When complete, mail the test, along with a

## Wanted : More G.G. Readers Like Jeff Erickson



Is he a devoted, dog-loving husband who digs gore videos, motorcycles, and a good barbeque ..... ?



Or a bearded bank robber willing to blow out the brains of any teller refusing to cough up the loot?

self-addressed stamped envelope and a two dollar processing fee (our cost, believe us!) to the G.G. c/o our masthead logo. In a few weeks you will receive a personal reply outlining exactly what we have gauged your I.Q. to be as well as to whether or not you can smugly count yourself among the legions of the "Politically Correct", with guidelines to bring yourself up to speed should you be scored as incorrect. Why we are offering this service?: 1) to raise the awareness level of our readers, 2) we've been getting too much flack from film companies for obscenely fucking with their copyrighted advertising (while accepting payment for placing it) on our past two back covers and fear serious legal reprisals if we don't lay low for a couple issues. (Besides, everyone from Happyland to Great Britain's Viz magazine has been copying our film ad alterations, so it's time to move on. Shame on you Selwyn!) and 3) there just ain't enough flicks out there to review for this issue, so we've got to pad it out somehow! Enjoy the exam and answer those questions carefully! (Thanks to Texas' Dion Bros. for their input!).....The G.G. would like to dedicate this entire issue to the subscriber Jeffrey Erickson of Illinois who was featured prominently in the March 2, 1992 issue of People Magazine as the perpetrator (along with his wife,

Jill) of at least 8 bank heists in the Chicago area until his arrest last December. Sadly, Jill resisted custody and led the cops on a high-speed chase, resulting in her being blasted in the face by a patrolman's shotgun when finally cornered 11 miles later. In a letter to the G.G., Jeff remorsefully remembered Jill as "a girl who was smart, beautiful, loved motorcycles, gore videos and knew how to use the grill. She made me about 3 big steaks a week and looked great while doing it!" What a babe! Erickson faces up to 20 years in prison for each of the 8 robberies he is charged with when he goes to trial at the end of this summer. Steadfastly maintaining his innocence, Jeff would appreciate hearing from fellow gorehounds who like movies and/or hate cops as much as he does. Write to him at 02695-424, MCC Chicago, 71 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, IL 60605, but please--no pick up the soap jokes. Guilty or not--this issue goes out to you dude! (Note to John McNaughton: Don't you smell a Henry-esque movie here?)..... Regrettably, this segment of Goredom's Most Wanted is focusing on a friend of many years: Mr. Allen Hale and his Import Horror Video of Virginia Beach, VA. In our dealings with him, he has always been late with trades in the past, citing personal problems and his busy supply

business which occupies most of his time. But since we began G.M.W. over a year ago, complaints about him not filling orders or responding to people's inquiries began to trickle in until we now have over 50 pieces of correspondence on file nominating him unequivocally for inclusion in our scumbag rogue's gallery. When no less than always-honest Michael Weldon phoned us for Hale's phone number complaining that he owed for months of unpaid advertising in Psychotronic Video, we knew that we had to toss friendship aside and alert our readers to his scamboogery. In Allen's defense, he personally told us via telephone that he'd suffered a number of severe personal tragedies over the past year that are so morose we wouldn't even mention them here, but common sense would dictate that if he had found the time to cash his customer's checks throughout his many traumas, couldn't he at least have duped up a few orders or at least mailed out form letters explaining the delay? Nah, it smells like fraud to us, and we urge Hale to get back on track and mail out what he owes. You always seemed like a nice guy, we didn't want to hate you--straighten up and fly right!.....We are always a big fan of J. Adler's sporadic Grindhouse magazine. Even back in the days when it was a hand-written and almost impossible to read, J.'s writing was always worth the effort for an irreverent hoot. Yet he too, has seemingly caught the 'zine war virus as in his May 1992 edition of Grindhouse # 9, he spends more than 25% of his six page publication accusing your Rev. and the G.G. staff of blatant plagiarism and bootlegging by claiming that our two volume, best-selling compilation Boobs, Bush & Buttsteak: Your Favorite Actresses in the Raw was actually a rip off of his own similarly titled romp Breast Meat & Butt Steak that was offered for sale back in the spring of 1990. Sorry to say, J., but the paranoia bug must have bitten you in the ass as well, because our four hour homage to female genitalia shares only one clip in common from the list you dutifully lay out as evidence of your piracy accusations. Granted, our titles are a bit similar (after all, how many words are there that can onomatopoeically describe tits, ass and cunt?), but your claim to ownership of the term butt steak is sadly mistaken--I remember chuckling over that phrase back in a 1972 edition of National Lampoon, probably at the same time you were contemplating that foul-smelling green matter in your Pampers. Lastly, your boast that your comp. is the "first compilation tape of just the nude scenes ever made" is erroneous as well. Haven't you ever heard of Famous T & A or Best of Sex and Violence, two commercially-released skin comps that pre-date both of ours by nearly a decade. Please believe us J., we had no intention of copying you (in fact, not to be insulting, we had no idea that you had even made a nudie compilation!) Just so you can sleep easy at night, we are sending off free copies of both volumes of our B, B & B so that you can fully evaluate them and see that we are not ripping you off (and hopefully tear your cock out of its socket from 4 full hours of non-stop stroke fodder!) All we ask in return is a slight retraction. Fair enough? Grindhouse still rules, just loosen the paranoia reigns, O.K?.....Lastly, to end this record-breaking rambling editorial on an upbeat note (I think), your soft-spoken editor would like to announce that he is hanging up his pussy

hunting, libertarian lowdown dog dick bachelor ways and joining the ranks of Warren Beatty (and similar old farts who are beginning to worry that they soon won't be able to get it up anymore) in entering the halls of matrimony on this coming August 22. My Annette Benning in this endeavor is none other than the luscious, alluring, big-titted vixen Ms. Dia Farber, who has been a G.G. "staffer" (both figuratively and literally) for nearly four years now and has been prominently displayed in various stages of undress in many custom photos on recent G.G. back issues. Readers wondering if marriage will calm me down and affect the ascerbic tone of the G.G. need not fear: the future Mrs. Sullivan has been in tow on most of the debacles of decadence described in these pages over the years and has already committed to signing a sex slave prenuptial agreement that will allow me to continue my lifestyle unrestrained. But she does want you all to know that she is a feminist.....Thus ends one of the longest editorials in our publishing history. There's 28 whopping, mostly commercial, mainstream flicks that are just clamoring for a review. Let's take a look at what's (not) been around these 5 months:

**THE GATE II** - Though it languished in fully completed form on Triumph Releasing's shelves for an inexplicable 3 years, Tibor Takacs' sequel to his impressive 1987 low-budget debut hikes the carnage into the R-rated realm of mayhem (the original was only an anemic PG-13) and seems as if it was only lensed yesterday with state-of-the-art looking f/x in this wacky tale of an adolescent once again opening up the fabled gate to hell and unleashing a minion of demons bent on enslaving Earth. The flick soon takes on the twist of being a rather depraved fairy tale as the nerdy teen captures an 8 inch reptilian homunculus from beyond (who so resembles the Ymir from 1957's 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH that Ray Harryhausen should sue) who has the power to grant wishes, (money, cars, fame, etc.) only to have the materialism literally turn to shit (thanks to some really disgusting fecal f/x courtesy of Craig Reardon) within hours after they are used. Stop motion wunderkind Randy Cook culminates **THE GATE II** with an unrelenting barrage of morphing, pus-spewing and reptilian monster battles in a realistic mix of animation, live action and puppetry that will engage all but the most jaded of horror fans and help you forget about the innate stupidity of the entire plot. But hell, these films are made for retards like us anyway! **\$6.25**

**GLADIATOR** - A novel, but failed attempt to bring the B-film boxing melodramas of the 30's & 40's to a 90's audience via an MTV-flavored, interracial hip-hop pacing featuring BOYZ N THE HOOD's ebony idol Cuba Gooding, Jr. and TWIN PEAKS's dumb-as-a-fencepost James Marshall. The former is trying to support his wife and kid by getting his brains belted around on a weekly basis in a corrupt underground league; the latter is a peace-loving powerhouse who reluctantly puts up his dukes after scumbag manager Brian Dennehy threatens to have his dad murdered for unpaid gambling debts. Naturally the two meet in a predictably blood-soaked clash of the titans, but the capper on this cornball soap opera is the finale where Dennehy enters the



## CAUGHT, CAGED AND CASTRATED ! ! ! !



H. Allen Hale of Import Horror Video might find himself in the same predicament as the hapless disemballed victim depicted above if he doesn't start squaring up with the dozens of disgruntled customers currently howling for his blood.

ring to pummell Marshall himself for not completing the match against the critically-injured Gooding. The sight of this withered, beer-bellied, real-life fag seriously boxing a young, muscle-ripped buck has got to be one of the most ridiculous sequences ever committed to celluloid and brought down the house at 42nd St.'s Selwyn Theatre where alcoholics, whores and crackheads alike all roared with laughter and cajoled the young Marshall to "kick that fat fart in the balls!" Fans of pugilism are urged to rent an old John Garfield tape and avoid this embarrassing mess!

\$2.00

**THE LAWNMOWER MAN** - You know you're in trouble when no less than Stephen King, horror's prose's most prolific mongoloid, issues a press release disowning this hi-tech, computer-nerd clunker that has little or nothing to do with his short story of the same name from the anthology Night Shift. Most King-endorsed or directed films over the past decade have sucked the big one to put it politely, so if the big guy himself is warding off fans, you know the flick has got to be abysmal. Even that adjective cannot describe this sci-fi cartoonish colostomy concerning Jeff Fahey as a retarded gardener in a blond Iggy Pop fright wig who becomes a guinea pig for scientist Pierce Brosnan's serum that allows him to experience "virtual reality", or get inside the mind and eyes of a computer or some concept equally fucked up that is currently being hailed by hacker homos everywhere as "the drug of the 90's" and "the ultimate high". Well if this is the ultimate high, these guys obviously don't get laid too much as Fahey metamorphizes from a

cretin to a genius computer-enhanced, maniacal tyrant in 105 torturous minutes that resemble a bad night at a Nintendo convention. Shit like this was done far more realistically a decade ago in Disney's TRON, leaving LAWNMOWER MAN to be recommended for the acne-sprouting, bedroom closet wanking Dungeons & Dragons crowd only. As for the drug of the 90's, I'd rather have a handful of moldy mushrooms any day...

\$1.25

**AMERICAN ME** - Edward James Olmos, the butt-ugly beaner who looks as if his face once caught fire and was put out with tire chains and an ice pick, makes his directorial debut with this marathon 130 minute pseudo-biographical indictment of both street gangs and corrupt prison culture. Playing like a poor man's SCARFACE, ME chronicles the life of a street thug named Santana (Olmos himself) through the pre-war 1940's up through the present day where he currently heads up the so-called real-life Mexican mafia, which supposedly controls much of the drug trafficking through out the entire state of California from within the confines of Folsom State Prison to this day. Fans of lurid prison violence may get off on the almost Jess Franco-esque depictions of sexual mayhem within the penitentiary (including a K.Y. lubed fist being graphically rammed up into new prisoner's colon, a Mafiosa informant having his asshole sliced open with a jagged carving knife, various gang rapes, etc.) that are surprisingly vivid for both a mainstream Hollywood release and an R-rating, but the film ultimately falters in its corny morality and contrived depiction of racism, leaving AMERICAN ME recommended for cornhole completists only. Frank Henenlotter, attention!

\$2.50

**HIGHWAY TO HELL** - Probably the best movie of 1992 never seen in area theatres, this wild horror pastiche opened in mid-March to only 4 metro venues before Hemdale Releasing (its distributor) went bankrupt in the middle of the film's run, pulling all advertising and letting HELL sink into an underserved oblivion. Too bad, because this original outing concerning two teens who elope across the Arizona desert only to find the bride-to-be kidnapped by a state trooper from hell is a 93 minute adrenaline-fueled frenzy featuring non-stop action, grisly special effects from both Randy Cook and Steve Johnson, a touch of nudity and eccentric cameo appearances from such luminaries as Lita Ford as a hitchhiking metal slut (how's that for typecasting?) to grating Hebe Gilbert Gottfried as Adolph Hitler. With such inspired casting, you know there had to be a lot of drugs on the set, leaving viewers with the feeling that HIGHWAY TO HELL was probably as much fun to make as it is to watch. Don't miss it if it eventually pops up on video!

\$6.75

We know we have a strict "no contributors" policy here at the G.G., but when your editor was accosted in a men's lavatory by an aspiring scribe who cornered me during the last of Kevin Clement's nifty Chiller Theatre convention and pleaded to write the following review for BASIC INSTINCT, I told him to get off his knees, wipe the drool from his Freddy Kreuger badge and graciously acquiesced. Fuck, I

was just relieved to discover the dweeb wasn't an assassin or some perv who wanted me to drop my malt down his gullet. Besides, there's been so much written about this excellent sleazeathon everywhere, any of our laudatory epithets would be redundant at this point. Here, now making his literary debut is Mr. Jim Kaye:

**BASIC INSTINCT** - Director Paul Verhoeven (**TOTAL RECALL**) gets away with lifting elements from **VERTIGO**, **FRENZY** and **PSYCHO** by delivering this year's most daring sexual thriller. Michael Douglas play a burnt-out San Francisco detective investigating the brutal ice pick slaying of an ex-rocker committed during a heavy session of fucking. Suspicion soon points to the dead man's main squeeze and part time carpet-munching novelist, Catherine Tramell. (Sharon Stone in her most delicious role). Douglas soon finds himself being cleverly manipulated by Stone in a series of psychological and sexual encounters. The fact that Stone's pet dyke Roxy and Douglas' psychiatrist girlfriend eventually turn out to be Max Cady types nearly drives him to the brink of deep insanity. Verhoeven tosses in enough plot twists and red herrings to keep up the pulse-pounding excitement in a manner that would do old Hitch proud. And with Sharon Stone providing the johnson-torturing (*I believe the correct term is "working"*--Ed) scenes to keep all you sleazy **G.G.** readers stroking away, **BASIC INSTINCT** deserves to win the **G.G. Film Of The Year** award for 1992. Since **BASIC INSTINCT** has been sending sperm suckers, muff divers, and the politically correct into self-righteous fits for daring to portray lesbians as psychopaths (the truth hurts--huh?), all the negative publicity tells you that this is a must see for all gore and sleaze fans!! \$7.50 plus \$6.95 for any cleaning charges incurred by Shawn McLaughlin. (*We don't get the joke on that last line either--must be a secret coded message to his gay lover. Imagine that : give a guy his five minutes of fame and he's already awarding the G.G. Film Of The Year! What balls! We do agree that BASIC INSTINCT is easily one of this year's best for sex, horror and suspense, but why no mention of Sharon's inspired Willie Nelson impersonation, which to us was the hot spot of the entire film?*--Ed.)

**SHADOWS & FOG** - Much as it sickens us to admit it, lack of theatrically released genre product actually forced us back into the art house late last spring to suffer through Woody "I'm so hip" Allen's newest ego-spew which the Hebraic helmer lobsterly referred to as "my sweet homage to German expressionist filmmaking". Playing like a **NOSFERATU** wannabe shot on an old Universal **FRANKENSTEIN** series backlot, this trite tale of a killer on the loose in an unnamed European village is so obsessed with injecting Kafka-esque situations into its storyline that we felt like we were back in college at Student Filmmaking 101 suffering through some suicidal geek's treatise on the meaning of life. The Woodman got all his ultra-slick rat pack pals to act in this pretentious mess at scale (Madonna, Lilly Tomlin, Jodie Foster, John Cusack, Kathy Bates, etc.) seemingly so they could all get together and congratulate each other on how "cutting edge" they are. And the final laugh is on the mainstream critics who tripped

all over themselves praising **SHADOWS'** "ethereal black & white cinematography": Allen, as the penny-pinching Jew bastard he is reported to be realizes that photographing a movie in black & white is about 1/3 the cost of filming in color, so he laughs all the way to the bank and is declared a genius to boot! If you think maybe you're maturing and you've been too hard on art films in the past, go and see **SHADOWS & FOG**--it'll rekindle your hatred for art bears anew! **\$ .75**

**WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP** - but black men can't realize when they are being scammed by some Gomer Pyle out-of-town goof ball cracker out to fleece the wallets of the homeboys who gamble via hoopsmanship in the playground courts of inner-city Los Angeles on a daily basis. Director Ron Shelton sets up this amazing premise, but its one note plot (you screw me, I screw you) wears thin by the time this nearly two hour epic grinds to its final reels. Sure the Ubangi gutter language is engaging at first and Woody "Cheers" Harrelson's sexual interludes with sultry hot female Rosie Perez might induce a semi or two, but when you find yourself actually counting how many times Wesley Snipes says motherfucker in the last hour of the film you know you're bored. There's a tight little 75 minute ghetto comedy somewhere in there, though! **\$3.75**

**THUNDERHEART** - A deceiving Tri-Star trailer viewed earlier this year made this Michael Apted-directed, liberal propagandic, neo-anti American drivel look as if it was a murder-mystery sprinkled with shape-shifting supernatural overtones ala **THE MANITOU**. What it is in reality is 2 hours of Indian rights dogma which results in trying to prove once again that those firewater-sucking redskins are still getting screwed by our government even in this enlightened era of "political correctness". So who gives a fuck? **THUNDERHEART** is of no genre interest at all and would be a complete waste of time if not for the hilarious performance of Vai Kilmer, who as a half-breed Indian F.B.I. agent, spends the entire flick looking as if he has a peace pipe stuck up his ass! **\$.25**

**SLEEPWALKERS** - Leave it to us to emerge with egg on our faces! No sooner do we trash Stephen King at the onset of this review section than we are forced into performing a complete 180 and kiss the dorked one's ass for what has to easily be the hands-down winner of the coveted **G.G. Film Of The Year** award for 1992. In this, King's first original screenplay and not adapted from any of his writings, he spins the depraved tale of an incestuous mother/son team of vampiric feline immortal psychopaths known as sleepwalkers who subsist by draining the life essence from virgin girls. Since in these times pickens are slim, the two are forced to travel from small town to town, leaving a trail of mutilated house cats behind them. (For some unexplained reason, your common tabby is a sleepwalker's mortal enemy). Though King's plot has more holes than a Las Vegas brothel, he, director Mick Garris (**PSYCHO III**) and the special chunkblowing make-up effects of Jeff Okun carry this 90 minute gem along at a brisk pace packing sadism, sexism, date-rape, mutilation, disembowelment, defenestration and actual mother-fucking into one terse package filled

with more GRAPHIC GORESPewing AND CARNAGE (X was edited down from an X) than any film we've seen in the past two years. And if the alluring Alice Krige as the son-humping mama sleepwalker doesn't have you spewing your ballsauce all over the seat of the guy in front of you, maybe you just aren't whacking it hard enough! **SLEEPWALKERS** is simply the best!

**\$7.50**

**DEEP COVER** - Bill Duke returns on the heels of last year's successful **A RAGE IN HARLEM** with this brooding atmospheric drama about an ebony undercover narcotics cop's (Larry Fishburne) submergence into the underworld of cocaine dealing and his dangerous attraction to its seductive lifestyle that is just too goddamn talky for its own good. Where **RAGE** succeeded as a no-holes-barred comedic actioner, Duke must have succumbed to the same disease which has befallen his fellow "new" darkie directors like Spike Lee, John Singleton, etc.: he reads his rave reviews and begins to think that he is a genius. Since he is a genius, people will want to hear his message and he can cut back on the car chases, gun battles, stabbings and bared breasts that he put in his old movies for "purely commercial" reasons. Wrong. Fishburne can brood about struggling with the limits of his own moral strength all he wants, but if it weren't for Jeff Goldblum on hand as an evil, coke-snorting, black bitch-fucking, dope-dealing psychopath who poses by day as a mild-mannered Jewish attorney, **DEEP COVER** would fall flat on its face long before the ending of its tedious 112 minutes. Don't become a legend in your own mind, Bill!

**\$3.75**

**POISON IVY** - Katt Shea and Andy Ruben, everybody's favorite husband and wife sleaze team (**STRIPPED TO KILL**, etc.) who for the past half-decade have served as indentured slaves to Roger Corman's Concorde Releasing sadly fail in their liberating foray in this comball melodrama about a psychotic punk Lolita's attempt to destroy an uptight upper-class Hollywood Hills family. Not even a nicely puberted, supposedly-sobered Drew Barrymore as the title femme fatale can muster any interest in this seemingly made-for-cable clunker as she seems to take more interest in winning over the loyalty of the clan's family dog than boning rich patriarch Tom Skerritt. Even pedophiles should take note that **POISON**'s R-rating was not doled out due to any bared Barrymore baby fat—the only nudity an display throughout this clunker is the wrinkled, bared buttocks of the aforementioned Skerritt as he fucks young Drew doggy-style—tastefully with her off camera! Back to the Corman stables, Sheen!

**\$1.50**

**SPLIT SECOND** - This incoherent British import starring Rutger Hauer as a mentally-defective Mel Gibson clone future cop on the track of a monstrous Satanic serial killer who tears out and eats the hearts of his victims in a post apocalyptic London circa 2008 is certainly short on logic, but long on gore and bloodspewing as newcomer director Tony Maylam pulls out the stops and pours on the carnage, leaving gorehounds to wonder in amazement just how the hell this little low-budget gutchumer escaped with an R-rating. The proceedings are helped along by the display of the mouth-watering bared rib flots of Kim Cattrall (looking

as if she's on hand here solely to pick up some quick blow money), but are abruptly screwed up when for no reason in the flick's last reel the murderer is revealed to be a reptilian **ALIEN**-like monster in a rubber suit who derails a subway car. What about the Satanic clues? What about the fact that we saw you were a human killer in the first half hour? How come you only bite Kim Cattrall's tit when you're 25 feet tall? Ahh, maybe we're just picking nippers as **SPLIT SECOND** is one of the goriest outings to come down the pike in quite a while—who cares if it makes no sense...

**\$5.50**

**ALIEN 3** - Purported to have had horrendous production problems necessitating the firing of no fewer than two directors; this second sequel to Ridley Scott's ground-breaking 1979 sci-fi creaturethon is sadly but a shadow of its predecessors, its obviously-reduced budget making the film resemble what it might look like if there were a weekly **ALIEN** T.V. series. Final credited director David Fincher (or is that felcher?), a cutting-edge M.T.V. hack here helming his first feature tries to get politically correct (there's that phrase again) by portraying the lone alien on the loose here as an allegory of the A.I.D.S. virus, with the setting of a diseased, shaven-headed interplanetary men's penal colony resembling the entire Village Voice editorial staff adding to the limp-wristed proceedings. And when tough cookie Sigourney Weaver realizes she is impregnated with one of those pesky reptiles and is willing to die to terminate it, why didn't pro-lifers across the country picket theatres spewing this liberal propaganda? But since when did monster-on-the-loose sagas have to carry concealed human rights messages anyway? And why do we suddenly find ourselves asking so many rhetorical questions? A major disappointment. **\$3.50**

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** - Action fans with not too hazy a memory will recall that the initial 1987 installment of this now immensely popular Oreo-cop-cum-buddy series was a gritty little potboiler with a venomous center of vengeance, violence and depravity, with just a twinge of black humor thrown in to dilute the flick's mean-spiritedness. Five years later, this contrived second sequel shows slapstick comedy in full control here, with any car chases, shoot-outs or butt-kicking thrown in merely to expedite the corny one-liners of Messrs. Gibson and Glover. In fact, **LETHAL 3** is so asinine and pecked with politically correct comedy shtick (ie, both Exxon and the S & L banks are ridiculed) that these formerly hard-nosed dicks are now reduced to resembling a pair of squabbling homos! Forget the mildly interesting plot about a psychotic ex-cop providing confiscated guns to area homeboy gangs, this flick is strictly 2 hours of bad Abbott and Costello impersonations. In fact, we walked out in disgust before the highly predictable finale... **\$2.50**

**DELICATESSEN** - You know we're hard up for review product when we actually ventured into the lobsterific Angelika Film Center in the heart of boho Soho to catch this French language import that was described as being "a black comedy cannibal classic" by some film nerd whose opinion we formerly respected. The flick's plot of some unspecified futuristic era where massive food shortages have

left small enclaves of seemingly respectable people who turn into flesh-hungry cannibals at night is a nifty one that is soon totally ruined by the heavy-handed, pretentious direction of newcomer art fag Jean-Pierre Jeunet (whose very name rings of jizz-drinking) who is more concerned with an elegant opening credit sequence, swirling camera motions and nail-chewing musical interludes than telling us about the daily habits of these entrail-munchers. Horny gore-hounds may want to catch the highbrow exercise in cinematic masturbation to impress some snooty feminist they're trying to bed down, but the rest of us would do far better by re-renting Sam Raimi's **CRIMEWAVE**, a similarly-styled depravathon that is 10 times better. And after all, we all know that the French suck, right? **\$2.75**

As usual, we are quickly running out of our already-limited review space owing to the need for a full page at the end of this issue to sell our newly-acquired video rarities as well as to make a very important video announcement. Some of the final reviews have thus been cut to capsule comments much to our dismay:

**CLASS ACT** - Savvy rappers **Kid 'N Play** milk another one out of the box office while their star is still rising in this immature, vulgar revamp of Eddie Murphy's **TRADING PLACES** formula wherein two newcomers to a California highschool—one a nerdy bookworm genius, the other a paroled N.W.A.-styled felon with a murderous reputation—have their identities switched via an administrative filing error. Of course, the expected chaos ensues, leaving **CLASS ACT** packed with enough sexual innuendo, four-letter bravado and diluted T&A (for a PG-13 outing) to recommend this breezy contrived comedy to our dimwitted readers. If the **THREE STOOGES** were re-born as 90's Negroes, their films would look something like this! **\$5.50**

**YELLOW RIVER FIGHTER** - Since Paterson, N.J.'s fabled Fabian Theatre was taken over by a Chinaman late last year, we occasionally get to see oddball items like this, which popped up as a second feature for one week last June on an unlikely bill with the above reviewed **CLASS ACT**. Totally in Chinese with impossible to read, blurred English sub-titles, this 12th century period piece kung-fu thon looks as if it must have cost about 3 billion dollars to make, containing war battle sequences with a cast easily as big as the entire Woodstock audience and enough decapitations, limb mutilations, garotting, burning, sword-slicing and bloody karate combat hijinx to make this the biggest-budgeted martial arts epic we've ever seen! Does anyone out there know anything about this entertaining (even if we couldn't figure out what the fuck was going on!) masterpiece? And does the slopehead owner of the Fabian have anymore of these classics sequestered away in his opium den? **\$7.00**

**ACES: IRON EAGLE III** - More **TOP GUN**-inspired flag waving drivel once again starring Lou Gossett, Jr. as the indefatigable pilot stud Chappy Sinclair who this time out assembles a crew of veteran multi-national flying aces to zoom to Pers and blow up a cocaine factory. This campy comic-book-styled actioner would be of no interest to any-

one were it not for the surprising inclusion of 70's kung-fu star Sonny Chiba (**STREETFIGHTER**, etc.) as one of Gossett's team. Suffice to say that the years have not been too kind to Sonny (maybe he's been spending the past decade and a half smoking his last name), but those who remember him as the testicle-tearing, flesh-biting avenger of yore may want to catch **ACES** at a bargain matinee just to pay their respects... **\$3.75**

**UNLAWFUL ENTRY** - Ray Liotta, who played such a superb psychotic in Jonathan Demme's **SOMETHING WILD**, surpasses that role in this taut little thriller that casts him as a schizophrenic cop out to steal real-estate yuppie wannabe Kurt Russell's wife and destroy his life to boot. Playing both the 'ol good cop/bad cop in one twisted personality, Liotta carries the entire flick by gently lecturing grammar school students on traffic safety in an assembly during one sequence and then administering a brutal beating to a black robbery suspect that makes the Rodney King tape look like he received a slap on the wrist in another will keep viewers on edge not knowing just when this deranged dick is going to blow his top. Former Roger Corman 70's veteran Jonathan Kaplan goes back to his sleaze roots by keeping **UNLAWFUL** doused with gouts of blood and sadistic mayhem, leaving it a surprisingly sick little sleeper to come out of a major Hollywood studio like 20th Century Fox. **\$7.00**

**BOOMERANG** - The mantle of political correctness even embraces such unlikely a candidate as Eddie Murphy in this hilarious comedy from the Hudlin brothers (**HOUSE PARTY**) that finds the ebony dickman getting a taste of the medicine he's been doling out to chicks all his life when he finally falls for one that discovers he's just a sexist scumbag and wants nothing to do with him. The feminist bent of the plot notwithstanding, **BOOMERANG** is still wildly lewd, sexist, racist and steamy enough to forgive Murphy when he actually cries over his unrequited slab of sultry dark meat... Say it ain't so, Eddie! **\$6.50**

**UNIVERSAL SOLDIER** - The best knock-down, drag out, destroy-all-scenery-and-extras outing between two cardboard caricature non-actors since King Kong met Godzilla, **UNIVERSAL** pits the self-proclaimed "muscles from Brussels" Jean-Claude Van Damme against Hitler youth role model Dolph Lundgren in this wild action yarn concerning the re-animated corpses of slaughtered Vietnam vets who are somehow cyborg-ized into **TERMINATOR**-like killing machines by a secret government agency who brings them out of mothballs to combat terrorists, quell insurrections, etc. on a regular basis. The trouble is that the pair soon remember that they hated each other back when they were in a platoon together as humans, so the government scientists discover that they cannot control them any longer as they ignore orders and square off against each other to settle their personal vendetta. From there on, director Roland Emmerich packs the flick with enough over-the-top violence and graphic bloodspewing mixed with head-banging sickbox hijinx to make **UNIVERSAL SOLDIER** the hands down action winner so far this year. Now if only either of these two dynamos could utter one complete sentence in

English without sounding as if they have a mouthful of turds, we'd have no complaints. **\$7.25**

**WILD ORCHID II : TWO SHADES OF BLUE** - Though neither Mickey Rourke's pimply ass nor Carre Otis' tan lotion-oiled melons are anywhere to be found in this sequel-in-name-only, former 70's T.V. Jew heartthrob-turned-auteur Zalman King (thought we forgot about the **YOUNG LAWYERS** didn't ya?) still serves up enough soft-core stroke fodder to make this "orphaned teen becomes brothel whore") soap operic outing resemble a domestic Joe D'Amato sex outing. Newcomer Nina Siemaszko is chub-inducing as the downtrodden waif who has school texts in her hand by day and bounces scrotums off her chin at night in this overly lachrymose "erotic drama" (Triumph Films' quote not ours) that bears lots of female flesh but packs all the interest of a Harlequin novel. Still good for a few spurts, though... **\$4.00**

**DIARY OF A HITMAN** - Once **BASIC INSTINCT** joined the over \$100 million exclusive box office bigwig polo club, wily Epic Releasing dusted off this unreleased 1990 talkathon for a brief theatrical release last May, ballyhooing in all its advertising that it was "the new film starring **BASIC INSTINCT**'s sex siren Sharon Stone". Well if you went to see it and took time out for a piss mid-way through the second reel, you'd have missed Ms. Woolyburger's "starring" role. You see, Shar's in this clunker for a total of 3 1/2 onscreen minutes, bearing no flesh and merely walking through this catatonia-inducing thriller concerning a black hit man's last job (offing Sheryl Fenn and her new born baby, neither of whom show any tit as well) before he can retire to a Florida condo. Released to video almost immediately after ethnic minions threatened the burn down area screens once they realized they'd been scammed, **DIARY OF A HITMAN** is almost worth a \$2.00 rental to see burly black burr-head Forest Whitaker attempt to effect a pseudo-Italian accent in the title role of this deceptive mess. If it weren't so corrupt, it would be hilarious! **\$1.75**

The following are all currently unspooling or are about to be released to area venues:

**TETSUO: THE IRON MAN** - Gorehounds will have to make another foray into the art house jungle to catch this 1989 black and white Japanese language splatterthon that is currently knocking them dead at lower Manhattan midnight screenings. For once, we agree with the hated Village Voice, who described the plot of this wild 67 minute outing as "unsynopsizable" (lobsterese mumbo jumbo for not knowing what the fuck it is about), but suffice to say it concerns a Japanese business man who begins metamorphosing into a misshapen metalloid mutant after running over with his auto a "metal fetishist" (who gets off on inserting copper cable into gaping wounds on his legs) in a hit and run accident. The next morning, the driver discovers metal shards sticking out of his face and his cock turns into a 2 ft. whirling, murderous corkscrew, giving new meaning to the term "drilling some poon" when the dude turns his wife's vagina into a bloody, pulpy mess after a depraved rape se-

quence. The rest of this surrealistic low-budgeter concerns a war between two metalized, pus-spewing mutants in what best can be described as **ERASERHEAD** meets **MECHA-GODZILLA** through the eyes of Sam Raimi and Luis Buñuel in the pages of slopehead "manga" adult comics. A bit pretentious and arty, but so depraved it wins you over!

**\$7.00**

**MO' MONEY** - Should more aptly be titled "blow money" as it seems that's all Damon Wayan's was out to scoop up in this slapdash, careless, sloop-looking hybrid of re-tread jokes you've already heard from his **In Living Color** T.V. show with a lame action sub-plot about a network of murderous credit card crooks that looks as if it came from Steven Seagal's rejected script pile. Surprisingly nifty graphic violence cannot help us for recommending it to blaxploitation completists only! **\$3.00**

**ONE FALSE MOVE** - Not since **HENRY, PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER** has there been a crime drama as lurid, smarmy and nihilistic as this underrated low budget outing from young Roger Corman alumnus Carl Franklin who really shows that he knows what makes a psychotic mind tick. Realistic murders, coke snorting, cop killing, misogyny and inter-racial adultery all mesh quite nicely in the gut-churning sleeper featuring an outstanding performance by Bill Paxton (**NEAR DARK**) that should be sought out by all. **\$7.00**

**HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH** - Just screened as we go to press, this third installment of Clive Barker's deliciously depraved Pinhead saga is long on the expected s&m-tinged, blood-spurting, flesh-ripping and mutilating monster hijinx, but sadly devoid of any plot. The version we were shown had not yet been rated, so look for it to be heavily chopped when released to area theatres on Oct. 2. More on this dazzling, whirlwind splatterthon next issue!

**\$4.50**

Videophiles searching for some really obscure and unreleased quasi-legal offerings are urged to send off \$5.00 today for the newly-updated 1992-1993 edition of the **G.G. PRIVATE LIBRARY LISTING** featuring dozens of new titles since the last one was published over a year ago. Included in this edition are offerings we don't dare mention in print as well as some related genre, porn and rock music curios that aren't normally advertised in the "Rare Videos" section of the **G.G.** for only a paltry \$5.00. **Plus:** Your five clams will be fully refunded with your first video order!!! How can you lose? Send off your cabbage today to the **G.G.** c/o our masthead logo.

**RARE VIDEOS** - Excellent quality copies of the following new rarities are now available from our money-hungry video department:

● **MOTORPSYCHO** - Possibly the rarest of all of Russ Meyer's 60's sexploitationers, we've finally landed a pristine copy of this b & w cyclethon concerning the alluring, big-titted (what else did you expect?) Amazon woman known only as Haji (the real-life Mrs. Wm. Smith) and her struggle against three ravag-



ing, raping maniacs on Hondas! Easily as good as Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!

• **A BOOK OF HEROES**- More non-stop action from our slopehead buddies in Hong Kong, this wild outing is totally in Japanese with English sub-titles, but the universal language of supreme ass-kicking needs no translation in this brutal tale of thievery and slaughter that is a G.G. exclusive. The actors here all do their own stunts and make Jacky Chan look like Liberace by comparison!

• **ROLLING STONES' ROCK & ROLL CIRCUS**  
Back in 1968 when taking tons of drugs was considered socially acceptable, the Stones produced this 60 minute freak show starring themselves, Jethro Tull, John Lennon & Yoko Ono, The Who and an assortment of midgets and fire-swallowing Negroes for a BBC television variety show. However, when viewing the final edited program, the Stones realized that all the other acts on the show blew them away and refused to let it be released. Here for the first time see Mick, Keith and Brian Jones set new records for the limits of substance abuse!

• **MANSION OF THE LIVING DEAD** - Four lesbians, a satanic cult, a spooky old mansion and tons of violent s & m nude hijinx highlight this rare Jess Franco perversion that features a dog-collared woman being forced to eat rat poison and then give a blow job! That's rough! In Spanish, with no sub-titles.

• **LET ME DIE A WOMAN**- Now back in stock after a lengthy absence from our collection, this 1980 sex-change shockumentary from Doris Wishman (so sick that she asked to be uncredited) was actually pulled from its initial 42nd St. run for being too depraved (or so the story goes). We defy you not to grimace and warn you to keep a tight hold of your Johnson during the penis-severing surgery sequence. One of the sickest films we've ever seen and our most requested video title ever!

• **SURPRISE TITLE** - You must write directly to us to learn the title of this film that we'd definitely get our asses reamed for offering for sale in print. Our only hints to those who are trying to figure it out are 1) it received one of the highest \$ ratings in this very issue of the G.G., 2) you would really have to go out of your way to see it if you didn't live in lower Manhattan and 3) if you happen to be a burn-out check the title of Track 4, Side 1 of your old Black Sabbath Paranoid album for the final giveaway clue to this depraved gem!

• **PORNO HOLOCAUST**- Who else but Joe D'Amato would serve up this hard-core mix of fucking, mutilations with a killer zombie thrown in to boot? In Italian, with no sub-titles, this one is even sick by the demented pastaman's standards!

• **CHUCK BERRY PERV LOOPS**- Yes sir, just like the title says, this is about 15 minutes of Mr. Johnny B. Goode himself fucking, humiliating and eventually pissing on white chicks all surreptitiously filmed by one of Chuck's perv buddies with a camcorder. Even sicker than it sounds here in print, when Berry blows a mean wind biscuit while getting blown and orders some poor blonde to "smell my farts, baby!", you'll be tossing you prized Chess records out the window! Must be seen to be believed,

this wild curio is absolutely authentic and can be added on to any other video title for an extra \$6.00.

All tapes are recorded on high-grade tape and are just \$14.95 each plus \$3.00 to cover postage and handling. Send checks, money orders or good old cash (sucker) to the GORE GAZETTE, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Be sure to specify VHS or Beta format. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery (no exceptions, this means you!). Special offer: Order any five titles for just \$60.00 and we pay the postage. In case you are a mathematical Mongoloid, that's just 12 bucks a pop, pal and quite a fantabulous deal that sure as hell ain't gonna last long! Send off your semolians today!

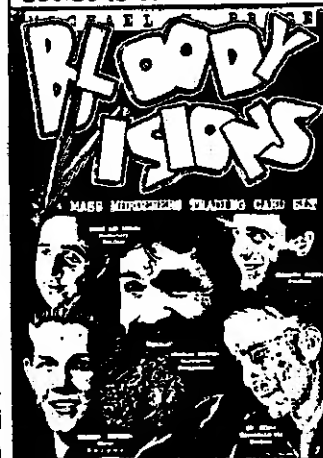
**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT**- The G.G., after weeks of tough negotiations have finally struck a deal to be the exclusive distributors for all the works of that reclusive genius from Nassau County, L.I., Mr. Nathan Schiff, who over the past number of years has delighted audiences everywhere with his unique style of gore-spewing, backwoods psycho dramas and H.G. Lewis-inspired directoral skills. Now, from Nathan's own personal masters, gorehounds can delight in owning the following titles:

### WEASELS RIPPED MY FLESH

### THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE

### THE LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE

and the world premiere of his newest epic, VERMILLION EYES, that was over three years in the making! Now since Nathan makes a living at being a filmmaker (or at least attempts to), and because we have to make a few bucks off this distribution deal, we aren't able to offer copies of any of the above videos at our usual price, but at only \$29.99 each (plus \$3.00 postage), owning any of the above collector's items is a real steal! Send checks for any of the 4 Schiff titles listed above to Nathan Schiff, c/o G.G., 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011. Don't delay, as the moody Mr. Schiff is known to be quite an eccentric, and he may decide to cancel this distribution deal at any time!!!!!!



From Shel-Tone Publications comes a new and different kind of horror book. All the most disturbing because it is actually true! BLOODY VISIONS is a collection of 48 true horror cases. It features several life mass murderers and serial killers. Meet ED GEAR and ADRIAN CHRISTIAN - their recipes couldn't be found in the Brain Cracker cookbook. JOHN WAYNE GACCA - a movie killer of W.D. HAKE and BURKE - professional body snatchers - if there weren't enough corpses to sell in the medical schools, they made their own, and more, many others.

Researched, written, and illustrated by noted author Michael H. Free, best known as the film critic for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, as well as co-author of the acclaimed CRIPPLED HORRORS, a volume on lost horror films of the '50s, the supernatural of the CARNALITY OF SOULS graphic novel adapting the popular pulp film, and now more other details in memory in this space.

The set consists of 48 two-color cards, all printed in color on thick and hard stock. The book is bound in a hard cover with a slipcase. The cards are held in place by a rubber band. The book is bound in a hard cover with a slipcase. The cards are held in place by a rubber band.

Shel-Tone's first release, FREAHARTS - Set 1 was widely hated by horror nihilists in the strange and set of all time, and Shel-Tone Publications presents to us surely surpassed ourselves with our latest release!

Price: \$9.95 + Shipping (\$2.00)

SEND ORDERS TO:

SHEL-TONE PUBLICATIONS  
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IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY 07111

Gore, violence and testosterone-fueled homeboy bravado meet rap in LIVE SQUAD'S depraved new 12", MURDERAH/HEARTLESS, out now on Tommy Boy records! Makes ICE-T look like a cub scout!



# Gore Gazette

## I.Q./Political Correctness Awareness Test

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

SCORE \_\_\_\_\_

Directions: Study each question carefully. Choose the answer that seems most correct. Mark an "X" (just like you probably signed your name above) in the appropriate space at the right. Remember to think hard and concentrate!

- |   |            |             |
|---|------------|-------------|
| 1) A clitoris is a type of flower.  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 2) A pubic hair is a wild rabbit.   | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 3) Spread eagle is an extinct bird.   | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 4) Vagina is a medical term used to describe a heart ailment.               | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 5) A menstrual cycle has three (3) wheels.                                  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 6) A G-string is part of a violin.  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 7) Semen is another word for sailors.                                       | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 8) Anus is the Latin word for yearly.                                       | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 9) Testicles are found on an octopus.                                       | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 10) Asphalt is a serious rectal condition.                                  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 11) KOTEX is a radio station in Austin, Texas.                              | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 12) Masturbate is used to catch large fish.                                 | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 13) Coitus is a unique folk dance.  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 14) Fetus was a character in the "Gunsmoke" television show.                | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 15) A umbilical cord stops you from losing your umbrella.                   | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 16) An orgasm is the person who accompanies the choir in church.            | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 17) A diaphragm is a geometric figure.                                      | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 18) A dildo is a variety of sweet pickle.                                   | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 19) An erection occurs when the Japanese vote for new government officials. | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 20) A lesbian is a person from the Middle East.                             | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 21) Sodomy is an expensive kind of plantable grass.                         | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 22) Pornography is another word for the recording industry.                 | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 23) Genitals are people of non-Jewish origin.                               | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 24) Douche is an Italian word for the number 12.                            | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 25) An enema is someone who is not a friend.                                | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 26) An ovary is a French egg dish made with fish and cheese.                | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 27) Scrotum is a small moon of Uranus.                                      | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 28) A quim is an irrational decision.                                       | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 29) A Vulva is an expensive Swedish import auto.                            | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 30) Smegma is a cheese dip eaten on crackers.                               | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 31) Cervix is something your auto needs every 5,000 miles.                  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 32) Labia is exhausting physical work.                                      | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 33) The fleshy part around the cunt is often referred to as the woman.      | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 34) Ejaculating in a girl's mouth is considered acceptable bedside manner.  | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |
| 35) Reading the <u>G.G.</u> will help you get laid.                         | TRUE _____ | FALSE _____ |



## Horror's Top 10

*It's a Jekyll/Hyde story for the '80s. By day, mild-mannered Rick Sullivan, 30, labors in a New Jersey film booking agency. But by night he becomes the wild-eyed editor of The Gore Gazette,*

*a monthly tip sheet that he types, Xeroxes and sells to 5,000 people at 60 cents per copy. A fanatical horror fan since the days when his parents forbade him to see scary movies, Sullivan grew angry when reviewers "trashed, ignored or made fun of all horror films.*

*I felt we needed someone to tell us what was worth seeing." In 1980 Sullivan, who watches about 20 new and old screamers a month, took the job upon himself. The Gore Gazette (73 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N.J. 07042) warns fans about horror films that get*

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released repeatedly under different titles. It also rates special effects. "Nobody's perfected a way to make guts look like guts," Sullivan complains. "I always think, 'Oh no, here's the cow intestines packed into prophylactics again.'" Though Sullivan classifies 1963's *Blood Feast* as his all-time favorite ("The best scare is when a maniac puts his fist in a woman's mouth and rips her tongue out with red Jell-O and stage blood over it"), he is disappointed in 1976's *Bloodsucking Freaks*, his all-time lowest groaner. "They killed real animals to make this," says Sullivan. "Effects are only fun when they're fake."

To bolster the genre, Sullivan has raised about \$200,000 to make *Deadly Metal*, about "a heavy metal band that unwittingly allows the son of Satan to join as lead singer." The film, due to start shooting in a few months with Sullivan as writer and cameo player, promises to be "really sick" (Sullivan's highest compliment), but until its release, Sullivan will settle for reviewing lesser works, as he did for PEOPLE:

**Aliens:** One of the rare sequels that is better than the original, a perfect combo of *Rambo* and monsters. Biggest groan: No aliens in the first 65 minutes. Best scare: Aliens everywhere for the last hour.



**Poltergeist II:** A talky budget-slashed sequel that looks as if it were made for TV. Best scare: Craig T. Nelson swallows a poltergeist-possessed worm that blows up in his stomach. Biggest groan: They use a cheesy Hollywood backdrop to make it look like Heather O'Rourke is in heaven.



**Psycho III:** Best scare: The parody of the original shower murder is this year's most frightening scene. Biggest groan: When women treat Norman like a psycho sex object.



**The Fly:** One of history's most morose, depressing and repulsive big-budget films. Really great and really sick. Best scare: A close-up of long fly hairs shooting out of Jeff Goldblum's back.



**Maximum Overdrive:** You have to worry when Stephen King touts this King-directed opus as the "loudest movie

ever made." Best scare: Victims of killer trucks look like cantaloupes being flattened. Biggest groan: Trucks threaten humans with Morse code messages on their headlights.



**Friday the 13th, Part 6:** A self-parody with less gore than earlier installments that makes Jason as lovable as Godzilla. Best scare: When Jason tears the stomach out of Ron Palillo (who played Arnold Horshack on *Welcome Back, Kotter*).



**The Toxic Avenger:** The first successful low-budget softcore gore comedy. Best scare: When a 98-lb. nerd, converted into a radioactive monster, buries his fingers up to his knuckles in a thug's eyeballs. Biggest groan: When the hero monster rips out a mugger's tonsils with a milkshake mixer.



**Invaders from Mars:** A big disappointment. Director Tobe Hooper should go back to making Grade Z sick quickies instead of big-budget blowouts. Best scare: Original-looking Stan Winston aliens—a cross between turtles and kangaroos. Biggest groan: The 1953 original showed aliens drilling into human heads, but the camera turns away in this wimpy remake.



**Tops in horror for 1986, says Sullivan, is the Italian-made *Demons*, which flopped in the U.S. "You're never bored by it."**

"I'm beyond being scared," says critic Sullivan, with his genuine *Gremilins* souvenir. "I like horror for the sense of humor."

**Vamp:** Lots of blood, but too many similarities to the disco vampire in last summer's *Fright Night*. Best scare: When Grace Jones drips blood from her fangs. Biggest groan: When she tries to be scary as she dances.



**Demons:** Something to offend everyone. Best scare: Zombies with pustular boils that swell and burst. Biggest groan: Even a horror movie should have some plot.

